The Outlook

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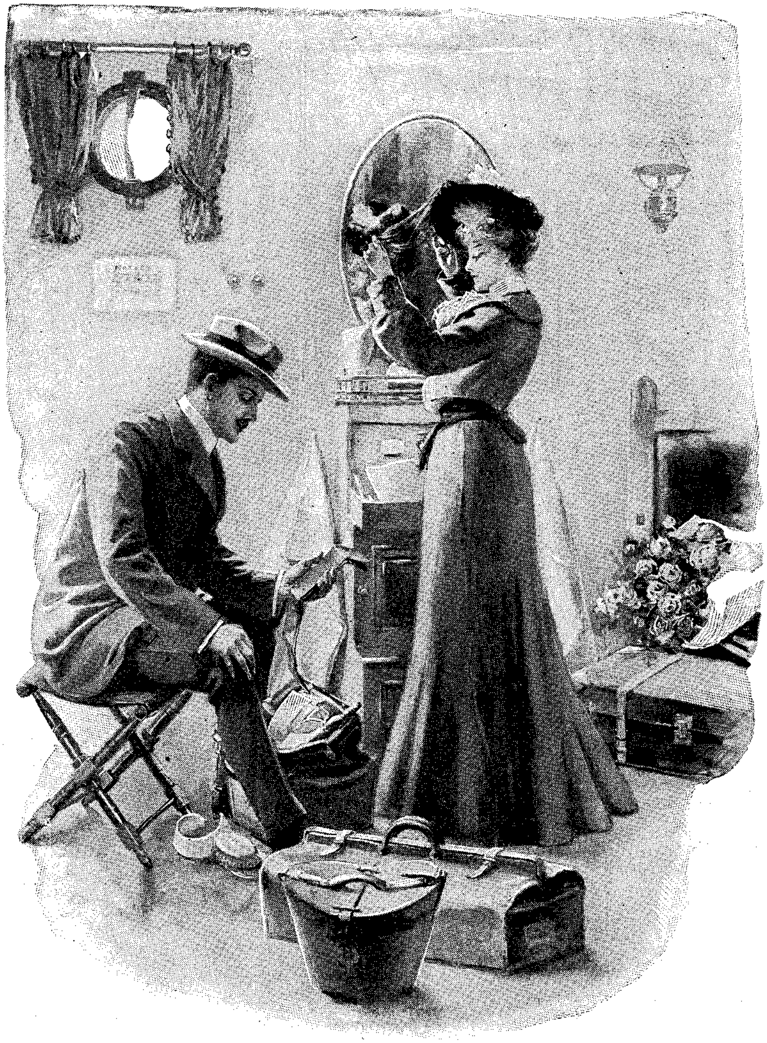

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IT FLOATS.

The Outlook

Published Weekly

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The Postal Scandals The two most important events of the week in the continuance of the investigation into the charges relating to the Post-Office Department were the letter of President Roosevelt to Attorney-General Knox and the indictment of Edmund H. Driggs, formerly a Member of Congress from Brooklyn. The President's letter, as might be expected, contained a positive and vigorous injunction for absolute thoroughness in the prosecution of the investigation. Mr. Roosevelt calls for the utmost rigor of the law to be exercised in the discovery and prosecution of any breach of trust, and declares emphatically that there can be no greater offense against the Government than such a breach of trust or than dishonest management by a public official. As the amount of work thrown by this investigation upon the District Attorney's office is excessive, the President suggests that the Attorney-General appoint special assistants from his staff. In accordance with this suggestion, Mr. Knox has appointed Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, and Mr. Holmes Conrad, of Washington, formerly Solicitor-General, to assist in the inquiry. The indictment found against Mr. Driggs is based on the United States law making it a crime punishable with imprisonment for two years or a fine of $10,000, or both, if any Member of Congress receive money from any person for procuring or aiding to procure any contract from the United States Government. It is alleged that, through Mr. George F. Miller, who has also been indicted, money to the amount of $12,500 was paid to Mr. Driggs while he was yet a Member of Congress, by the Brandt-Dent Company, as commission for procuring the sale to the Government of the automatic cashiers made by this firm. It is stated that out of every $150 paid by the Government for one of these machines, the manufacturers really received only fifty dollars.

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The Panama Canal The New York "Sun" publishes an important despatch sent by the representative of the French owners of the Panama Canal to the President of Colombia. This despatch, dated June 13, affirms as a fundamantal principle that the only power which can now build the Panama Canal is the United States; that the failure by Colombia to ratify the Canal Treaty will undoubtedly result either in the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, or in the secession of Panama, under the protection of the United States, from Colombia; that one alternative would destroy the prosperity, the other the integrity, of Colombia; and that any modification of the Treaty is equivalent to its rejection. It is to be hoped that the publication of this despatch in Colombia may bring those who are opposing the ratification of the Treaty to a saner mind. The despatch is, however, in other respects important, both as an explicit recognition from a European source that the interoceanic canal can be built only by the American Nation, and as an intimation that the way for its building may be found, despite the refusal of Colombia to ratify the Treaty, through the secession of Panama from the Republic, and the support of Panama in its secession by the United States Government.

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The Declarations of Iowa Democrats The Democrats of Iowa met last week, made their nominations for the State election, and formulated their platform. During the Convention there was a very plain and explicit statement of the issue between those who wished to "reaffirm the principles of the Democratic National platform adopted at Kansas City, July 5, 1900," and those who wished to lay the question of money standards aside. A few days before the Convention Mr. Bryan in the "Commoner" had reasserted the importance of maintaining the money question in politics. The discussion of the subject in the Convention may therefore be justly interpreted as a response by Iowa Democrats to Mr. Bryan's appeal. By a decided majority the Convention voted to omit from the platform any reference to the money question, except a general statement as to the need of a larger volume of money. The silence of the platform on this matter is, therefore, equivalent to a positive declaration that the Democrats of Iowa do not consider that free silver furnishes a living issue. It ought to be said, however, that Mr. Sullivan, the nominee for Governor, is a silver advocate. In other respects also the platform was notable. Perhaps its most important declaration was that connecting the tariff with the problem of controlling the trusts. "As the most alarming features of our present conditions," it says, "are the evils which come from the trusts, we call for the removal of the tariff from all trust-made goods, and demand that all tariff schedules be adjusted with a view to tariff for revenue only." Inasmuch as Iowa is the center of agitation in the Republican party for revision of the tariff, this declaration on the part of the Democrats is of special importance, and may have great influence in determining what the tariff policy of the Republicans will be. A proposition to advocate the Government ownership of the railroads was voted down, but it had the support of a large number of delegates. Moreover, the plank finally adopted was emphatic and specific in its demands for governmental control. It declared for the limitation by statute of dividends derived from capital invested in transportation; it also called upon the Federal Government to prevent "unreasonable" prices and profits created by commercial combinations, by declaring, when need arises, what such prices and profits should be. It denounced government by injunction, the Aldrich Financial Bill, imperialism, and corruption in the Post-Office Department. It favored, in addition to policies already mentioned, election of Senators by popular vote, and, in State matters, State aid in building public highways, and the adoption of a frank local option law in place of the mulct law now in existence, which may be said to enact prohibition and then legalize, under regulation, its violation. Regarding the advisability of the change thus advocated, it seems as if there could be no intelligent doubt.

The Organization of Fusion Forces in New York City

On Tuesday of last week the political bodies which are to unite against Tammany Hall in the coming municipal campaign in New York completed their organization. Mr. R. Fulton Cutting was chosen permanent chairman of the conference. The bodies in this organization comprise the Citizens' Union, the regular Republican organization, the Greater New York Democracy, the German-American Municipal League of Brooklyn, three other German-American bodies represented by a single committee under the name of the United Germans, the Kings County Democracy, the Austro-Hungarian League, and the Italian-American League. The only important body rightfully belonging with these allies that was lacking was the German-American Reform Union. It is hardly conceivable that it will not be found among them when the campaign begins in earnest. The federation of many bodies composed of citizens of varying political beliefs concerning National policies now bids fair to become a permanent characteristic of municipal campaigns in New York City. It is a stimulating sign of the times to find among these bodies united for good government so many composed of American citizens of foreign origin. The freedom in government which native Americans are apt to accept with indifference because with familiarity, these citizens, who know by experience what government is that is not free, are peculiarly adapted to uphold with enthusiasm. It ought not to be surprising, therefore, to find them massed together in the fight against corruption, which is only another name for extortion and oppression. Mr. Cutting, in a statement made after this meeting, the last until September 1, spoke hopefully and with reasonable confidence of the outlook for the success of the

Fusion forces. He spoke of the advantage for success arising from the assurance under the present administration that the election would be conducted honestly, and that no city department would exert its power in favor of Tammany Hall as it would were that corrupt organization in office. He referred briefly to the efficiency and impartiality of the Low administration. He stated that the Fusion movement was in many ways stronger than it was two years ago; that its constituent bodies were better organized and more experienced. And he thought it incredible that the citizens of New York will not carry the movement to victory. If they care anything for the protection of the women and the children of the tenements, if they care for clean streets and wholesome surroundings, if they care for the protection of property against thieving and blackmail, if they care for the defense of the sick and the poor, if they care for the control of corporate wealth, if they care for the preservation of their own rights in public property, they will carry to victory this Fusion movement.

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The Joint Primary Plan in Massachusetts

The plan of direct primaries, adopted in Massachusetts through the Luce Joint Caucus Bill, which has just been signed by the Governor, differs in several respects from the laws having the same general purpose in view adopted in other States and hitherto described in these columns. The law takes effect in Boston this fall, but in other cities and towns its acceptance is to be voted upon at the next State election. All caucuses of all parties are to be held at the same time and place. A would-be candidate must present a nomination paper signed by at least five voters, and in the case of higher officers by a number of voters equivalent to five for each ward. The vote at the primary will be in all, or almost all, respects exactly like that at the election. It will be in charge of the paid election officers who have charge of elections, the two leading parties being equally represented. The voter must audibly state with which party he wishes to vote. This provision has been criticised as opposed to the principles of the secret ballot, but a primary is not an election, and it is not unfair to ask the man who wishes to take part in a party nomination to accept, for the time being at least, party membership. The law provides that voters of one party shall not within a year share in nominating the candidates of another party. This is designed to prevent the flooding of a primary as a political trick by one party with voters really belonging to another party. The voter who affiliates himself with one party at the first primary he attends must continue to act with that party in the primaries until he decides to go to the election commissioners and in writing change his party affiliation, and even then he must wait ninety days before the change takes effect. This law seems to be an honest and sensible attempt to apply the principle of direct primaries. Its actual working out will be watched with great interest by the public at large.

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Philadelphia's Reform Mayor

Mayor Weaver, of Philadelphia, is making a record as good as his predecessor's was bad. His latest acts have filled favored contractors with consternation. He has annulled a contract for fitting up certain rooms in the City Hall, which had been awarded on the last day of the old administration, at a price $15,000 (or 36 per cent.) more than the lowest responsible bidder. He has imposed fines amounting to $15,513 on a total of $58,020 for one month's street-cleaning—an unheard-of proceeding. Mayor Weaver has declared that he intends having clean streets and contracts lived up to. Recent contracts, moreover, have actually been let to the lowest bidder—a proceeding that has been out of vogue for some years in Philadelphia. In the police department also Mayor Weaver is restoring order. Heretofore, judging from recent statements, the police have looked for instructions first to ward leaders and have obeyed them rather than the Superintendent of Police and the Director of Public Safety. A captain and two lieutenants have been suspended and ordered to stand trial for failure to obey promptly the orders given them by the department. Policy-playing has been made dangerous by police vigilance, and it looks now as if it would be effectually driven to cover. Mayor Weaver has furthermore halted several ordinances providing for raids on the treasury, much to the chagrin of the machine, which seems to be nonplused by his vigor and independence. His course has given great satisfaction to the independents, except in the matter of appointments. Here he has outlined for himself a compromise policy. He will appoint men for political reasons, but will not, he declares, retain them for political reasons. No man can hold his office unless he discharges his duty to the satisfaction of the Mayor. This is not the ideal; but it is a long step toward the ideal, and is all that is probably practical as a first step. Thus far, it must be said, the Mayor has required faithful public service from his political appointees, and has thus made a creditable showing for his system.

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The Strikes The strike events of last week were those at Richmond, Virginia, and in New York City. In Richmond demands have been made by the employees on the street railway company, the street railway company has refused to concede them, the men have struck, the company has given public notice that the strikers may make application for their places as individuals but not as a union, and has unofficially given out the statement that no concession will be made to the strikers, even if the battle costs the company two millions of dollars. A mob composed of strike sympathizers has undertaken to prevent by force the running of the cars, and several conflicts have taken place between the mob and the guards employed by the company. What were the original demands of the employees we do not know, but we hope that the company will refuse to yield to violence, and that the city and the State will employ all the force necessary to quell the mob. In a democratic community, if the employees of a trolley line find themselves unfairly treated, their remedy is by political action to secure municipal ownership of the trolley line, or such legal control over it as will compel the submission of controversies to some impartial tribunal. An attempt by a mob to prevent the cars from running for the accommodation of the public, unless the demands of the employees are accepted by the corporation, is no remedy for injustice to workingmen, is an injustice to the public, and presents conditions which no community ought to tolerate, whatever it may cost in money or even in life to put an end to them.——The strike conditions in New York are not so simple. As we understand the facts, the building trades in New York have been in an increasingly intolerable condition, owing to the despotic demands of the building trades unions. This despotism at last grew so intolerable that the employers were forced to unite for their own protection. Having united, they proposed a plan of arbitration for the settlement of future labor difficulties, but fell into the mistake of offering the plan as they formulated it as an absolute ultimatum. This is not the way to commend arbitration, for arbitration necessarily involves conciliation, and ordinarily involves mutual concession. The result of this combative method of endeavoring to secure peace was to stimulate the spirit of combat in the labor unions, and no stimulant of that kind was needed. The skilled unions, which had divided, have reunited: the radical members of the union have come to the front, as is usually the case in labor wars; and Samuel J. Parks, who is under indictment for corruption and blackmail, has been elected chairman of the strike committees of the reunited organizations. Under his leadership, if we may trust the daily press, the policy will be pursued of a general strike in all building trades, not only in New York City, but in all cities where members of the builders' association have contracts. The only indication of conservatism which we have seen is the report that the strike committee refused to extend the strikes to the public schools, though this policy was advocated by Mr. Parks. We agree with the New York "Evening Post" that "both parties in this unhappy controversy should make some last attempt at conference and compromise," but we are afraid there is little hope of this result if Mr. Parks is to remain as the representative of the labor unions. We also agree with "the Evening Post" that if such conference and compromise is impossible, "the employers' association cannot and should not resume work on the old intolerable terms." It would be better for the people of New York to suspend building operations for a year than to sacrifice that freedom which has been too readily sacrificed in the past for the sake of illusive peace and temporary commercial prosperity.

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The Irish Land Bill Amended

It is a cause of congratulation for all interested in the amicable settlement of Irish questions that Mr. Wyndham last week introduced an amendment which meets the difficulty pointed out in these columns last week. As amended, the bill will permit tenant and landlord to make voluntary bargains for the purchase of land outside of the minimum prices originally set, and the limit of advances to be made to purchasers of farms has also been extended from $25,000 to $35,000. These important amendments fully met the views of the Irish leader, Mr. John Redmond, who had a week before expressed fear that the Government and the Irish party had reached the parting of the ways on precisely this point. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader, was also completely satisfied with the action of the Government; the amendment was passed without division, and the debate is described by the reporters as a political love-feast.

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Servia's New King

King Peter the First of Servia was officially welcomed on his arrival at Belgrade, and at the brilliant ceremony in the cathedral was received with all possible ecclesiastical pomp, addressed with congratulatory words by the Metropolitan and with obeisances by the vast congregation made up of civilians and officers—a significant fact, by the way, is found in the press report that the King favored the military men with more bows than the civilians. According to the reports, the welcome of the populace seemed genuinely enthusiastic and there were no disturbances of any kind. At the presentation of the Ministers, some of whom were deeply concerned in the bloody deed which gave him his throne, King Peter declared that his soul was filled with gratitude to God and with a consciousness of the duties that awaited him as King. He thanked the Ministers for having fulfilled their duties to the fatherland as the interests of the country demanded, and said that he was happy to have this opportunity of renewing the expression of his deep gratitude for their services. The reprobation of the Powers for the brutal assassinations which preceded the elevation of this King to the throne was shown by the absence of the representatives of all the Powers (including, one is glad to say, the United States) except the two countries most directly interested in Servia's future—Russia and Austria; while, it will be remembered, Russia has formally expressed its disapproval of the deed and Austria refused to hold any intercourse with the provisional government. The feeling continues to grow in strength that the barbarism of the assassinations was heightened by the manner of their perpetration, and that in particular the killing of the Queen was quite unnecessary, even from the political point of view of the revolutionists, and was an act solely of hatred, revenge, and brutality.

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Commencement at Yale

The first Commencement in the third century of Yale was distinguished by the opening of Woolsey Hall, the last of the edifices erected in the bicentennial year, and by the inauguration of its grand organ, the gift of Mrs. Newberry, which experts pronounce one of the world-famous organs. The very location of Woolsey Hall, in whose auditorium Commencement is now celebrated, marks by its close proximity to the buildings of the Sheffield Scientific School the close incorporation of this, once a side affair, into the present life of the University. Judge Baldwin, of the Yale Law School, inaugurated the Hall by an address commemorating the great President whose name it bears, with whom the modern as distinct from the ancient history of Yale began, and by whom the expansion was initiated of the old College into the present University. President Hadley's baccalaureate sermon, based upon the story of heroic chivalry recorded in 2 Samuel xxiii. 15–18, was a masterly inculcation of the principle of self-realization through self-sacrifice. "Doing makes the deed; unselfish doing makes the man;" this counts for more than any peculiarities of intellect or character, "this devotion to ideals which underlies all social order and progress."

In the Hon. Whitelaw Reid's anniversary address at the Law School on "Changing Aspects in Some Points of Public Policy and International Law," the point of central interest was the Monroe Doctrine. The Hon. Andrew D. White's address to the class of 1853 and other alumni called attention to the inadequate proportion of university men in our public life, and proposed a scheme for a more adequate university training to meet the problems of American politics. Mr. White's address, based on his own experience at home and abroad, is one of the most notable of recent utterances on university platforms, and is about to be published in the "Yale Alumni Weekly." The most significant address at the Alumni meeting was made by Mr. Charlton T. Lewis, a classmate of Mr. White, and uttered a note of warning against the modern proclivity to over-specialization. At the Alumni dinner, where over a thousand sat in the new University Hall, Dr. Lyman Abbott spoke on the unifying influence of a great university as a molder of public opinion and a teacher of true catholicity. Judge George Gray was introduced by President Hadley as representing the type of character referred to by Dr. Abbott. The unifying influence of the university upon the Nation Judge Gray believed would be secured by the democracy of Yale maintaining itself, and preventing the erection of barriers between class and class. "There are no classes in America," he exclaimed; "I hate the name." His experience in the Coal Strike Commission, Judge Gray said, assured him that there were to be no conflicts between labor and capital which could not be peacefully settled by public opinion, now growing to be the governing power in the world. The President's table at the dinner was decorated with the silver plate presented to Ambassador White in Germany, and by him presented to the University. The principal piece is inset with the gold medals won by Mr. White in his undergraduate days. Among the honorary degrees conferred, the M.A. was bestowed on Louis C. Tiffany, of New York, Mr. George S. Hutchings, the organ-builder, and Herbert W. Bowen, our Minister to Venezuela, whose name was greeted with vociferous applause. Professor William H. Brewer, of the first graduating class in the Yale Scientific School (1852), and Judge George Gray, Chairman of the Coal Commission, received the LL.D. The degree of D.D. was bestowed on Dr. Lyman Abbott and the Rev. William R. Richards, of New York.

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The Harvard Commencement At the Harvard Commencement 1,246 degrees were given. The doctorate of laws was conferred upon twelve persons, among whom were ex-Governor Crane, of Massachusetts, and four Harvard Professors—Adams Sherman Hill, "linguist and rhetorician," Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, "naturalist and humanist," Edward Charles Pickering, "astronomical inventor and discoverer," and William James, "psychologist and master of style." Thus they were denominated by President Eliot. Professor James at the Commencement dinner made a happy characterization of the spirit of Harvard; after stating that he held no bachelor's degree, and therefore was "a little outside of the circle of the children of the house," he said that there was a spirit that was exemplified by those who, knowing that "the spirit of elation at a victory over Yale is not the whole of the law and the prophets," come to Harvard from the outside "because they have heard that she is devoted to the principles of individual vocation and free choice, . . . because you cannot make a single, one-ideaed regiment out of a Harvard class. . . . The true church is the invisible church. The true Harvard is the invisible Harvard. . . . The day when it can be said that Harvard stamps a single hard and fast type of character upon her children will be the day of her downfall." Among the Commencement addresses by representatives of the graduating classes was a notable one by a negro, Mr. L. P. Hill, on "Religion in the Education of the Negro," in which he declared that over-emphasis on the material advancement of the race meant neglect of its most distinguishing trait, its religious instinct, and that education of the negro ought to mean the development of this instinct, perverse and ill-balanced as it often is, into a power for moral progress. At the Phi Beta Kappa exercises Carroll D. Wright spoke with eloquence on "Romantic Socialism," indicating how the succession of dreamers of a perfect state had formed present-day social ideals; and Le Baron Russell Briggs, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, and recently chosen President of Radcliffe College, read a poem full of spiritual energy and optimism.

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Other College Notes Among other events of special note in the college world may be mentioned: at Amherst, the laying of the corner-stone of a new college observatory, and the conferring of the degree of LL.D. upon the new Ambassador from China to the United States, Sir Chen-Tung-Liang-Cheng, who was described by President Harris as a "lover of Amherst, where he spent some years in his boyhood, scholar and diplomat, honored in his own country in positions of responsibility, representative of the most ancient to the youngest of the great national stepping-stones in the Pacific;" at Williams, the laying of the corner-stone of the Thompson Memorial Chapel and the conferring of the degree of LL.D. upon President Pritchett, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the degree of L.H.D. on Rollo Ogden, editor of the New York "Evening Post;" at Smith College, the address on "Men Who Do Things," by Mr. Bliss Perry, editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," and the graduating of the large class of 241 members; at Radcliffe, the announcement of the founding of a scholarship "the holder of which is to devote half or more of her time to the original investigation of some great problem of city life in Boston;" the fact that the Agassiz Fund for a building for the social life of the students has reached the sum of $117,000, and the recent choice of the new President for Radcliffe, Dr. L. R. Briggs, for many years Dean of Harvard University; at Holyoke, the rendering of "Midsummer Night's Dream" by the juniors and the extensive reunions of graduates; at Dartmouth, the conferring of the degree of Master of Arts on Mr. Winston Churchill, the novelist, and that of Doctor of Laws on Admiral Mahan; at Trinity, the appointing of a committee to consider the raising of a sum of five million dollars for new buildings and an endowment; at Beloit, the announcement of the gift of a fifty-thousand-dollar library from Andrew Carnegie; at Wesleyan (Middletown, Connecticut), the address of Dr. Woodrow Wilson on "John Wesley's Place in History," that on "John Wesley, the Man," by Professor Winchester, and a poem on the same subject by Richard Watson Gilder. The week has also been the most important of the year as regards college athletic interests; at New London, Yale was victorious in three successive boat races (the University, the Freshmen, and that between four-oared crews). It is pleasant to record again the fact that this—the greatest of all the college athletic events—passed off without the slightest dispute or question. The triple victory of Yale on the water was to some extent offset by her defeat in baseball by both the Harvard and Princeton nines. At Poughkeepsie, on Friday, Cornell duplicated the remarkable performance of Yale by also winning the University, four-oar, and Freshmen races against the competition of five competing colleges.

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The Industrial Work of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce With a view both of possible commercial and philanthropic benefits, the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce some years ago suggested to the heads of factories and stores in that city plans tending to better the conditions of the wage-earner; to make his labor more effective; above all, to bring about a relation between employer and employee which is not that of mere wage-payer and mere wage-earner. So far as we know, Cleveland is the only city in the world in which such a work has been undertaken by a purely commercial organization; for this reason it has been watched with great interest, and from many cities inquiries have constantly been made as to the success achieved. We are gratified to note that no less than seventy Cleveland establishments have now responded to the Chamber's suggestions. The first of these was that of more adequate sanitary arrangements. Manufacturers of paint, for instance, now employ a physician who makes periodical visits to the works, examining every man; whereas employees were formerly frequently ill from the effects of chemicals, since the new plan has been in operation a whole year has been known to pass without a case of serious illness. The sanitary arrangements recommended by the Chamber include, however, before everything, light and well-ventilated workrooms, clean windows and floors. Secondly, a laborer going to and from his work is frequently obliged to wear clothing unfit for any use but that of the shop, because there is no opportunity at his place of work to care for clean clothes. Hence the Chamber has recommended dressing-rooms which shall contain individual lockers, well-equipped lavatories, and also baths, both shower and tub, wherever the nature of the work is such as to make baths desirable. Many shops and factories have adopted these suggestions; the testimony of a varnish company shows that the introduction of shower-baths has been of such value for both men and women that, in one of its departments at least, the use of the daily bath is made compulsory, while in the case of a large machine company the placing of shower-baths in its tempering department, together with a permission to the men to bathe each day on the company's time, was so much appreciated by the men that they also took a bath on their own time before going home.

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Industrial Solidarity The Cleveland Chamber also recommended, not only that rooms should be set aside so that employees could gather around tables to eat lunch in a proper manner, but also for the provision by the Company of suitable food at cost. Both of these recommendations have been largely followed. The average cost of an entire lunch is about ten cents, and the bill of fare is somewhat as follows:

> Soup, two and three cents; roast meats, three to six cents; potatoes, one cent; beef stew, three cents; Hamburg steak, two cents; sandwiches, two cents; pudding, three cents; pies, three cents; tea and coffee, one cent.

Closely connected with the lunch-rooms are rest-rooms, which the Chamber has succeeded in establishing in a number of places; in two instances a piano has been provided for the employees. This leads naturally to the recommendation of reading-rooms and libraries, which has received so wide an appreciation that the library of one of the hardware companies now has a circulation of about five hundred volumes a month. Again, the Chamber recommended that classes be organized in various subjects pertaining to the particular industry in which the employees are interested; and the evening classes in mechanical drawing, arithmetic, and English, established by a machine company, are now attended by about a hundred and fifty men. The Chamber also suggested prizes for plans concerning new methods of manufacture; in this way the employees are encouraged to make themselves of the greatest possible value to their employers. Two hardware companies now each pay out a hundred dollars every six months for such suggestions as have been of the greatest benefit. The Chamber's endeavor has also covered the work of improving factory surroundings; it is now practically demonstrated that by lawns and flower-beds a whole section of the city may be altered at an astonishingly small cost, making an unsightly neighborhood clean and attractive. Other suggestions include (1) summer outings, which have now become so common that last year very many establishments closed their places for one day, paying full wages, the day being spent in recreation; and (2) banquets to employees—during the past three years, for its annual banquet, one large concern has taken the hall of the Chamber of Commerce itself. We believe that the persistent application in every place of such admirable methods as these would result in a more intelligent, efficient, and companionable relation between employer and employee. Where there are such relations of mutual regard and respect between the employer and employed there are few strikes.

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Impertinence Rebuked The Rev. R. C. Fillingham is "one born out of due time." He has a sixteenth-century conscience, and either has never heard that in this country people are permitted to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, or does not know what that phrase means. He is a vicar of Hexton in England, has come to this country on a visit, has found ceremonials in the Episcopal Church of St. Mary the Virgin in the diocese of New York which offend his conscience, and has thereupon written a curiously dictatorial letter to

Bishop Potter, calling upon him "to take steps to put an end to these scandalous and idolatrous proceedings," and warning him that if this is not done he may feel it his duty, accompanied by "a band of friends," "by forcible action to call the attention of the public to this matter." This letter he sent to the press, so that it reached the public before it reached the Bishop. Bishop Potter has replied to it in the spirit of the Scriptural counsel, "Answer a fool according to his folly," by informing the rector of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin that such a disturbance has been threatened, and advising him to have a police force present to throw the interrupting clergyman and his band of friends into the street if they attempt to carry out the threat, and he has sent a copy of the letter to the Rev. R. C. Fillingham, with the hint that "only a lunatic could suppose that the Church in New York is governed by the laws of the Church of England." The Bishop's answer appears to have been effectual, for it is stated that this strenuous reformer will sail for England July 1, and will do nothing further in the controversy now, but "still promises to return next spring and actively combat ritualism." It is to be hoped that in the interim he will learn that, under the laws of this country, the rector of St. Mary the Virgin could put up a statue of Buddha and burn incense to it, if he wished to do so; and that only the authorities of his own Church could interpose any effectual objection. We do not admire the ceremonialism which imitates the methods of Rome without having the doctrine of Rome to make that ceremonialism significant; but even if Mr. Fillingham were right, and the proceedings in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin were as "idolatrous" as he thinks them, they would be entirely within the laws of the State of New York, which does not prohibit idolatry.

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The Work of the Tract Society

The importance of the work done by the American Tract Society is evident from various particulars of its seventy-eighth annual report. On one hand the half-million immigrants arriving at Ellis Island, on the other hand the unchurched regions in various States, both new and old, present inviting opportunities for the circulation of Christian literature. This is in general what the Society undertakes to do for people of all tongues spoken in this country. In Pennsylvania there are almost a million Slovaks, Croats, Poles, etc., in New England half a million French-Canadians. Seventy-seven colporters were engaged last year in circulating the issues of the Society among the motley elements of our population, foreign and native, mostly by sale, sometimes by gift. In view of the peculiar difficulties and temptations besetting the immigrant in his ignorance of the country, its opportunities and its perils, it would seem that a most useful kind of tracts for gratuitous circulation would give practical counsels as to the way to material prosperity, what things to care for, what things to beware of, rules for health, etc.

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Anarchy in Delaware

The facts respecting the tragedy of the last week at Wilmington, Delaware, apart from certain gruesome details, are substantially as follows: A negro murdered a young girl with circumstances of peculiar and revolting brutality. The coroner's jury on investigation fastened the crime upon him. The court, asked to summon, as it had legal authority to do, a special grand jury, that the criminal might have speedy trial and punishment, declined, on the ground that it would set a bad precedent. Then a mob variously composed, but including undoubtedly some reputable citizens, broke into the workhouse where the negro was confined, carried him to a point near the scene of the murder, and burned him at the stake. One of the lynchers, Cornell by name, was arrested, a second mob demanded his release, a judge was found who gave an order for his release on bail, although he was charged with murder, and murder is not a bailable offense; subsequently the charge was changed to homicide. Passion breeds passion. The night of the mob, violence was offered in the streets to innocent and unoffending negroes; the night following the release of Cornell by the mob a number of negroes in the city armed themselves and marched through the streets in ugly mood, and several street fights took place between negroes and white men, with some shooting; four men were more or less seriously wounded. If the daily press is to be believed, either the municipal authorities are paralyzed with terror and dare not act, or they share the feeling against the negroes which these events have stimulated, and are willing that the negroes should be terrorized. Their apparent supineness and inaction it is difficult to account for except on one or the other hypothesis. The events suggest some lessons which all the American people, as well as the citizens of Delaware, should take to heart.

I. The refusal of the court to summon a special grand jury, and thus give to the indignant Commonwealth a speedy execution of justice, was a blunder of the most serious nature. To say that power conferred upon the court for just such exigencies as this cannot be exercised because it has not been exercised in the past is to assume that new conditions never call for new action; to refuse such speedy trial lest it shall serve as a precedent for future cases, where no such necessity exists, is to assume that the court cannot in the future exercise a wise judgment adapted to future needs; to refuse a speedy trial because prejudice is hot against the prisoner is, as the event proves, exactly the way to inflame that prejudice into a conflagration which only blood can extinguish. That the delay of criminal proceedings for the punishment of crime is the provoking cause of many such acts of mob violence is a fact which we should think would at last be recognized by our courts of justice. That it is important that punishment should be prompt as well as sure is a truth which they seem to us to ignore. The accused has rights and they ought to be safeguarded; but the community also have rights, and too often they are not safeguarded. One of these rights it is to have such a criminal as George White brought to a speedy trial, and the punishment of the offense inflicted before the memory of the offense itself has grown dim. Either by legislative action or by a change in judicial sentiment, all criminal trials should be so expedited that acquittal or conviction may follow immediately on the crime. The American Nemesis goes on crutches and quite too slowly, not merely for American patience, but for the requirements of justice and the protection of the community. The Delaware court has sacrificed justice to professionalism.

II. This may and probably does account for the mob, but does not excuse it. There are cases in which the community has a right to take the law into its own hands. But such cases are rare. They exist only when, through the utter failure of the ordinary and legal methods for the administration of justice, society is in some sense resolved into its original elements. That condition of affairs did not exist in Delaware. There is no suspicion that the courts in Delaware are purchasable; and it is certain that White had no money to purchase the court even if it had been purchasable. The prejudice for the negro race is not so strong in Delaware that its citizens need fear lest popular clamor prevent the conviction of a negro. The suggestion that the jails are insecure and that the criminal might escape is hardly to be taken seriously; it is certain that his only hope for even a short lease of life lay in his remaining in jail, a fact which he knew only too well.

The action of the mob was not dictated by reason, but by passion. The mob was not bent on executing justice, but on indulging itself in revenge. The New York "Times" gives a list of eighteen lynchings perpetrated in the United States since January 1; that is three a month. Of these, fourteen have taken place in the Southern States. Two of the victims were white men, the rest were negroes; of these victims four have been burned at the stake. In addition to this are such riotings as are at this writing accompanying the city car strike in Richmond, Virginia, and those sporadic acts of violence, and occasionally of murder, which have accompanied other strikes. What does this signify? Whither does it tend?

He reads history to little purpose who does not see in this spirit of lawlessness a peril to the Republic far greater than from any form of imperialism. The greatest peril to democracy arises from its lack of self-restraint. It is an old copy-book maxim, as true as it is ancient, Anger is a brief madness. When the boys call their angry fellow "mad," they speak more truly than they know. In such a mob as that at Wilmington we see a city mad. For the hour, it is truly insane. And any despotism, however base, is better than government by a lunatic asylum. It is because democracies realize this that they have in the past abandoned democracy for imperialism. Sulla and Marius preceded Cæsar; Robespierre, Napoleon I.; the peril of revolutionary Socialism made possible the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. The first duty of all patriots to-day is to band together, at whatever cost of popularity, at whatever risk to person, at whatever temporary disadvantage to the community, at whatever delay or even apparent sacrifice of justice, to maintain the sovereignty of law. For the sovereignty of law is to the community what the sovereignty of reason is to the individual—sanity; and the rule of the mob is to the community what the rule of the passions is to the individual—madness.

III. It is for this reason that all such utterances as that attributed to the Rev. Mr. Ellwood, of the Olivet Presbyterian Church of Wilmington, deserve the condemnation of all right-minded and intelligent citizens. We quote from the report in the New York "Sun:"

> Mr. Ellwood's sermon at the Olivet Presbyterian Church on Sunday evening was on "Should the Murderer of Miss Bishop be Lynched?" He displayed in the pulpit leaves spattered with the blood of the victim. His sermon pictured the crime, and after an appeal to the judges to reverse their refusal to order a speedy trial of the negro, he said: "And, honorable Judges, if you do not hear and heed these appeals and that prisoner should be taken out and lynched, then let me say to you, with a full realization of the responsibility of my words, even as Nathan said to King David of old after his soldiers had killed Uriah, 'Thou art the man'—so I would say to you, the responsibility for lynching would be yours for delaying the execution of the law."

It is true that he added that there ought to be no lynching until September, and then only in case the criminal was acquitted by some technicality, but this was as if one should pour kerosene on a pile of wood, touch the match to it, and bid it not burn. In noble contrast to this inflammatory utterance was the open letter of the father of the murdered girl to the people. A few sentences from this letter exhibit its just and Christian spirit:

> Dear Friends: . . . You have helped us bear our sorrow, made a hundredfold more intense by a most revolting crime. Our cup of bitterness is full, and we ask you to join us in our appeal to all citizens of our Commonwealth to refrain from violence. The officers believe that they have all evidence necessary to convict the prisoner, and without doubt as soon as the court can reach his case he will receive sentence to pay the full penalty of his atrocious crime. If he can be legally tried this month, by all means let justice be swift; but if not, then let us wait calmly until the law, in its majesty, may remove the vile wretch from society. . . . Let us not try to atone for one crime, no matter how hellish, by committing another. Sincerely yours,
>
> E. A. BISHOP.

It is in this spirit that press and pulpit should speak at such a time. The aim of all men who have the public ear should be to allay passion, and bring the righteous wrath of the community under the dominion of its conscience and its reason. We are very glad to record the fact that Mr. Ellwood stands apparently alone in bad pre-eminence. The clergy of Wilmington, without, so far as we know, a dissenting voice, have put on record by public resolution their condemnation of the mob in the following resolution:

> *Resolved*, That we put on record our sense of sorrow, indignation, and shame at the lawlessness and anarchistic demonstration that have brought reproach upon our Commonwealth; that we call upon all classes and conditions to condemn and repudiate such lawlessness and inhumanity as have shocked not simply our own people, but the Nation at large; that we, in and through the pulpit, insist upon the sanctity of the law and the necessity for confiding in the wisdom and integrity of our courts of justice.

Perhaps Mr. Ellwood joined in this utterance. We hope that he did. If so, it is a pity that he did not give expression to this his conviction before the riot.

IV. Apropos of the burning of a negro in Belleville, Illinois, on the 6th of June, the colored pastor of a church in that town is reported to have given to his negro congregation the following counsel:

> My Master said, "If there is no sword here, sell your coat and get one." If lynching and burning do not cease, I say to every black man, Sell your coat and get a gun.

Worse counsel could not be given to the negro. If the race war should ever become a war in reality, tragic as it would be to the whole country, it would be doubly so to the Afro-American. It would be ignorance pitted against intelligence, poverty against wealth, weakness against strength, ten millions against sixty millions. The appeal of the negro must be to the conscience of the Anglo-Saxon, not to his fears. And that appeal will not be in vain; it has not been in vain. That appeal has won for him emancipation; citizenship; civil rights; a public school system freely opened to him. Bad, indefensibly bad, as the lynchings are, they are the acts of the few; they are episodes; they do not represent the Nation; they are the crimes of its madmen. The appeal must be from America drunk with passion to America sober. The action of the courts in Georgia and Alabama in regard to the peonage cases, and the protests of the clergy in Wilmington, indicate that public opinion is crystallizing to assert itself, not only in formal resolution, but also in vigorous judicial action, in condemnation alike of the mad passion of the mob and of the calculating avarice of the oppressor. To arm the negro would intensify the passion without protecting the negro from it. To the press, the pulpit, and the courts of justice, white and black are to look for the protection of the negro from the passion of the mob, and for the protection of the State from overthrow by practical anarchy.

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A French Educational Ideal

At this moment, when governmental action in regard to Roman Catholic orders, and especially teaching orders and schools, is agitating France and interesting the whole world, an educational movement of the very highest importance, which is slowly but surely influencing the official and moral outlook in France, is worth recalling. One of the first results of the crushing defeat of the French in 1871 was a critical examination by the French of their school systems; and the genius of the nation has never been more strikingly shown than in the thoroughness of this self-criticism and the rapidity with which the whole educational system was reorganized. The military army of France was practically destroyed, but it was replaced by such an army of school-teachers as France never possessed before. One of the leaders of this movement of reorganization was Ernest Lavisse, the leader and inspirer of the Federation of the Youth of France. M. Lavisse is the historian and professor of history in the Sorbonne, and, in the judgment of many people, the foremost educator in France to-day. He might have taken as his motto Jules Simon's famous phrase, "The nation that has the best schools is the first nation in the world. If it is not so to-day, it will be so to-morrow." These words, spoken in the throes of a great defeat, were prophetic; they marked the beginning of the movement for educational reconstruction.

Without ostentation, using educational methods, the little group of men of the highest character and ability to whom Lavisse belongs have been steadily extending their influence throughout France. Of that group The Outlook has frequently had occasion to speak; Desjardins, De Vogüé, and M. Charles Wagner, whose "Youth," "Justice," and later "The Simple Life" have been so widely read in this country, are the leaders of this movement, and represent all that is best in the intellectual and moral life of the French people. That movement has been eminently social in its character, laying its methods on the solidity of interest between all classes; it has touched the highest education, and interested itself in the lowest; it has affected the universities and organized colleges and schools for workingmen. These men stand for free education in the truest sense of the word, and for secular education in the noblest sense of the word. This education M. Lavisse calls laic. His definition of the aims of the movement not only brings out the specific things for which it works, but also its spirit; and at this moment, when France is agitated as she has not been for a number of years past, the noble ideals of this little group of men who stand for freedom, for intelligence, for justice, and for toleration are well worth recalling:

"To be a laic is *not* to limit human thought to the visible horizon, nor to interdict man from the dream of, and the perpetual search for, God. It *is* to stand up for the effort of duty in our present life.

"It is *not* wishing to do violence to old beliefs, it is not scorning the consciences that are still held by their charm. It is denying to religions that pass away in time the right to govern humanity that endures for aye.

"It is *not* hating such and such a church, nor all churches taken together: it is fighting that spirit of hatred in religions that has been the cause of so much violence, bloodshed, and ruin. To be a laic is *not* to consent to the subjection of reason to immutable dogma, nor to the abdication of the human mind before the incomprehensible: it *is* to make profit out of no ignorance whatsoever.

"It *is* to believe that life is worth the trouble of being lived; it *is* to love this life and to refuse to accept such a definition of it as that the 'earth is a vale of tears,' and not to admit that tears are necessary and beneficial and suffering is providential; it *is* to make profit out of no misery whatsoever.

"It is *not* to relegate to a judge sitting outside of this life the care of feeding the hungry and giving drink to the thirsty, of redressing injustice and consoling those who weep: it *is* to give battle to evil in the name of justice.

"To be a laic is to have three virtues: Charity, that is, love of men; Hope, that is, the goodly feeling that a day will come in distant posterity when shall be realized those dreams of justice, peace, and happiness that our far-away ancestors made, looking up to the heavens; Faith, that is, the will to believe in the victorious utility of perpetual effort."

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The Victims of the Whirlpool

The period of prosperity through which the country is passing brings out both its strength and weakness; its practical force and skill, and the lack of spiritual ideas and of social training of many of those to whom wealth has come so suddenly or so rapidly that they have not been educated to use it with intelligence. To use money wisely is an art which many people never learn; to become rich without education means, for such people, a revelation of poverty of resources, of lack of poise and of good taste. Recent events in the financial world have shown more than one able man confused and carried off his feet by a prosperity which outran his education. The papers are full of stories of things said and done by so-called society people which indicate the most rudimentary ideas of the uses of wealth, and the attempt to get out of the senses the pleasure and satisfaction which are to be gotten only from the gratification of cultivated tastes. To spend enormously on the mere machinery of living, on great establishments, yachts, automobiles, horses, elaborate dress, novel or extravagant entertainments, is to make plain the fact, which sensible people would be anxious to conceal, that the only use to which money can be put is the service of the body.

The amusements of many of the uneducated rich are pitifully puerile; their tastes painfully crude; their manners deplorably bad; their way of living conspicuously vulgar. Each vies with the other in the attempt to do things a little more elaborately, to spend larger sums, to cater a little more successfully to the news columns of the yellow journals. The hollowness of this kind of social life, its crude travesty of genuine social life, its corrupting tendency, are increasingly plain to all who know it. The note is forced, the pace killing, and the blight of womanly qualities and the decay of manly strength which come with this abnormal and unwholesome way of living inevitable.

There are hosts of people of wealth who know how to live with elegance but without ostentatious display, who spend great incomes with intelligence and with a sense of moral responsibility, who invest life with charm and dignity by calling to their aid the resources of culture in all forms. Such people are the saving element in that society in this country which commands great wealth and will grow richer as time goes on. It is the vulgar rich and the so-called "smart set" who show the worst side of human nature to the world by their display, their vulgarity of taste, their craving for sensation. If American society is not to degenerate into excessive eating, drinking, dressing, and cheap frivolity, influential people everywhere must refuse to go with the tide and hold fast to the highest standards of social refinement and moral purity.

In "The People of the Whirlpool," which bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company, the process of social deterioration, of the lowering of the standards of manners, so painfully apparent in modern society here and abroad, is sketched by a woman who evidently writes from ample knowledge, who is keen without bitterness, satirical without malice, and pre-eminently sane and clear in her judgments. Instead of attacking the frivolity and hardness of the mere spenders of money and climbers of the social ladder, she draws a charming picture of a natural, wholesome, human family life; in touch with nature on every side; full of the resources of affection, intelligence, kindly interest in others; with a sense of humor which is at once a delight and a safeguard. With this normal home life and the simple life of the country folk of the neighborhood are contrasted the rush, noise, show, and emptiness of the life of a group of newly rich people and of people anxious to achieve social prominence, who have built up a summer colony in the neighborhood. The story is quiet, discursive, thoroughly wholesome and enjoyable, and all the more effective because it avoids the didactic method and mood. Nothing could be more strikingly unlike the atmosphere of the "smart set" than the refreshing, fragrance-laden atmosphere of the garden in which they live who refuse to be drawn into the Whirlpool.

There is something so pitifully meager and unsatisfying, so spiritually shabby, in the lives of many very rich women especially, that one longs to put such a book as "The People of the Whirlpool" into their hands as a gospel of genuine social life. There are many of these unfortunates who are wasting time and health in a ceaseless round of splendidly dreary entertainments, who are driving automobiles at breakneck speed for the sake of a new sensation, and who are often on the verge of moral disaster, not because their instincts are bad, but because they do not know how to entertain themselves, who would rejoice if some one showed them how to escape into a sweet, natural, interesting way of living. To "The People of the Whirlpool," who are trying to get out of the senses the happiness which can be gotten only out of the soul, this story will come as a message of hope and peace; to others it will be a confirmation of the determination, in an age of great temptation, to live in the affections, in the intellect, close to Nature, and with a deep joy of service in every day's work and rest.

The Spectator

"Vindicable neutrality; that's the name for it," said Croaker, after eloquent advocacy of his latest hobby. The silence of the Spectator evidently disappointed him; he was unprepared for what was intended as a practical illustration of the workings of vindicable neutrality. Nor did the Spectator repeat aloud what he was saying to himself:

"For that which is or is not in the head,
A sounding phrase will serve you in good stead."

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The Spectator could indorse in a measure what Croaker had been saying in advocacy of vindicable neutrality—that the prevailing tendency to compel an expression of agreement or disagreement with all that one may say should be checked somehow and effectually. "We reveal weakness, not strength, of character in our readiness to take sides at once, when there is no reason whatever for our so doing, no moral obligation in the matter. The fear of being accused of cowardice in opinion, of vague and uncertain conviction, leads many into a partisanship that is insincere, to say the least." History was full of examples of vindicable neutrality—what an army of martyrs; he would make a catalogue, perhaps a book, about them some day. Then the Pleasures of Vindicable Neutrality; what a field for an essayist, he thought, with a lingering glance at the niche where his essayists were treasured. President Eliot's reply, when asked recently what he thought of Mr. Roosevelt as a future President of Harvard, illustrated, in Croaker's estimation, the tact of the trained neutralist: "I am not thinking at all." How few, comparatively, really knew the pleasure of not thinking at all—that is, for the purpose of taking sides—upon many subjects distracting the public peace. Had the Spectator ever thought how constantly he was called upon to express decided partisanship in the petty ordinary affairs of his social life? Verily, the Pleasures of Neutrality were as rare as the tiny first editions of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" and Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory."

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Then the club woman of the circle spoke up with spirit. She hoped forever to be delivered from attendance upon those sessions of her club at which nobody knew which side anybody was on. What was it George Eliot said? She must quote from memory: "Better a wrong faith than a waning, better a false faith than no faith at all." If ever there was a dull, a deadly dull, meeting of the club, it was when the neutrals were in majority. "Vindicable neutrality!" She would add a topic to her programme. No, she had better not, erasing her entry; it would only lead them upon forbidden ground—the suffragist and the prohibition questions.

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The subject led the Spectator into many pleasant byways of thought. He is a convert to vindicable neutrality. He can see that its full enjoyment demands special training in tactful vigilance against sudden and hard-pressed-for committal. "There's nothing like a good story—the more inapplicable the better," said Croaker, "in case of sudden emergency. A sequence between your story and the subject discussed might, and probably would, jeopardize your neutrality. In the groping for the connection following the story (few are ready to admit themselves unable to see the point intended) comes your chance to change the subject, if somebody doesn't cap your story at once, as in all probability somebody will. Then, if you get ahead by telling one still better, you will have experienced the peculiar delight known only to those who succeed in defending an assault upon their neutrality."

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Now, on the finest residence avenue in a certain small city the Spectator knows of, a prominent and wealthy citizen has built a wall nine feet high around his extensive, park-like grounds. They are the only grounds on the avenue that are inclosed. Only through the iron gateways may a glimpse now be had of the wide sweep of velvety lawn, the gay flower-beds, all that has been open to the public so long that to be shut out is bitter grievance indeed. That costly wall has aroused popular indignation against its builder; it has already cost him a coveted political nomination and the cordial greeting of many old friends, not a few of the property-owners in its vicinity believing it to be a damage to the surrounding real estate. This sentiment expressed by a leading paper of the city is the voice of the majority of his fellow-citizens: ". . . It is an attack upon the true idea of American democracy, an attempt to revive the spirit of feudalism, to introduce the features of Continental aristocracy. What would our beautiful avenue be like with a similar wall on either side its entire length?"

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Naturally, "that wall" is a leading topic at social gatherings of all kinds; it draws a line not to be ignored. There is a minority with something to say in its favor—of course, those who can see how much it has added to the home life of the builder and his family—the seclusion that has been gained in place of disagreeable publicity. The summer following the completion of the wall found the family living largely out-of-doors, without having to leave home in order to do so. Through the warm weather meals are often served in shady nooks; garden parties are a feature of the hospitality of the house; the grandmother's chair and the baby's hammock have a circuit of charming havens, the roses are safe as can be, and at last they may actually taste of the fruit of their own vine and fig-tree. The children's pony crops the lawn, the hunting-dogs are loose, and peacocks strut up and down the walks. "Why should all this be sacrificed," asks the minority, "to a prevailing and mistaken idea concerning the rights of the public?"

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The Spectator had bethought himself to get up right early in that contest and flee behind the rock of vindicable neutrality, and there he was resolved to stay at any cost. But one evening, when dining out almost under the shadow of the wall, his hostess called for his views upon it, and that in a way overrating any opinion he might have. He would risk it, and would follow Croaker's rule—while he remembered Mark Tapley's words, "We must hope for the worst." Had they heard the story about Dean Stanley's and Dr. Jowett's inordinate fondness for tea? No; well, they were sorry tea-topers, and to put on the kettle when they were alone by their two selves, and indulge, "regardless," was the great joy of their busy lives. One day, talking over something of unusual interest and importance, the Dean had emptied his eighth cup and Jowett his seventh, when Jowett, who was the host of the occasion, threw up his hands in consternation. He had forgotten to put in the tea!

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It was a crucial moment for the Spectator, that following his story; he saw that his hostess was groping sorely bewildered for its application; but somebody had capped it at once by another still better about Dr. Jowett, and so the talk flowed into Oxford channels, delightfully remote from the dangerous wall. The Spectator saw at intervals, however, in the face of his hostess what reminded him of Wonderland Alice when she said of something hard to understand: "Somehow it seems to fill my head with ideas, only I don't exactly know what they are."

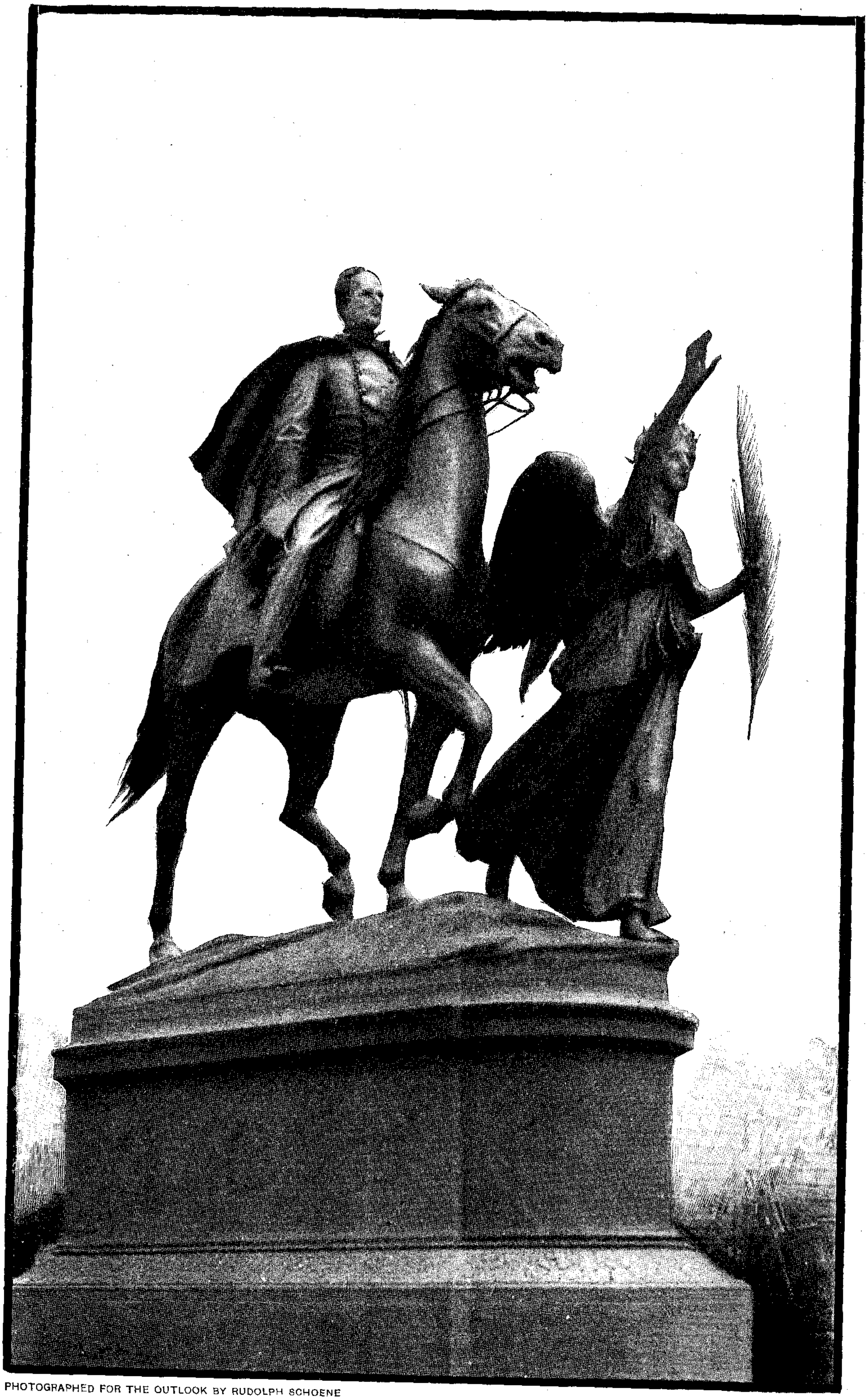
The Sherman Statue

TWO equestrian statues to Union generals have recently been erected. Of much higher rank than the usual uninspired image to be found in most American cities is that of General Hooker, by Daniel C. French and E. C. Potter, unveiled last week in Boston. But among the half-dozen great equestrian statues in the world is to be counted that which was unveiled in New York on Memorial Day of this year—the Sherman statue by Augustus Saint Gaudens.

As combining grandeur with delicacy of modeling, restraint with mobile power, and fidelity in interpretative portraiture with freedom in poetic fancy, it would be difficult to show that the Sherman statue has ever been equaled by more than two or three equestrian statues of ancient or modern times. That a statue of this lofty rank should be created by an American artist and should stand in a city of the New World affords good reason for the faith of those who believe that this land in this age is capable of making its own contribution to the progress of the world, not only in material welfare, but also in artistic achievement.

In working on this statue Mr. Saint Gaudens showed one trait of genius—the capacity for taking pains. He was commissioned to design the statue in 1892. During the eleven years since then he designed, studied, modeled, altered, remodeled, and altered yet again, until it seemed to those who were waiting for the work to be finished that the sculptor would never be content. Yet, as Mr. Kenyon Cox has said, "Saint Gaudens is one of those artists for whom it is worth while to wait." It was five years after he had submitted the design for the approval of the committee in charge of the work that he began to model the statue in full size. It was exhibited while incomplete in Paris in 1899, and again, with the figure of Victory added, at the Paris Exposition in 1900. Discontented still, Mr. Saint Gaudens returned to this country, where he continued work upon it, changing here one detail, there another, and even remodeling certain of the more important parts. Then it was sent, in plaster, to the Exposition at Buffalo, where it received an extraordinary award. Mr. Saint Gaudens still saw opportunities for improvement. For something like a year and a half longer he worked upon it. At last, with the beauty of the first design unimpaired, rather enhanced by this tireless revision, the statue was set up in New York as a permanent honor to the city and the Nation, and a monument both to the soldier whom it memorializes and to the artist for whom it will lastingly speak.

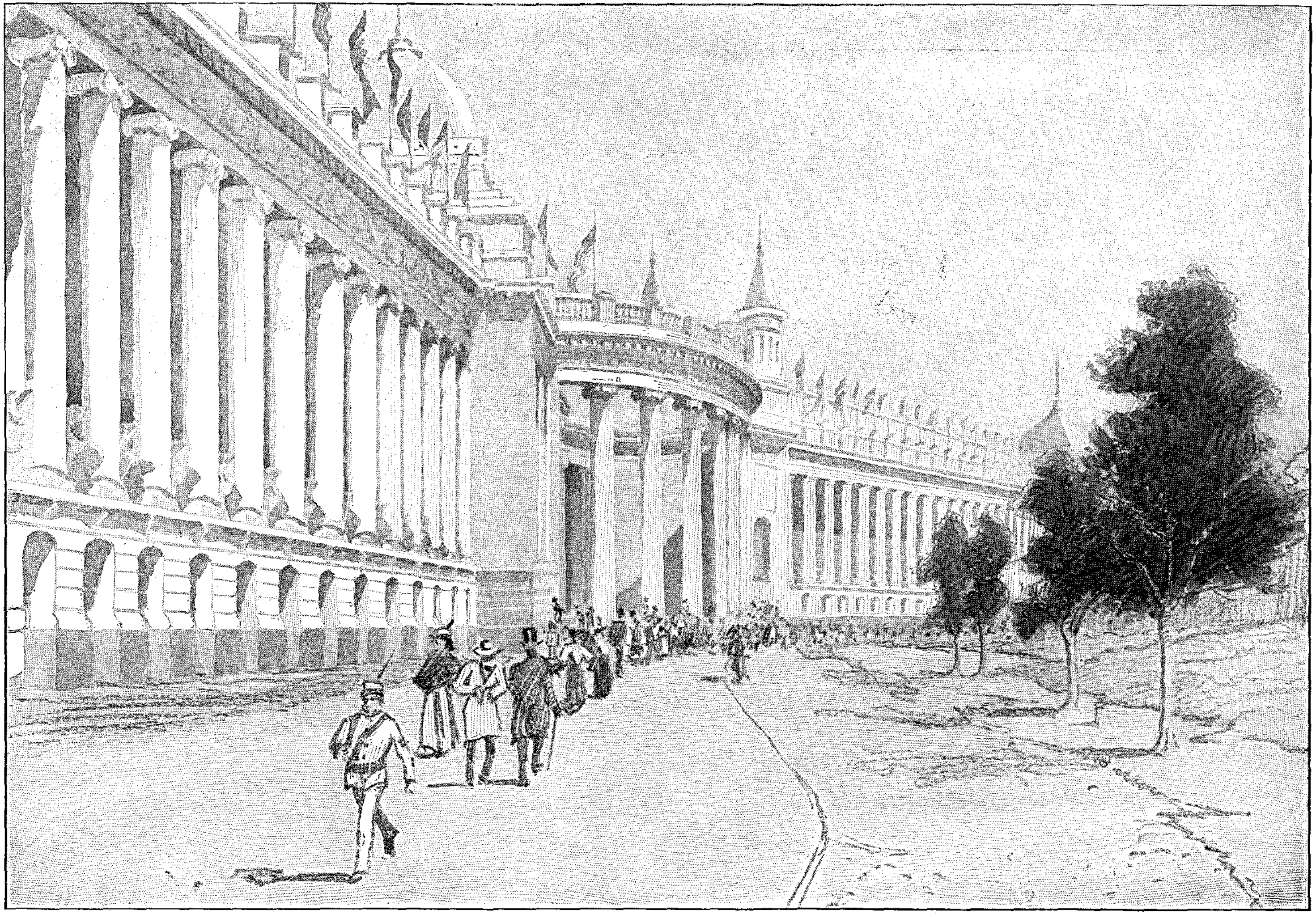
The statue is of bronze. But the bronze is not apparent, because it is gilded. The base of the statue is of granite, like the pedestal, but is gilded like the statue itself. In color harmonious with the statue, in texture like the pedestal, the base affords both unity and contrast with each. This gilding of the statue has been criticised as putting upon the statue its one mark of insincerity and its one material that will deteriorate with time. This presents a question that can be discussed on both sides. It is to be remembered, however, that the Greeks, whose sincerity in art has been a standard it does not become the modern world to criticise, tinted their marble statues and covered even ivory images with gold. Certainly in the case of the Sherman statue the gilding has increased its delicacy of line and has added to its other traits that of splendor.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE OUTLOOK BY RUDOLPH SCHOENE

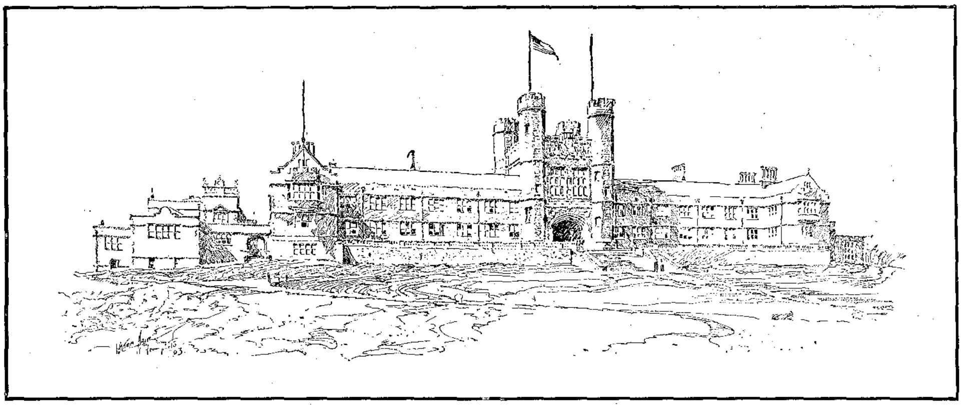
ST. GAUDENS'S STATUE OF GENERAL SHERMAN

Unveiled in New York City on Decoration Day.



THE VARIED INDUSTRIES BUILDING

The bend in the façade is a distinctive feature of the main buildings of the Exposition.



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, WHICH WILL BELONG TO WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

The Fair at St. Louis

By Ernest Hamlin Abbott

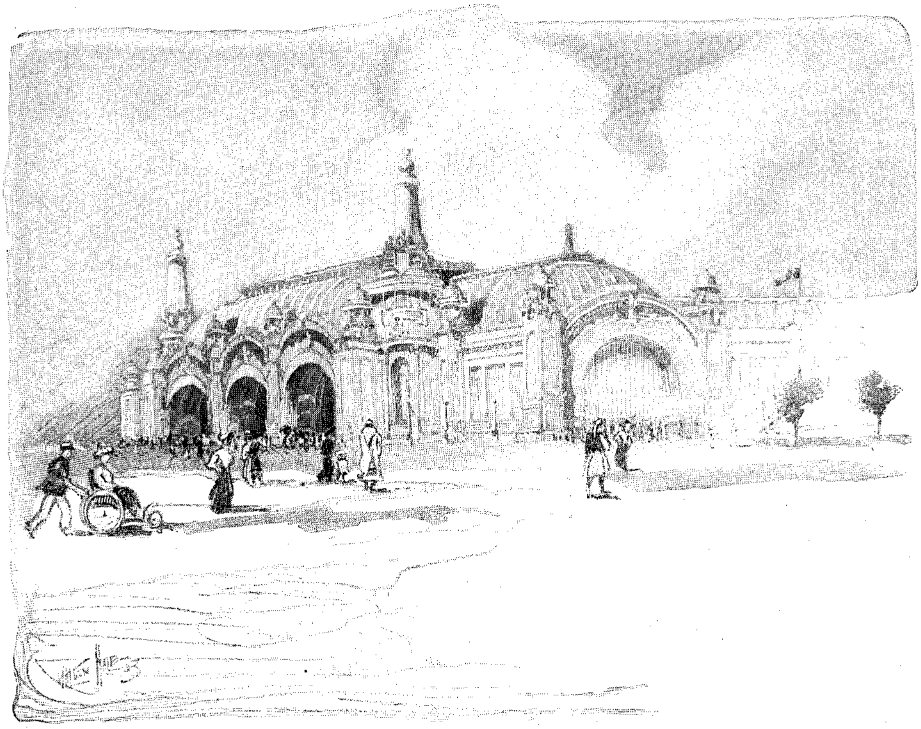
With Pictures by Walter Hale

"WE write no more fairy tales," says Lowell, in one of his later essays, "because the facts of our every-day lives are more full of marvel than they." We have our fairy tales, just the same; but, instead of writing them, we act them out. We collect train-loads of timber, tons upon tons of staff, thousands of gallons of paint, we root up trees and set them down again, we deflect a river from its course, carry it to the top of a hill and pour it down in ordered cascades, and, presto! we have the scenery for our fairy tale—ivory palaces glowing with light, waterfalls, lagoons, shaded walks, a forest. Then we gather together the facts of our every-day lives, set them in motion in the midst of our constructed fairyland, and behold a cycle of fairy tales lasting all summer! This is our way nowadays of feeding belief in the impossible. The folk of the Middle Ages had to be satisfied with Merlin or Malagigi; even the staid gentry of the eighteenth century could do no better than merely tolerate Moll White, the Witch. But we can believe the impossible because we see it; our faith is like that described in the hymn as celestial—it is turned to sight.

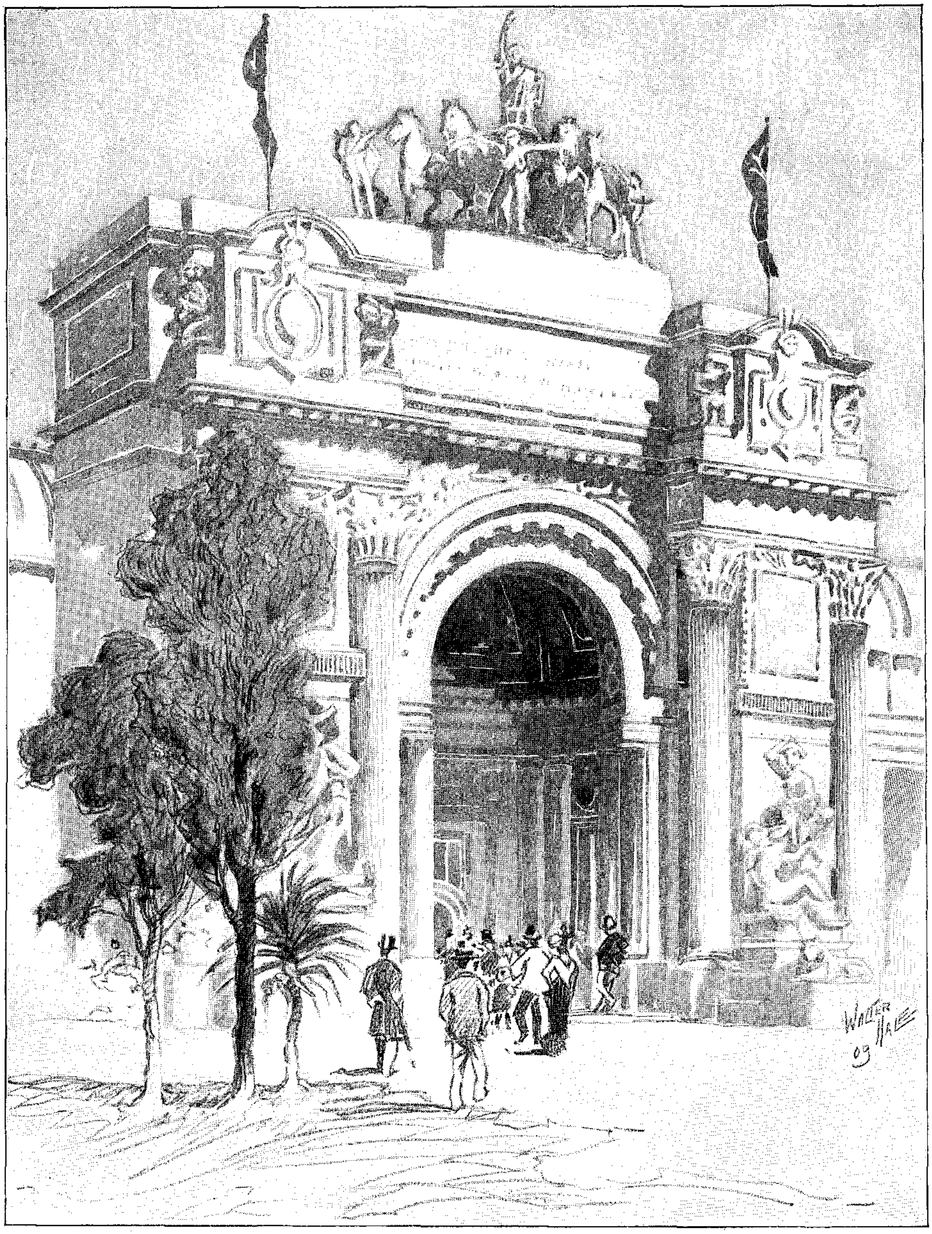
Something like this was in my mind when, with my cheerful fellow-traveler as companion, I left the trolley that had brought us from St. Louis to the edge of the Exposition grounds. Off in the distance we could see some huge white buildings rising out of the dirt and débris. All about us were little shanties, some of them evidently the sort that builders carry about in sections and set up for the storage of tools and materials, others improvised refreshment stalls and saloons. We entered the grounds through a gate in the high fence that incloses them. Here were more shanties. Beyond them, great stretches of scaffolding and framework like a forest of symmetrical giant underbrush stripped of all foliage. Seemingly endless processions of shuffling laborers wound in all directions, like lines of ants. In the roadways were mule-drawn wagons, some empty, some well loaded with dirt or timber. Underneath all was the red and yellow earth that gave to the whole a color tone like that of a brick-yard. This was our fairyland, and these were the fairies!

To think of finding our way in the midst of this confusion and of searching for beauty in this desert was to invite bewilderment, not to say consternation. We discreetly sought a rise in the ground from which we could make some survey. Other forests of scaffolding appeared. As far as we could see the ground was dotted with mule teams. Not far away was an enormous structure of ivory white, with a row of lofty columns reaching to such a distance that the building, high as it was, seemed almost squat. An occasional sound of distant hammering, the puff of a pile-driver a quarter of a mile away, the voices of men as they passed near us, and the shouts of the mule-drivers below, seemed muffled by the silence that lay like a mist over this strange, vast, unkempt city of giant palaces and squalid huts. This near building was our only landmark. The rest seemed as undistinctive as the open sea. Toward our landmark, then, we turned. High up, over its pillars, we read the name, " Varied Industries." We spread open our chart and found the building indicated. At last we had a starting-point. So, like navigators in sight of a lighthouse, we began to steer through the charted channels. But the channels seemed to be different in fact from those on paper. Was the chart wrong, or had this whole sea been shifted? We crept along under the building until we came to the end of the great façade, and suddenly it all became plain. This enormous stretch of building was not the front, as we had supposed, but only the narrow end of a structure that seemed less the handiwork of man than some carved glacier, fronted not with icebergs but with a colonnade of ice. The sudden view of that majestic stretch of columns was like the first blast of cool air from a thunder-cloud. Before we had taken our first deep breath of surprise and wonder we saw across the intervening avenue another such building, only less imposing, glacier fronting glacier. Then off to the left, across a wide sunken stretch of mud, another; and another yet, in the far distance, the stateliest of all. With the exhilaration of discovery we scrambled over rough baked earth, past great trenches lined with wood, like boxes sunk deep in the ground, upon rough timber bridges. How long it took to walk past even the narrow end of each building! Then up a hill, where other box-like trenches were being prepared for the making of cascades, until we stood near the summit. There we could at last see the plan in all this confusion.

Gradually the mule teams, the carpenters, the pile-drivers, began to fade away, like the genie from the brass bottle. Scaffolding disappeared. New palaces sprang into existence. Foliage burst forth. Where weather-stained timber had

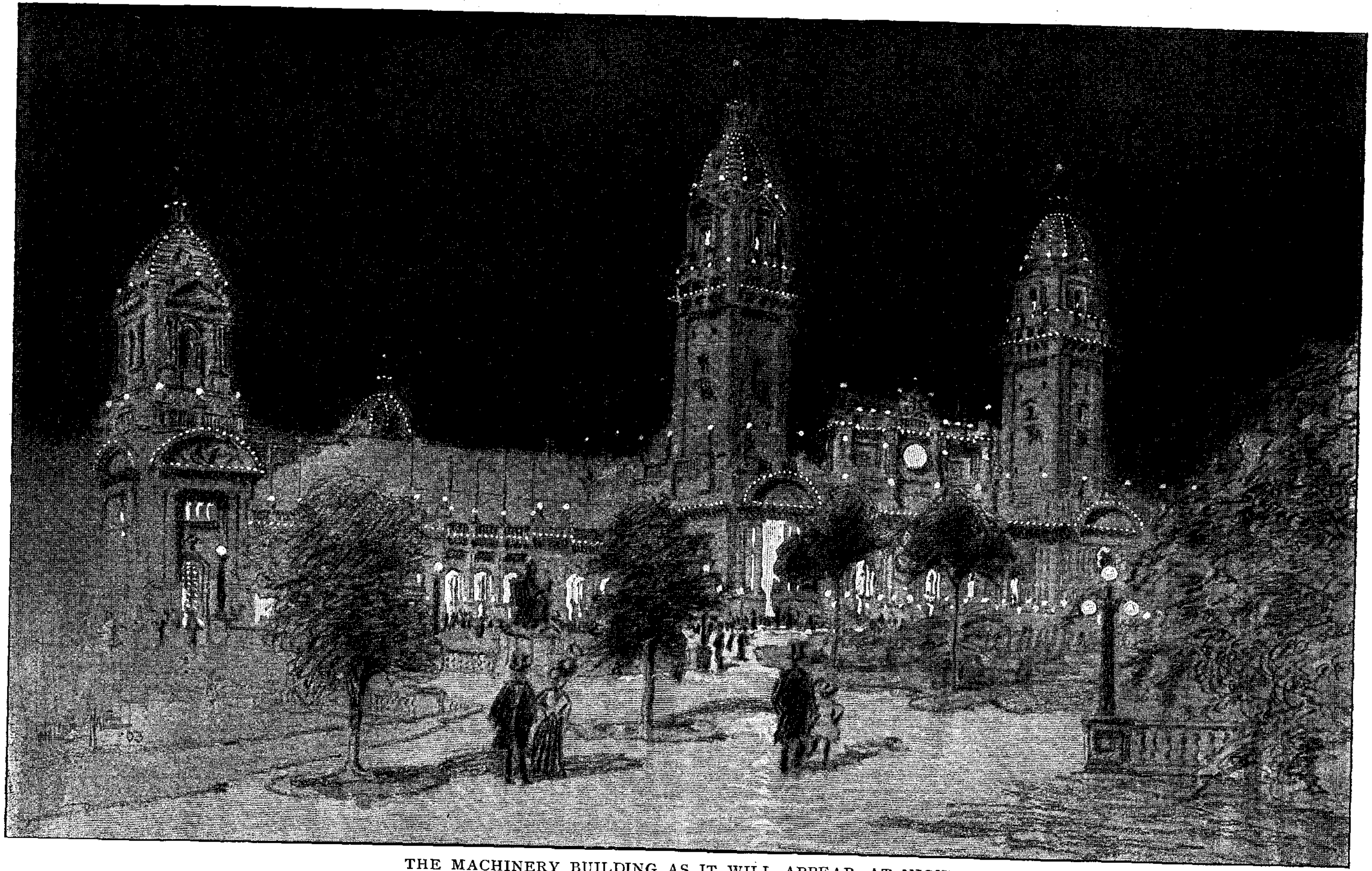


ONE END OF THE BIG TRANSPORTATION BUILDING



AN ENTRANCE TO THE LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING

been, ivory seemed to be. In place of yellow and red earth, all seemed verdant with grass and trees. In the center of the avenues, between the lines of trees, were waterways on which moved gondolas and launches. Water tumbled and frolicked down the hillside. Off toward the southwestern horizon, where the sun was sinking, in the midst of rich woods the turrets and domes of more buildings were scattered. Crowning the hill stood the substantial, sincere, severe home of the fine arts. In front, like liveried pages in the presence of the simply dressed monarch, were the ornate festival hall and pavilions. Radiating from this center toward the dark horizon of the east and north, where the smoke lay as a reminder of the world of men we had left behind, were open avenues of shaded waterways bordered by streets and walks. There on the plain below, flanking these



THE MACHINERY BUILDING AS IT WILL APPEAR AT NIGHT avenues, were ranged the palaces, like lords and ladies in waiting before their hill-enthroned monarch, the fine arts. The symmetry of their arrangement was broken by the variety of their architecture, and by the almost too unstudied disorder of their pinnacles and domes. In the distance, beyond the road that runs through the woods, we could see the turrets of the magicians' castle disguised by the name of "Administration Building." Here is to be the home of a university—which is appropriate. Did not Faust have a degree?

As we walked over the hill to this seat of learning and magic we had time to revert from the scenery to the action; from the buildings to what they housed. Everywhere there was movement. The powers that had brought this land of dreams into being were still at work. Up in the palace of art on the hill, it is true, there was quiet and repose; for even in such a magic world as this art is still long. In that strong home of the beautiful belongs anything which is the skilled work of one man for art's sake. Paintings, of course, and sculpture; but also carvings in woods and decorations for walls, mosaics and stained glass, tapestries and porcelains, whatever, indeed, is a personal expression of the beautiful in plastic form. But, like the water which at the summit of the hill is placid, but as it leaves the summit leaps and bounds on its way to the palaces below, the spirit of the Fair, which is reposeful as it exists in the staid home of art on the hill, becomes filled with energy and animation as it spreads to its other and more ornate abodes. There all the enginery of modern magic is full of motion. In one place men (or are they gnomes?) are busily extracting ore from the ground, loading it on cars, sending it by elevators to smelting furnaces, and bringing it out pure metal to be stamped and shaped for service. In another place self-moving knives and rollers are transforming wood-pulp and cloth into paper, presses are imprinting upon it words and pictures, and machinery is binding the pages together. Near by looms are turning thread into fabric, rollers and wheels are spinning molten metal into fine wire, life-like fingers of steel are putting fruit into cans and sealing it in. In a place beyond, great snorting locomotives are pulling and tugging, testing their own powers in struggles against one another. Even in the building denominated "Education" there is to be found the same activity; boys are there learning to use tools, the blind to see and the mute to speak.

At last we reached the other hill and entered the turreted portal. The absence of a moat and a drawbridge could be accounted for only by the spirit of friendliness with which Learning, in this its home, might be expected to welcome all visitors. We turned and looked over the land from which we had come. The sun had gone down. Still living under the sway of fancy, in whose realm we certainly were, we felt rather than saw the glow of light that evaporated as it were from every palace. There were no lights—merely light. Toward the south a new territory was open to our sight, heretofore obstructed by the forest growth. There seemed to be little chance of discovering the limit of the domain, so we brought our exploration to an end.

Back we walked toward the palaces of ivory and the lagoons. We suddenly discovered that we were tired. The road was rough and dusty. Was this a lumber-yard along which we were trudging? Could it be possible in a land of ivory palaces? And these palaces themselves, they seemed interminable. Should we be able to pass them before night ended? Where were the trolley-cars? Were they not here at the entrance? There seemed to be no way out of our fairyland. Then first one of us and then the other stumbled, and our fairyland disappeared. No more glowing palaces, no more foliage, and waterways, and sparkle, and life, and activity; only a dead darkness, and some acres of scaffolding, and some shanties, some loose timber, and a hundred petty obstacles unseen in the dark that blocked our way first in one direction and then another. At last we emerged into the light by a ramshackle place which it were courtesy to call a saloon. Here at last was the sound of human voices—yes, and a cornet and something else hard to identify. The place was open on four sides. Soldiers were crowding about, like bugs about an electric light. In the center was a bar with white-coated barkeepers pushing glasses of beer to their military patrons. High up, on the top of a huge refrigerator, were seated three dilapidated negroes, one drawing out strident tones from an accordion, another torturing an enfeebled fiddle, the third splitting the air with a cornet, and then caterwauling with his own voice as he came to the refrain of his song. We agreed with the soldiers that, hideous as this was, it was better than the darkness and loneliness of their quarters back there in fairyland.

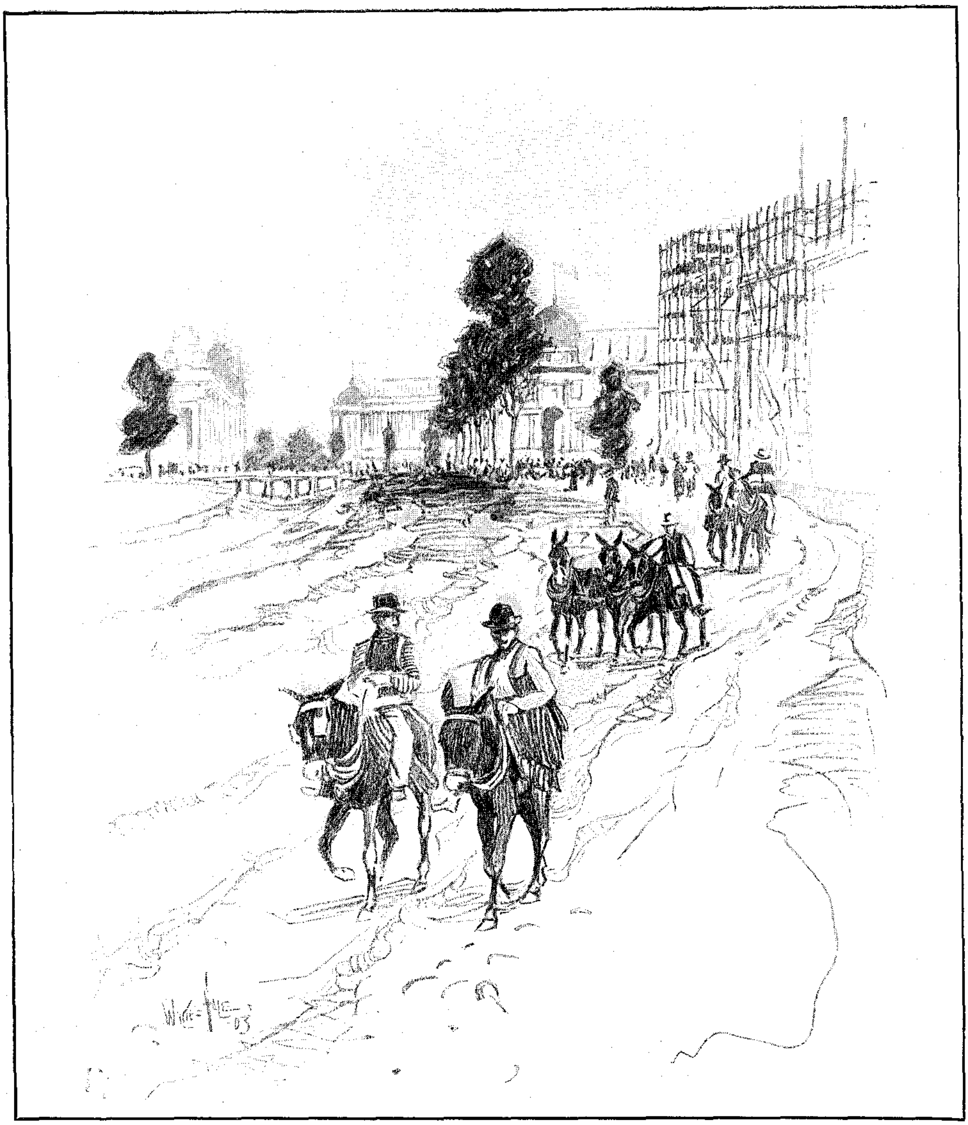
We had lost the vision, it is true; but we remembered it; and, as the trolley-car carried us through the outskirts of the city, we wondered how any man or body of men could have dreamed so big, so simple, so ingenious, so complex a dream, and how they dared to make it actual.

What does it all mean? The answer to that question all depends upon the point of view. From one point of view it stands for bigness. The longest Cathedral in England, for instance, which is Winchester, I believe, could not reach half-way the length of the Varied Industries Building, and could barely extend through its narrowest part from front to rear. And this is only one of a dozen of the largest buildings of approximately the same size. The amount of money which will be spent directly to create and maintain this World's Fair will be about four times the sum that was paid for the territory whose purchase this Fair is to celebrate. Magnitude is, of course, not the highest of qualities, and compared with some other qualities it does not signify much. But it is not necessarily to be treated with contempt. There are some things besides fortunes that depend for their value as much upon their size as upon anything else—the Alps, for instance, and the Pyramids. Magnitude tends to cultivate both pride and humility. Those who visit the World's Fair at St. Louis next year will probably be a prouder people, but a set of humbler individuals.

From another point of view this Fair will have significance as a spectacle. It will probably be mainly as a spectacle that it will draw the crowd. As a cultivator of emotion it will unquestionably be a great success. Only the *blasé* observer could, after viewing the grounds even as they are now, a year in advance of the opening, admit that he was entirely unmoved. And when the buildings shine as if they themselves were the source of light, when the water by turns is phosphorescent, shining like molten silver and dotted with vari-colored lights, when the whole scene is thronged with people and all the activities of this especially active Exposition are aglow, it is likely that even the blasé will for a moment or two cease to suspend judgment. That of itself is an achievement not without moral value. The real question in this respect is whether all this sensation will tend to debilitate or to quicken, to daze simply, or to stimulate. That depends on what sort of a spectacle it will be, and leads to other points of view.

That it ought to stimulate and not debilitate any ordinary wholesome human soul is plain when the significance of the Fair is sought for as a visualized record of industry, or, more broadly, of human achievement. Distinctively, this Exposition will show not merely products but processes; not merely what, but also how, men have achieved. The men who do things will here be speaking in the only language that most of them have mastered, but a language universally understood—the language whose unit of speech is a deed.

From another point of view, yet not so very different, this Fair will be significant for what it celebrates. The purchase of the Louisiana Territory from which the greater part of twelve States and two Territories have been constructed, and which opened the way to the making of eight other States and two other Territories, was an achievement that required a courage very much like genius, only that it was shared by two or three men. Of such an achievement an Exposition of achievements is a most appropriate celebration. Of the historical significance of this World's Fair, and of the attention it will direct toward the early contributions of the Latin races to the Republic, The Outlook already has spoken. It is sufficient here to add that no one of those present at the Dedicatory Ceremonies in St. Louis last April could fail to recognize that the commemorative impulse was more than a mere excuse for some democratic pomp; it was a genuine desire to exalt a deed that as much as any other has made our country great, and to honor the men whose doing the deed was.



BUILDING THE EXPOSITION

But more than a commemoration of a past achievement, more than a grouping of present achievement, the Fair is significant as being an attempt at a distinctive achievement itself. There is, behind all the transporting and unloading and transforming of timber, staff, and paint, a purpose to create a single though colossal work of art—an expression in terms of beauty of present-day human life. Whether that purpose shall be rewarded with success none can tell until the Fair shall have ended. In the meantime it has the significance that such an effort gives it.

Distinctively, too, this Fair is designed to be a work of education. What that signifies may be learned from the fact that in every department of the Fair the conscious object of the director is to teach the people who shall come to see it how the leaders in the branch of knowledge which that department represents have attained their measure of progress. The Department of Agriculture will endeavor to show, among other things, how sandy soil has been taught to bear vegetation; the Department of Transportation, to what extent the air has been subjugated and the winds defied in their own realm. So in Manufactures, in Electricity, in

Liberal Arts, and in each of the other departments in turn, there will be a great popular technical school teaching by example. It is not without a purpose that the first department of the classification is that of Education.

But the highest possible significance of the Fair will be lost unless it can be shown that its effect will be to turn the minds of men from things to ideals, from the visible body to the invisible mind, from matter to spirit. The chief question that concerns thoughtful men as they think of the Exposition at St. Louis is, What will it tell concerning the character of America? what will it reveal of the soul of the Nation?

The final answer to this question cannot be given for several months yet; but since the spirit of the Fair in its completion is likely to be the same as its spirit in its growth, the bearing it will have upon the higher life of the American people can in a measure be surmised from the effects which the Fair as a project yet to be realized has already had. The first place in which to find these effects is naturally St. Louis itself.

Already the Exposition has certainly stimulated civic patriotism. The very proposal to hold the Fair at St. Louis forced men to confess their belief as to what constitutes the welfare of the city. Naturally, the remonstrants were the most vociferous. The city will never get its money back. The men who put their money into such an undertaking will lose it. Every other city that has had an Exposition has been unable to withstand the shock. These were the arguments, and they were frankly commercial. How did the people of St. Louis meet these arguments? In the first place, by supplying a group of idealists, who had the imagination to plan the Fair and the transcendental will to organize it. Then the people themselves responded with contributions. Enthusiasm, some people called it, with a laugh. Enthusiasm happens to be a very effective trait to add to civic patriotism. This is the way a barber at the hotel explained it to me.

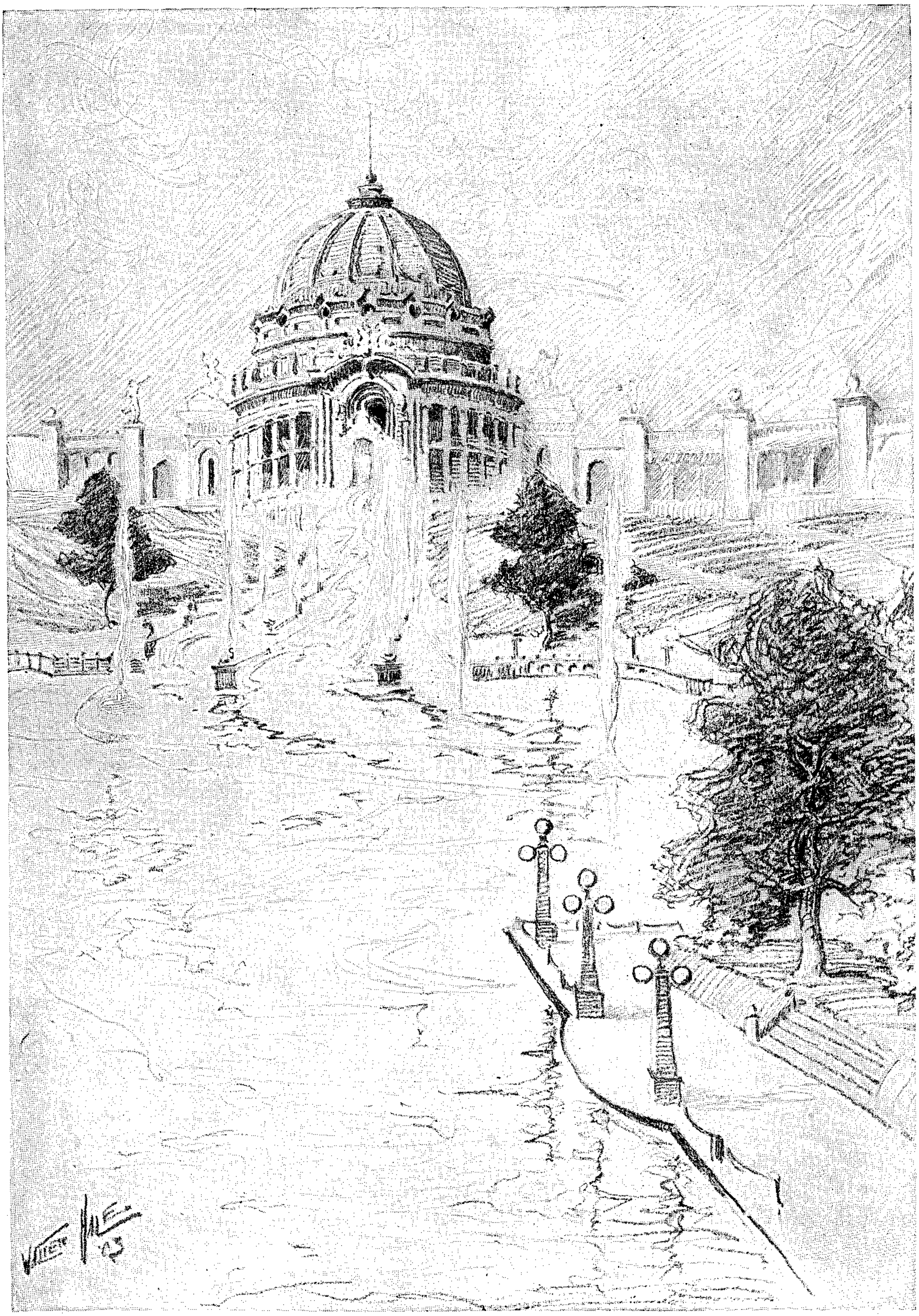
"Do you think," I asked him as he paused to snap his scissors about my ears, "that the Exposition will be a good thing for St. Louis, or not?"

"Certainly, a good thing. Of course there'll be a slump after it's all over; but it will only look like hard times. The people that will complain are those who don't belong here. The drift that will come in with the Fair will do a booming business for a while, but they won't find their business permanent, of course; and that's all."

There was the popular faith expressed. The barber who happened to be running a pneumatic massage machine over my cheerful fellow-traveler's face told him, between the intervals of the buzzing, that he and others in the shop had bought two or three shares in the Exposition Company apiece, though with no expectation of pecuniary return. "In fact," he added, "you'll find that about every hand in this hotel has a share or two." As he expressed his faith, it was "just because it was a good thing."

This same faith, whose fruit is the spirit of co-operation, evidently actuated the motorman who controlled a car I rode on during the morning of the day of dedication, who declared ungrudgingly that he would be on duty continuously until six o'clock the next morning, and seemed to enjoy the opportunity of making such a contribution to the good of the cause. Similarly, a chambermaid whom I overheard to remark that she was there for ten days "to help out," seemed to share the same enthusiasm. It was all for the sake of the city. And in all these cases the moving spirit was the spirit of the Exposition. One had no need to look far for explanations of the contribution of five million dollars, in sums small and great, from the citizens of St. Louis to the Exposition.

The philosophy of it was expressed to me several times by people who had thought it out independently. It is not a deep philosophy, but one that apparently never occurred to the commercially-minded. I heard it expressed in the vernacular by a politician, a member of the House of Delegates. He has the wisdom that does not come from books. When I met him, he was superintending the decoration of the front of his saloon. Naturally, the first subject that came up in our conversation was the political situation in the city, and the witty, gleeful manner in which he commented on the rout of the "boodlers" showed that he



THE GREAT CASCADE

At night the cascade will be brightly illuminated from below by mercury-vapor lights and from above by searchlights.

was responsive to public sentiment. When the talk drifted to the Exposition, he first gave his estimate from the commercial point of view.

"No," he emphatically declared, "it won't do no good. It'll be like temporary relief to a poor man. But"—and here came his philosophy—"it'll wake people up here. They're fast asleep." That was his pronouncement, and it can be accepted as sound. It is a fact which has been shown in recent elections, and was stated and restated to me, that the Exposition, by making people think of their city, had set them also to correcting its faults. Nothing has brought this fact more clearly into relief than the opposition it has aroused among the men who trust in material things and love appearances. Some of them, men of wealth and power, have tried to quiet the investigations into the acts of corruptionists who have been robbing the city, for fear that such investigations will injure the Exposition! "Don't disgrace the city by showing its filth," has been their argument. "Don't take a bath, because people will learn that you've been dirty," is the paraphrase which Circuit Attorney Folk, the instigator and successful prosecutor of these investigations, quietly made as a retort. He knows that the great mass of the people, as well as the strong men among the merchants, are behind him; and he acknowledges that the Exposition is a distinct aid in keeping the eyes of the people directed to the city, and their wills set upon its cleansing. They want the Exposition to find prepared for it a "New St. Louis."

The Exposition has been arousing the people of the city to a recognition of the need not only of municipal cleanliness but of all kinds of municipal progress. Every city is subject to some sort of provincialism. St. Louis is no exception. But the prospect of holding a World's Fair is already making provincialism seem incompatible with the fitness of a city that invites the world to its Fair. St. Louis has grown already toward cosmopolitanism because of its cosmopolitan undertaking. The Fair will contribute a permanent art museum and a group of buildings for Washington University. St. Louis has for several years needed an adequate building for its public library. As a direct result of the quickening of the civic pride of the city through the influence of the Exposition, the city is now practically assured of such a building. Such an influence is sure to extend in other directions, stimulating the city to a keener appreciation of art, of music, of scholarship, of all those means for the development of the mind and the spirit of man which are to be found in the Exposition itself.

The pledge that this Exposition will indeed contribute not only to the higher life of St. Louis, but also to that of the Nation, is to be found in the culmination of the Exposition itself—the Congress of Arts and Sciences. This is to be a congress of congresses. It has been described at length by its originator, Professor Münsterberg, of Harvard, in the "Atlantic Monthly" for May. Its purpose is to show the unity of knowledge and to state through papers given by experts the achievements of each branch of human knowledge in its relation to cognate branches. It is impossible here to give further details; it is sufficient to say that by means of this Congress the Fair is to be its own interpreter.

It seems to be a misfortune, if not indeed a blunder, that religion has no voice in this great Exposition except as it is represented by its kinsman science for one or two sessions. Apparently it was a serious error for the Exposition authorities to fail in recognizing the desire, expressed by the joint action of Roman Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, for a Temple of Religion to stand as a witness that the American people, who could spend millions for cattle, machinery, grains, and metals, could devote some thousands for their faith. The visitor to the Exposition will learn what the corporations and trusts are doing, but he will search in vain for any sign of what the Church is doing. It is to be hoped that the plans which have already been formulated for organizing religious effort within the city during the period of the Exposition will be successfully carried out. The Southwest, of which St. Louis is the natural capital, has so emphatically a religious life of its own that in the Exposition there there is special reason why the religious life should find at least not less than the usual attention. Nevertheless, the last section of the official Congress of Arts and Sciences will be devoted to the subject of religious influence in civilization; so, though religion is to have no distinctive representation, it will be the culmination of the Congress that itself is the culmination of the Fair.

It should not be forgotten that this Exposition, like all other World's Fairs held in America, is primarily not a commercial undertaking. It is rather a spontaneous and half-unconscious, but all the more effective, expression of American idealism. The fact that it has been and will continue to be described largely in terms of feet and acres, of bushels and tons, of dollars that mount up into the millions, should not mislead any one into thinking that it is the apotheosis of materialism. These terms are an indication, not of a grossness of ideas, but of a paucity of vocabulary. These form the language which most men in America can most easily use. The fact is that this Exposition is primarily a feat of the imagination, a great composite structure of ideals. Those who shall endeavor to measure its success or failure by commercial standards do not understand the American mind. Whether he be the Yankee on the side-hills of New England, the Southerner in his fields of cotton, or the Westerner making the prairie and the desert to blossom as the rose, the American is first of all a dreamer, a reacher out after the unseen, a man who is unsatisfied until he achieves the impossible. And when he builds a Fair like this, he is but saying, This is what I have dreamt, and I have made my own dream come true.

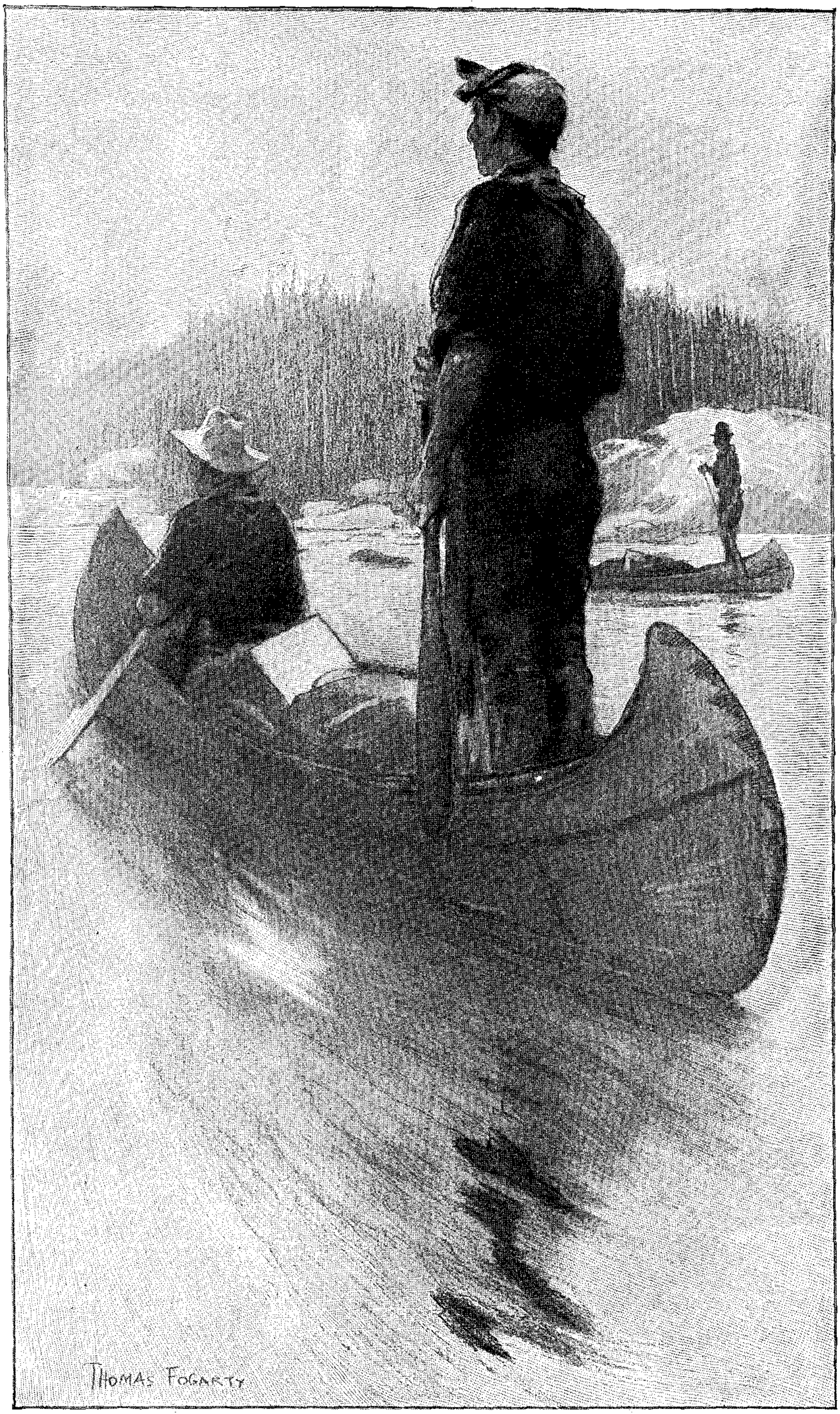
Free!

By Benjamin Rosenblatt

THE cold, blank winter day breaks ghastly on the plains of northern Russia. Gloomily onward stretch the wild, snow-covered steppes of frozen Siberia; not a tree, not a bush, in sight; and the winds rise, blowing with fury and whirling heaps of snow round and round in the air. On the frozen ground two men are lying huddled together, trying to hide themselves from the blast, struggling against the deadly frost which creeps upon them, slowly paralyzing their limbs.

They escaped from the party of exiles. How they were hunted! How, like wild beasts, they were pursued! But the merciless work in the cold subterranean mines of Siberia stood before them. Thinking of it, they ran, breathlessly ran, leaving their pursuers behind. . . . And now they lie on the snow, with knees bruised and bleeding, with hands scarred and swollen, staring wildly before them on the raw, cold morning breaking in the east.

On their faces, which show intelligence and resolution, is visible the impression of the tyrannic government which persecutes them as political "criminals." Their features are pinched, the teeth set close together, and a steady fire burns in their eyes which tells of mortal hatred to those despots who stifle every voice that is raised against their unjust rule. Their long kaftans are tied with ropes around the waist, and their faces are muffled in ragged shawls to protect them from the smarting wind. They had no time to provide themselves with proper clothing; in the dead of night they were suddenly caught and transported—but they escaped, and now they are free! All alone on the wild plains, free! How good! and how warm! . . . They feel the cold no longer. . . . Their features relax, grow softer, and their eyes become glassy, slowly filling with tears, as dim thoughts of home and native scenes pass faintly through the brain. . . . Their eyes close, they embrace each other closer and closer, feeling so warm. . . . And around them the dreary steppes stretch endlessly on and on to meet a leaden sky that hangs gloomily overhead. The bitter morning breaks on the infinite solitude, and the snow, falling, falling, falling, snugly covers the sleeping pair, making them warmer and warmer.


THOMAS FOGARTY

APPROACHING THE RAPIDS

THE FOREST[1]

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY

Chapter XV.—On Woods Indians

FAR in the North dwell a people practically unknown to any but the fur-trader and the explorer. Our information as to Mokis, Sioux, Cheyennes, Nez Percés, and indirectly many others, through the pages of Cooper, Parkman, and allied writers, is varied enough, so that our ideas of Indians are pretty well established. If we are romantic, we hark back to the past and invent fairy tales with ourselves anent the Noble Red Man who has Passed Away. If we are severely practical, we take notice of filth, vice, plug hats, tin cans, and laziness. In fact, we might divide all Indian concepts into two classes, following these mental and imaginative bents. Then we should have quite simply and unsatisfactorily the Cooper Indian and the Comic Paper Indian. It must be confessed that the latter is often approximated by reality—and everybody knows it. That the former is by no means a myth—at least in many qualities—the average reader might be pardoned for doubting.

Some time ago I desired to increase my knowledge of the Woods Indians by whatever others had accomplished. Accordingly I wrote to the Ethnological Department at Washington asking what had been done in regard to the Ojibways and Wood Crees north of Lake Superior. The answer was, "Nothing."

And "nothing" is more nearly a comprehensive answer than at first you might believe. Visitors at Mackinac, Traverse, Sault Ste. Marie, and other northern resorts are besought at certain times of the year by silent, calico-dressed squaws to purchase basket and bark work. If the tourist happens to follow these women for more wholesale examination of their wares, he will be led to a double-ended Mackinaw-built sailing-craft with red-dyed sails, half pulled out on the beach. In the stern sit two or three bucks wearing shirts, jean trousers, and broad black hats. Some of the oldest men may sport a patched pair of moccasins or so, but most are conventional enough in clumsy shoes. After a longer or shorter stay they hoist their red sails and drift away toward some mysterious destination on the north shore. If the buyer is curious enough and persistent enough, he may elicit the fact that they are Ojibways.

Now, if this same tourist happens to possess a mildly venturesome disposition, a sailing craft, and a chart of the region, he will sooner or later blunder across the dwelling-place of his silent venders. At the foot of some rarely frequented bay he will come on a diminutive village of small whitewashed log houses. It will differ from other villages in that the houses are arranged with no reference whatever to one another, but in the haphazard fashion of an encampment. Its inhabitants are his summer friends. If he is of an insinuating address, he may get a glimpse of their daily life. Then he will go away firmly convinced that he knows quite a lot about the North Woods Indian.

And so he does. But his North Woods Indian is the Reservation Indian. And in the north a Reservation Indian is as different from Woods Indian as a negro is from a Chinese.

Suppose, on the other hand, your tourist is unfortunate enough to get left at some North Woods railway station where he has descended from the transcontinental to stretch his legs, and suppose him to

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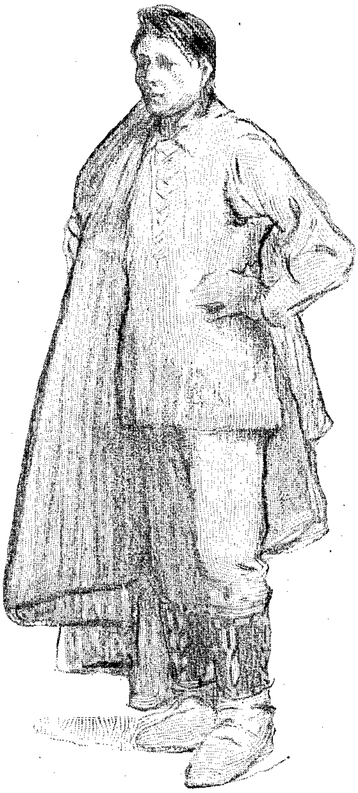
have happened on a fur town like Missinaibie at the precise time when the trappers are in from the wilds. Near the borders of the village he will come upon a little encampment of conical teepees. At his approach the women and children will disappear into inner darkness. A dozen wolf-like dogs will rush out barking. Grave-faced men will respond silently to his salutation.

These men, he will be interested to observe, wear still the deer or moose skin moccasin — the lightest and easiest foot-gear for the woods; bind their long hair with a narrow fillet, and their waists with a red or striped worsted sash; keep warm under the blanket thickness of a Hudson Bay capote; and deck their clothes with a variety of barbaric ornament. He will see about camp weapons whose acquaintance he has made only in museums, peltries of whose identification he is by no means sure, and as matters of daily use snow-shoes, bark canoes, bows and arrows—what to him have been articles of ornament or curiosity. To-morrow these people will be gone for another year, carrying with them the results of the week's barter. Neither he nor his kind will see them again, unless they too journey far into the Silent Places. But he has caught a glimpse of the stolid mask of the Woods Indian, concerning whom officially "nothing" is known.

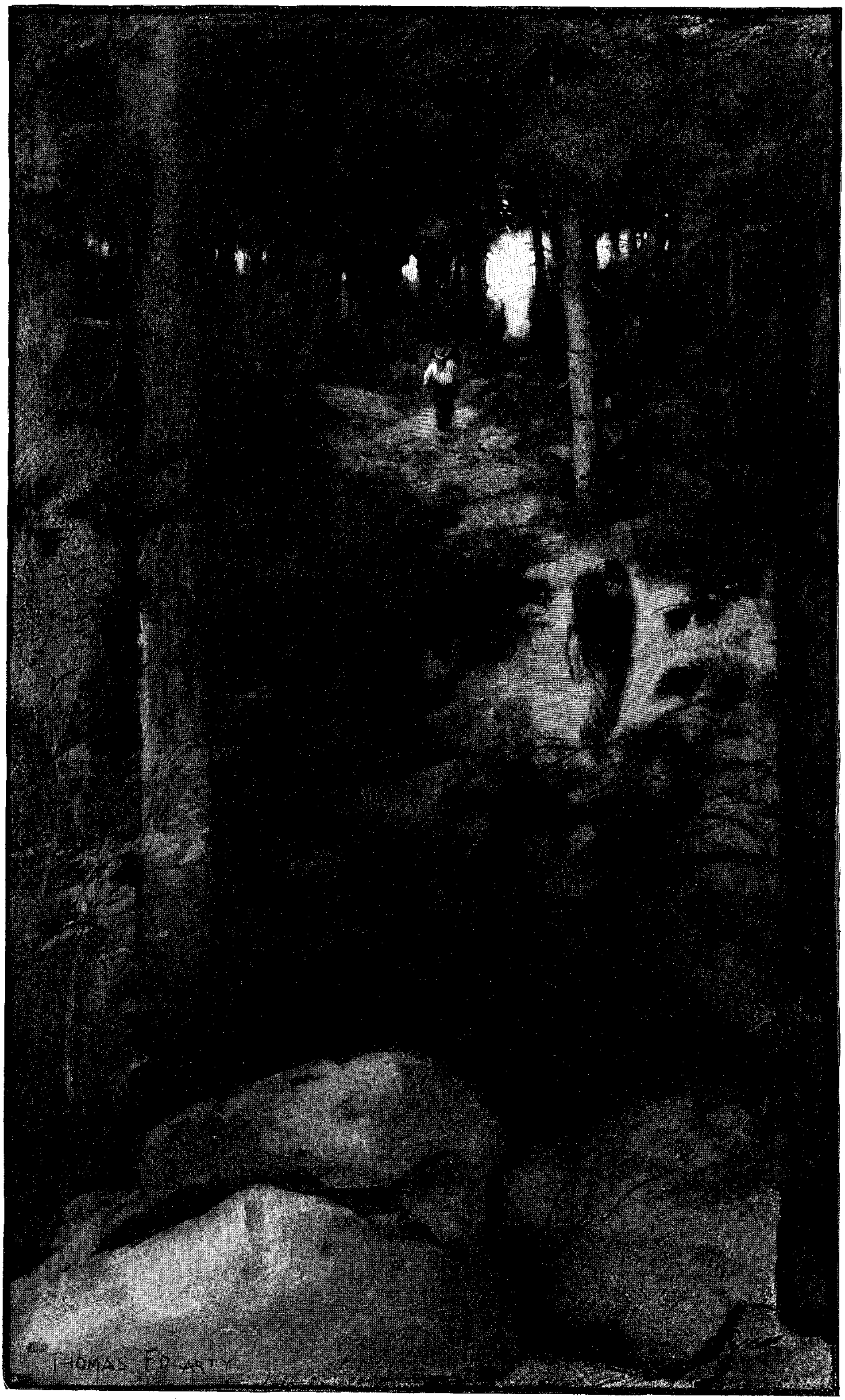

A WOODS INDIAN

In many respects the Woods Indian is the legitimate descendant of the Cooper Indian. His life is led entirely in the forests; his subsistence is assured by hunting, fishing, and trapping; his dwelling is the wigwam, and his habitation the wide reaches of the wilderness lying between Lake Superior and the Hudson Bay; his relation to humanity confined to intercourse with his own people and acquaintance with the men who barter for his peltries. So his dependence is not on the world the white man has brought, but on himself and his natural environment. Civilization has merely ornamented his ancient manner. It has given him the convenience of cloth, of firearms, of steel traps, of iron kettles, of matches; it has accustomed him to the luxuries of white sugar—though he had always his own maple product—tea, flour, and white man's tobacco. That is about all. He knows nothing of whisky. The towns are never visited by him, and the Hudson's Bay Company will sell him no liquor. His concern with you is not great, for he has little to gain from you.

This people, then, depending on natural resources for subsistence, has retained to a great extent the qualities of the early aborigines.

To begin with, it is distinctly nomadic. The great rolls of birch bark to cover the pointed teepees are easily transported in the bottoms of canoes, and the poles are quickly cut and put in place. As a consequence, the Ojibway family is always on the move. It searches out new trapping grounds, new fisheries, it pays visits, it seems even to enjoy travel for the sake of exploration. In winter a teepee of double wall is built, whose hollow is stuffed with moss to keep out the cold; but even that approximation of permanence cannot stand against the slightest convenience. When an Indian kills, often he does not transport his game to camp, but moves his camp to the vicinity of the carcass. There are of these woods dwellers no villages, no permanent clearings. The vicinity of a Hudson's Bay post is sometimes occupied for a month or so during the summer, but that is all.

An obvious corollary of this is that tribal life does not consistently obtain. Throughout the summer months, when game and fur are at their poorest, the


THOMAS FOGARTY

ON THE LONG TRAIL

bands assemble, probably at the times of barter with the traders. Then for the short period of the idling season they drift together up and down the North Country streams, or camp for big pow-wows and conjuring near some pleasant conflux of rivers. But when the first frosts nip the leaves, the families separate to their allotted trapping districts, there to spend the winter in pursuit of the real business of life. The tribe is thus split into many groups, ranging in numbers from the solitary trapper eager to win enough fur to buy him a wife, to a compact little group of three or four families closely related in blood. The most striking consequence is that, unlike other Indian bodies politic, there are no regularly constituted and acknowledged chiefs. Certain individuals gain a remarkable reputation and an equally remarkable respect for wisdom, or hunting skill, or power of woodcraft, or travel. These men are the so-called "old-men" often mentioned in Indian manifestoes, though age has nothing to do with the deference accorded them.

The life so briefly hinted at in the foregoing lines inevitably develops and fosters an expertness of woodcraft almost beyond belief. The Ojibway knows his environment. The forest is to him so familiar in each and every one of its numerous and subtle aspects that the slightest departure from the normal strikes his attention at once. A patch of brown shadow where green shadow should fall, a shimmering of leaves where should be merely a gentle waving, a cross light where the usual forest growth should adumbrate, a flash of wings at a time of day when feathered creatures ordinarily rest quiet—these, and hundreds of others which you and I should never even guess at, force themselves as glaringly on an Indian's notice as a brass band in a city street. A white man *looks* for game; an Indian sees it because it differs from the forest.

In journeying down the Kapúskasíng River, our Indians—who had come from the woods to guide us—always saw game long before we did. They would never point it out to us. The bow of the canoe would swing silently in its direction, there to rest motionless until we indicated that we had seen something.

"Where is it, Peter?" I would whisper.

But Peter always remained contemptuously silent.

One evening we paddled directly into the eye of the setting sun across a shallow little lake filled with hardly sunken boulders. There was no current, and no breath of wind to stir the water into betraying riffles. But invariably those Indians twisted the canoe into a new course ten feet before we reached one of the obstructions, whose existence our dazzled vision could not attest until they were actually below us. They *saw* those rocks through the shimmer of the surface glare.

Another time I discovered a small black animal lying flat on a point of shale. Its head was concealed behind a boulder, and it was so far away that I was inclined to congratulate myself on having differentiated it from the shadow.

"What is it, Peter?" I asked.

Peter hardly glanced at it.

"Ninny-moósh" (dog), he replied.

Now, we were a hundred miles south of the Hudson's Bay Post and two weeks north of any other settlement. Saving a horse, a dog would be about the last thing to occur to one in guessing at the identity of any strange animals. This looked like a little black blotch, without form. Yet Peter knew it. It was a dog, lost from some Indian hunting party, and mightily glad to see us.

The sense of smell, too, is developed to an extent positively uncanny to us who have needed it so little. Your Woods Indian is always sniffing, always testing the impressions of other senses by his olfactories. Instances numerous and varied might be cited, but probably one will do as well as a dozen. It once became desirable to kill a caribou in country where the animals are not at all abundant. Tawabinisáy volunteered to take Jim within shot of one. Jim describes their hunt as the most wonderful bit of stalking he had ever seen. The Indian followed the animal's tracks as easily as you or I could have followed them over snow. He did this rapidly and certainly. Every once in a while he would get down on all fours to snuff inquiringly at the crushed herbage. Always on rising to his feet he would give the result of his investigations.

"Ah-téek (caribou) one hour."

And later, "Ah-téek half hour."

Or again, "Ah-téek quarter hour."

And finally, "Ah-téek over nex' hill."

And it was so.

In like manner, but most remarkable to us because the test of direct comparison with our own sense was permitted us, was their acuteness of hearing. Often while "jumping" a roaring rapids in two canoes my companion and I have heard our men talking to each other in quite an ordinary tone of voice. That is to say, I could hear my Indian and Jim could hear his; but personally we were forced to shout loudly to carry across the noise of the stream. The distant approach of animals they announce accurately.

"Wawashkeshí" (deer), says Peter.

And sure enough, after an interval, we too could distinguish the footfalls on the dry leaves.

Mr. Caspar Whitney describes in exasperation his experience with the Indians of the far Northwest. He complains that when they blunder on game, they drop everything and enter into almost hopeless chase, two legs against four. Occasionally the quarry becomes enough bewildered so that the wild shooting will bring it down. He quite justly argues that the merest pretense at caution in approach would result in much greater success.

The Woods Indian is no such fool. He is a mighty poor shot—and he knows it. Personally I believe he shuts both eyes before pulling trigger. He is armed with a long flint or percussion lock musket, whose gas-pipe barrel is bound to the wood that runs its entire length by means of brass bands, and whose effective range must be about ten yards. This archaic implement is known as a "trade gun," and has the single merit of never getting out of order. Furthermore, ammunition is precious. In consequence, the wilderness hunter is not going to be merely pretty sure; he intends to be absolutely certain. If he cannot approach near enough to blow a hole in his prey, he does not fire.

I have seen Peter drop into marsh grass so thin that apparently we could discern the surface of the ground through it, and disappear so completely that our most earnest attention could not distinguish even a rustling of the herbage. After an interval his gun would go off from some distant point, exactly where some ducks had been feeding serenely oblivious to fate. Neither of us white men could have considered for a moment the possibility of getting any of them. Once I felt rather proud of myself for killing six ruffed grouse out of some trees with the pistol, until Peter drifted in carrying three he had bagged with a stick.

Another interesting phase of this almost perfect correspondence to environment is the readiness with which an Indian will meet an emergency. We are accustomed to rely first of all on the skilled labor of some one we can hire; second, if we undertake the job ourselves, on the tools made for us by skilled labor; and, third, on the shops to supply us with the materials we may need. Not once in a lifetime are we thrown entirely on our own resources. Then we improvise bunglingly a makeshift.

The Woods Indian possesses his knife and his light ax. Nails, planes, glue, chisels, vises, cord, rope, and all the rest of it he has to do without. But he never improvises makeshifts. No matter what the exigency, or how complicated the demand, his experience answers with accuracy. Utensils and tools he knows exactly where to find. His job is neat and workmanlike, whether it is a bark receptacle—watertight or not—a pair of snow-shoes, the repairing of a badly smashed canoe, the construction of a shelter, or the fashioning of a paddle. About noon one day Tawabinisáy broke his ax-helve square off. This to us would have been a serious affair. Probably we should, left to ourselves, have stuck in some sort of a rough, straight sapling handle which would have answered well enough until we could have bought another. By the time we had cooked dinner that Indian had fashioned another helve. We compared it with the store article. It was well shaped, as smooth, as nicely balanced. In fact, as we laid the new and the old side by side we could not have selected, from any evidence of the workmanship, which had been made by machine and which by hand. Tawabinisáy then burned out the wood from the ax, retempered the steel, set the new helve and wedged it neatly with ironwood wedges.

To travel with a Woods Indian is a constant source of delight on this account.

So many little things that the white man does without because he will not bother with their transportation, the Indian makes for himself. And so quickly and easily! I have seen a thoroughly water-proof, commodious, and comfortable bark shelter made in about the time it would take one to pitch a tent. I have seen a raft built of cedar logs and cedar-bark ropes in an hour. I have seen a badly stoven canoe made as good as new in fifteen minutes. The Indian rarely needs to hunt for the materials he requires. He knows exactly where they grow, and he turns as directly to to them as a clerk would turn to his shelves.

The qualities I have mentioned come primarily from the fact that the Woods Indian is a hunter. I have now to instance two whose development can be traced to the other fact—that he is a nomad. I refer to his skill with the bark canoe and his ability to carry.

I was once introduced to a man at a little way station of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the following words:

"Shake hands with Munson; he's as good a canoeman as an Indian."

A little later one of the bystanders remarked to me:

"That fellow you was just talking with is as good a canoeman as an Injin."

Still later, at an entirely different place, a member of the bar informed me in the course of discussion:

"The only man I know of who can do it is named Munson. He is as good a canoeman as an Indian."

At the time this unanimity of praise puzzled me a little. I thought I had seen some pretty good canoe work, and even cherished a mild conceit that occasionally I could keep right side up myself. I knew Munson to be a great woods traveler, with many striking qualities, and why this of canoemanship should be so insistently chosen above the others was beyond my comprehension. Subsequently a companion and I journeyed to Hudson Bay with two birch canoes and two Indians. Since that trip I have had a vast respect for Munson.

Undoubtedly among the half-breed and white guides of lower Canada, Maine, and the Adirondacks are many skillful men. But they know their waters; they follow a beaten track. The Woods Indian—well, let me tell you something of what he does.

We went down the Kapúskasíng River to the Mattágami, and then down that to the Moose. These rivers are at first but a hundred feet or so wide, but rapidly swell with the influx of numberless smaller streams. Two days' journey brings you to a watercourse nearly half a mile in breadth; two weeks finds you on a surface approximately a mile and a half across. All this water descends from the Height of Land to the sea level. It does so through a rock country. The result is a series of roaring, dashing boulder rapids and waterfalls that would make your hair stand on end merely to contemplate from the banks.

The regular route to Moose Factory is by the Missináibie. Our way was new and strange. No trails; no knowledge of the country. When we came to a stretch of white water, the Indians would rise to their feet for a single instant's searching examination of the stretch of tumbled water before them. In that moment they picked the passage they were to follow as well as a white man could have done so in half an hour's study. Then without hesitation they shot their little craft at the green water.

From that time we merely tried to sit still, each in his canoe. Each Indian did it all with his single paddle. He seemed to possess absolute control over his craft. Even in the rush of water which seemed to hurry us on at almost railroad speed, he could stop for an instant, work directly sideways, shoot forward at a slant, swing either his bow or his stern. An error in judgment or in the instantaneous acting upon it meant a hit; and a hit in these savage north country rivers meant destruction. How my man kept in his mind the passage he had planned during his momentary inspection was always to me a miracle. How he got so unruly a beast as the birch canoe to follow it in that tearing volume of water was always another. Big boulders he dodged, eddies he took advantage of, slants of current he utilized. A fractional second of hesitation could not be permitted him. But always the clutching of white hands from the rip at the eddy finally conveyed to my spray-drenched faculties the fact that the rapid was safely astern. And this, mind you, in strange waters.

Occasionally we would carry our outfit

through the woods, while the Indians would shoot some especially bad water in the light canoe. As a spectacle, nothing could be finer. The flash of the yellow bark, the movement of the broken waters, the gleam of the paddle, the tense alertness of the men's figures, their carven, passive faces, with the contrast of the flashing eyes and the distended nostrils, then the leap into space over some half-cataract, the smash of spray, the exultant yells of the canoemen!

This is, of course, the spectacular. But also in the ordinary gray business of canoe travel the Woods Indian shows his superiority. He is tireless, and composed as to wrist and shoulder of a number of whalebone springs. From early dawn to dewy eve, and then a few gratuitous hours into the night, he will dig energetic holes in the water with his long, narrow blade. And every stroke counts. The water boils out in a splotch of white air-bubbles, the little suction-holes pirouette like dancing girls, the fabric of the craft itself trembles under the power of the stroke. Jim and I used, in the lake stretches, to amuse ourselves—and probably the Indians—by paddling in furious rivalry one against the other. Then Peter would make up his mind that he would like to speak to Jacob. His canoe would shoot up alongside as though the Old Man of the Lake had laid his hand across its stern. Would I could catch that trick of easy, tireless speed! I know it lies somewhat in keeping both elbows always straight and stiff, in a lurch forward of the shoulders at the end of the stroke. But that, and more! Perhaps one needs a copper skin and beady black eyes with surface lights.

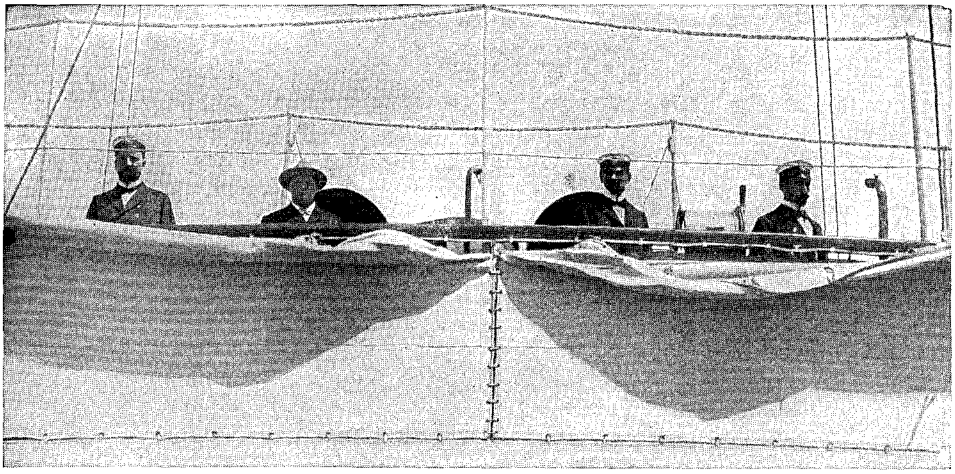
Nor need you hope to pole a canoe up-stream as do these people. Tawabinisáy uses two short poles, one in either hand, kneels amidships, and snakes that little old canoe of his up-stream so fast that you would swear the rapids an easy matter—until you tried them yourself. We were once trailed up a river by an old Woods Indian and his interesting family. The outfit consisted of canoe Number One—*item*, one old Injin, one boy of eight years, one dog; canoe Number Two—*item*, one old Injin squaw, one girl of eighteen or twenty, one dog; canoe Number Three—*item*, two little girls of ten and twelve, one dog. We tried desperately for three days to get away from this party. It did not seem to work hard at all. We did. Even the two little girls appeared to dip the contemplative paddle from time to time. Water boiled back of our own blades. We started early and quit late, and about as we congratulated ourselves over our evening fire that we had distanced our followers at last, those three canoes would steal silently and calmly about the lower bend to draw ashore below us. In ten minutes the old Indian was delivering an oration to us squatted in resignation.

The Red Gods alone know what he talked about. He had no English, and our Ojibway was of the strictly utilitarian. But for an hour he would hold forth. We called him Talk-in-the-Face, the Great Indian Chief. Then he would drop a mild hint for sáymon, which means tobacco, and depart.

The incident had one value, however; it showed us just why these people possess the marvelous canoe skill I have attempted to sketch. The little boy in the leading canoe was not over eight or nine years of age, but he had his little paddle and his little canoe-pole, and, what is more, he already used them intelligently and well. As for the little girls—well, they did easily feats I never hope to emulate, and that without removing the cowl-like coverings from their heads and shoulders.

The same early habitude probably accounts for their ability to carry weights long distances. The Woods Indian is not a mighty man physically. Most of them are straight and well built, but of only medium height and not wonderfully muscled. Peter was most beautiful, but in the fashion of the flying Mercury, with long smooth panther muscles. He looked like Uncas, especially when his keen hawk face was fixed in distant attention. But I think I could have wrestled Peter down. Yet time and again I have seen that Indian carry two hundred pounds for some miles through a rough country absolutely without trails. And once I was witness of a feat of Tawabinisáy, when that wily savage portaged a pack of fifty pounds and a two-man canoe through a hill country for four hours and ten minutes without a rest. Tawabinisáy is even smaller than Peter.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

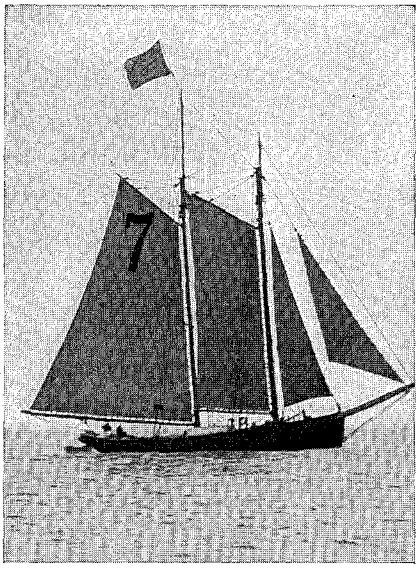


THE PILOT AND OFFICERS ON THE BRIDGE OF A BIG OCEAN LINER

The Pilot's Life

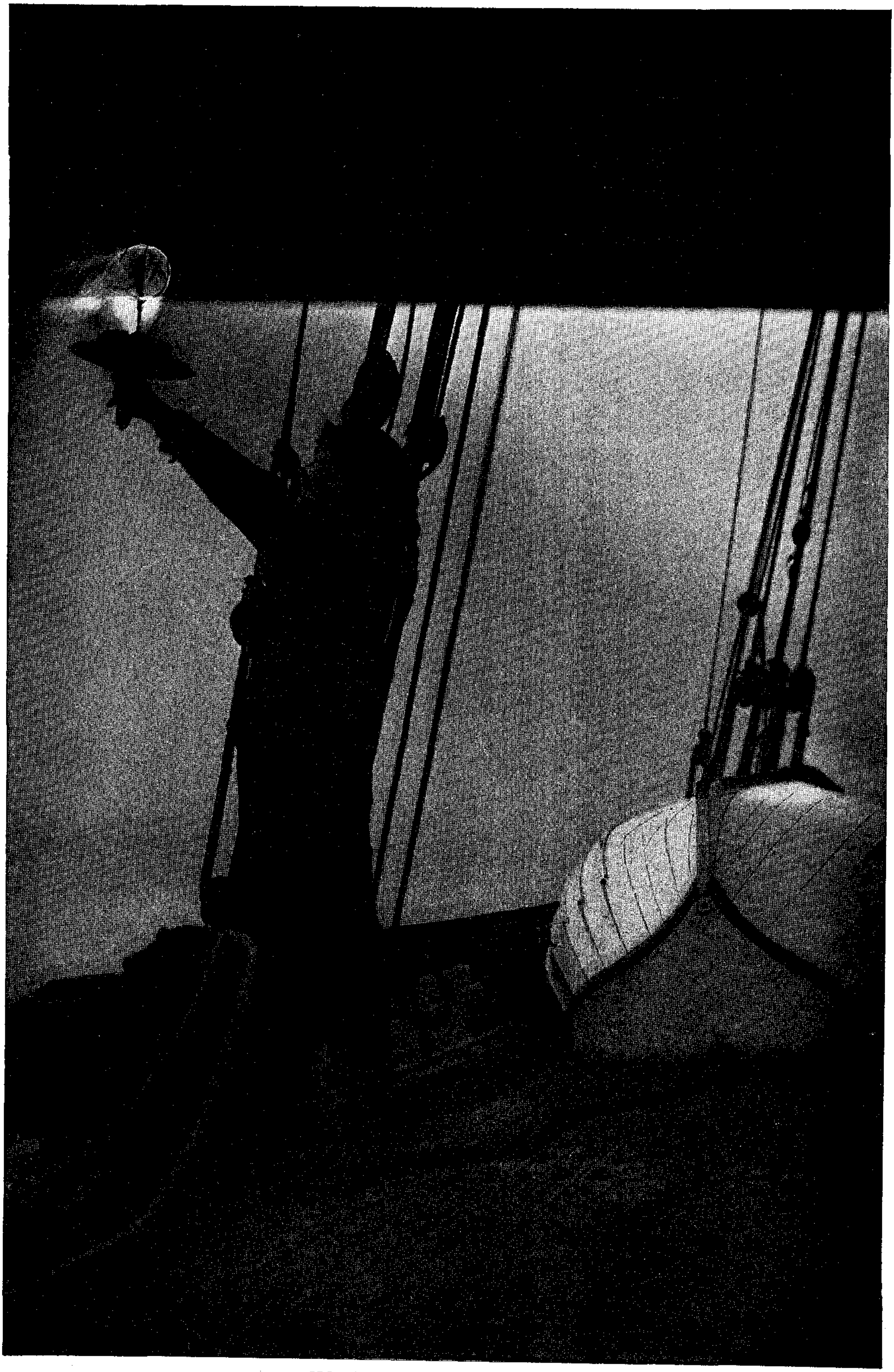
By Victor Slocum

With Photographs by Arthur Hewitt



"NUMBER SEVEN"

THE Sandy Hook pilots are State-constituted guardians of the interests of marine insurance for the port of New York. In case of disaster while entering or leaving the harbor, a ship unpiloted has great difficulty in collecting insurance. This places a vast amount of responsibility upon the pilots' shoulders; therefore they are, necessarily, sailors of the first class. Many of them have been masters or mates of square-rigged vessels of every description, which means a long sea experience. Some of them have sailed clipper-ships to and from Europe when these ships held predominance over steam; and I met one of these on my recent cruise on a pilot-boat. He told, with sparkling eye, of voyages the world over in quest of the dangerous cachalot, and how he had been up on the Pacific side of the Arctic, hunting bowhead whales. So, not only was he trained to be a first-class sailor, but he was thoroughly drilled in a pursuit likely to develop nerve and rapid judgment. A sailor of this sort enters the pilot-boat service as a "boy." After a term of perhaps months to develop his fitness, the "boy" is made a boat-keeper, and entered as a regular apprentice. He must serve five years in one boat, and then pass an examination which admits him to a "sixteen-foot" license, which means that he can pilot only vessels drawing sixteen feet of water or less. In course of time, in case some one dies, he gets a "full branch." But pilots seldom die; their temperate habits and open-hearted lives, spent close to the primal elements, make them almost as imperishable as the gales of Cape Horn or Hatteras. A boat-keeper seldom becomes a pilot, for it must be observed that he has to serve five years on one boat, which makes his position a hard one to keep, as



SIGNALING A SHIP AT NIGHT

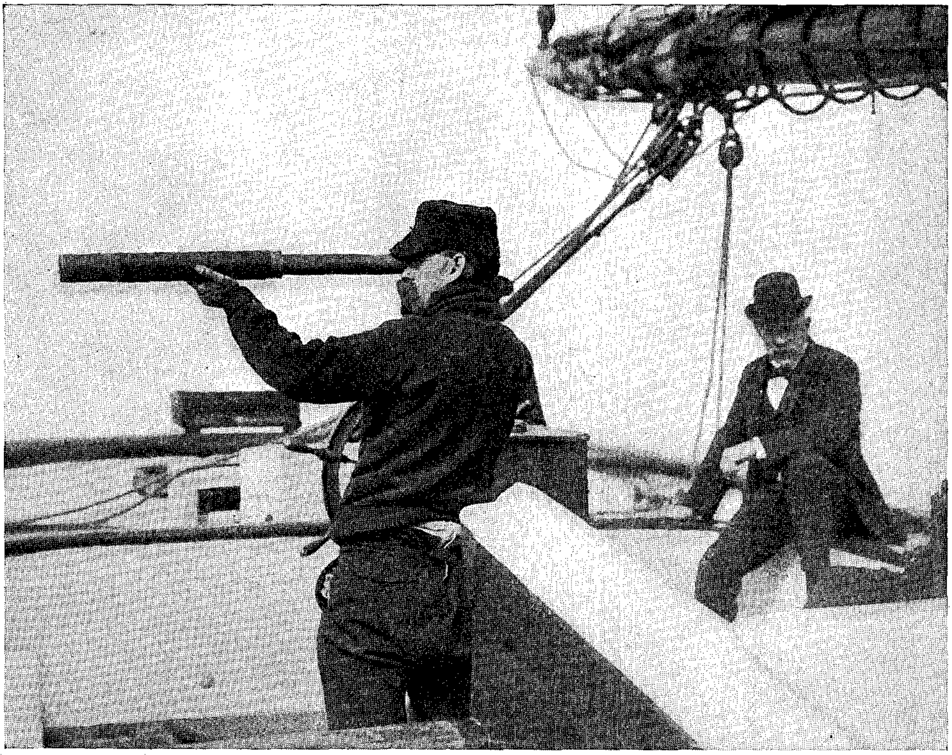
A turpentine torch is burned by the pilots at night, the ships answering with a blue light.

his very position is dependent on the whim of his masters, the licensed men. They can discharge him at any time without any plausible reason, and a man very often has his heart broken on a number of boats, for if he loses his billet on one boat, he must begin his time all over again on another.

For some strange reason, pilots make it hard for an apprentice; as a matter of principle, perhaps, because they are unwilling that any pilot shall escape the discipline to which they themselves have been subjected. So, by the time a man becomes a full-fledged pilot, he is not only a sailor, with all that the term implies, and understands how to manage a pilot-boat, but he knows the Bay. It is like an open book to him, in clear weather or in fog, in daylight or darkness; blow high or blow low, it is all the same to this master of his craft, whether bracing around the yards of a little Norwegian "wind-jammer" or directing the movements of a great transatlantic liner.

The history of the Sandy Hook pilots reads like a romance. As far back in the legal annals as 1763 the Colonial Legislature passed an act organizing a Board of Wardens for the Port of New York, giving them power over pilotage. They could both license pilots and make it compulsory on captains of vessels to take them. When the United States Congress got its machine well oiled up and in good running order, we find it passing an act in 1789 in regard to pilots. It appears that Congress has always recognized the policy of allowing each State to arrange its own pilotage laws. About this time licenses were granted on political grounds, without much regard to seamanship or real merit, with consequent disastrous results. The calling was followed by a class of men who led it into disrepute

THE PILOT'S LANDING-PLACE



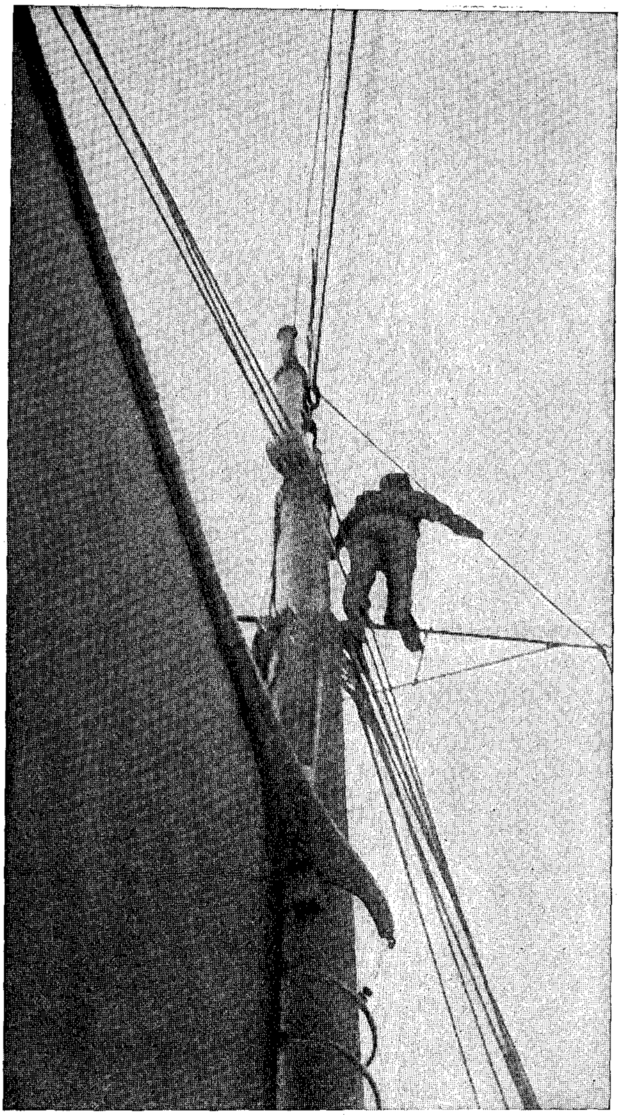
WATCHING FOR A SHIP

until 1845, when an act was passed by the New York State Legislature abolishing all pilotage regulations. The Legislature saw the pernicious effect of the system it had established. During the eight years that followed the pilots ran riot, and affairs were worse than when the law existed.

Such a reckless disregard of life and property was not to be tolerated very long, and an appeal was made to Congress. This was futile, so the merchants and underwriters got together to see what could be done. They elected a Board of Pilot Commissioners, three members of which were elected by the Chamber of Commerce and two by the Board of Underwriters. This Commission was to examine pilots as to their fitness to do the duties imposed upon them, and grant licenses to those who were fitted, stipulating that service should be a matter of compulsion to a man who wanted to keep his license. After this admirable system had been found to work in good shape and had been carefully tried, the Legislature of New York adopted it.

Under the New York State act the Sandy Hook pilots are compelled by law to be out in all kinds of weather, to offer their services, and to board any ship signaling them. Only foreign vessels and vessels sailing under register are obliged to take them. Coastwise vessels are exempt from this law. The state of a ship's health makes no difference in the faithful performance of their sworn duty.

My cruise in the Ambrose Snow (officially known as Pilot Boat No. 2) really began at the Pilot Office. The genial pilots, whose very presence brings one into the atmosphere of the sea, kindly offered me the use of a locker wherein to stow my "dunnage," and gave me orders to keep within hailing distance if I wanted to go down with them, for they were momentarily expecting advice by telephone that their boat had arrived at the second landing on Staten Island; so I stood off and on until she was reported by her boat-keeper, when, in company with the six pilots who had been assigned to this cruise, I started on the Staten Island ferry to pick her up. She is a trim little craft of seventy-five tons, flush-decked and schooner-rigged, sparred less extrava-



AT THE MASTHEAD LOOKING FOR SHIPS

gantly than a Gloucester "fisherman," and equipped more sensibly than a yacht, for a sailor's trained eye could detect no furbelows in her make-up. She has a character of her own, for the cut of a pilot-boat is not to be mistaken for any other, even though the sails be furled and the gigantic numeral on the mainsail be concealed, or her official blue flag, which floats above the truck when pilots are on board, be unhoisted. Each boat has a crew of four "boys," a boat-keeper, and a steward. We were to go on the southern ground to relieve No. 5, which was supposed to have discharged nearly all her pilots. At Stapleton we found No. 7, which was under orders to relieve the steam pilot-boat from station duty.

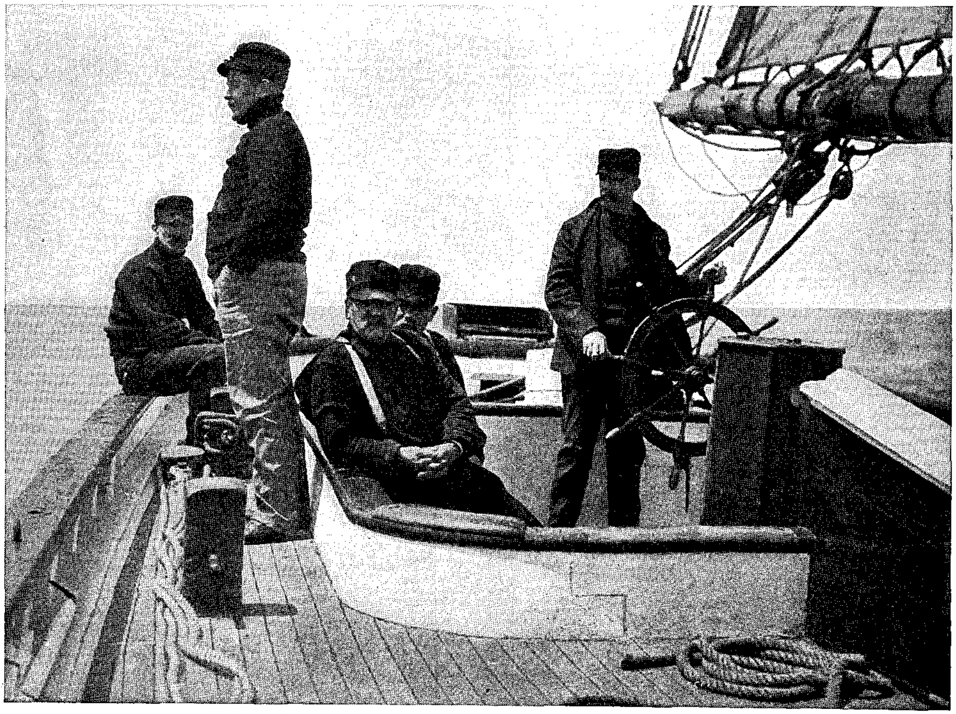
A word of explanation in regard to the numbers of boats may be in order. Originally there were twenty-nine boats owned by the Pilot Commission, but at present there are only five, two of which are out of commission, leaving three in actual service. These retain their original numbers. Together with the two new steam pilot-boats, the New Jersey and the New York, these boats do all the pilot work of the New York port.

Our cruise in No. 2 started from Stapleton, Staten Island, with No. 7 astern. The old spirit of rivalry could not be suppressed in the pilot who had the wheel, and we kept ahead of No. 7 in good shape all the way down Swash Channel. The flood-tide was about half up as we started, and we gained time by catching a bit of counter ebb near the Long Island shore, and, by a clever bit of seamanship, held our lead on No. 7 all the way down to the bar. However, she was a close second. I heard a yarn of how she had been hulled a short time ago by a trial shot from a Sandy Hook proving battery while cruising about three miles off shore. The shot struck her just abaft the fore-rigging, and it was only by a mere chance that a number of men were not killed—just by way of proving the value of military science. "A 'dummy' shot, they called it, but it certainly made things lively all right. If that was a 'dummy,' I wouldn't want to see the real thing coming my way," remarked the pilot who was on board No. 7 at the time the incident occurred.

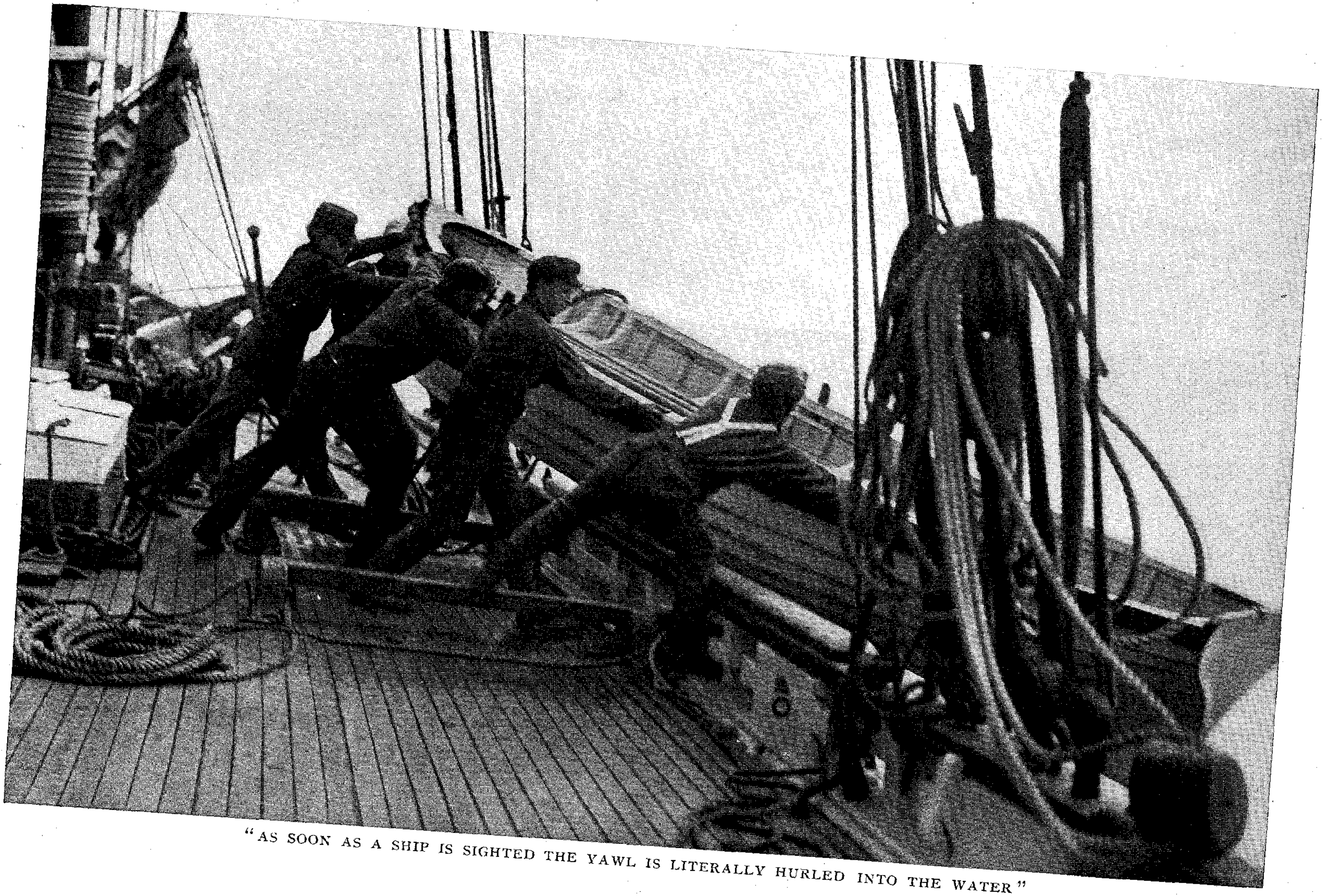
Going down the Bay seems to be a new voyage to these men every time they put to sea in quest of ships to pilot up. Nothing passes them without being hailed or signaled. Vigilance is with them a science, and a development of the power of keen observation is a part of their education. They will " raise " a sail or line of smoke on the horizon which a landsman could not detect until almost in full sight. After going over the bar we made out No. 5 down to the south'ard. We are going to relieve her, so we bear down and speak, and heave out a yawl to carry over some papers. " How many of you fellows are there?" is our interested hail, for it is proper that she discharge all her pilots before we board any vessels. " Three," is the reply. " Then half of you come aboard here." A transfer couldn't be made on this basis, however, and they go down again to their position, we returning to the Scotland lightship in order to anchor about a half-mile from her.

The wind has died out, and we haven't much room in which to drift around. We soon discover that No. 5 has discharged her three remaining men, for some steamers came up to us about midnight and snaked a couple of our men out of their bunks—after a good supper and a game of cribbage, the men had all retired excepting the watch on deck. Our pilots seemed to know intimately each one of the one hundred and thirty-five members of the guild, and good-fellowship among them is a wholesome characteristic. They take a keen delight in recounting, in a good-natured way, humorous incidents of each other's peculiarities. They are generally laconic in their speech and are very sensibly averse to the conventional sailor's habit of spinning yarns, and very seldom talk shop. They do all of that and some growling to boot up in the office at No. 17 State Street, where they make personal accusations and settlements as to " ship stealing;" that is, getting in ahead of some other fellow and working back to the city sooner than they should. This is apt to imply negligence on the part of the disappointed boat. It is not "fair play," for their duty is only to wait outside of the bar and board vessels that require pilots. The system is regulated in the office in true military style, but the independent seafaring instinct seems bound to assert itself and is not easy to control.

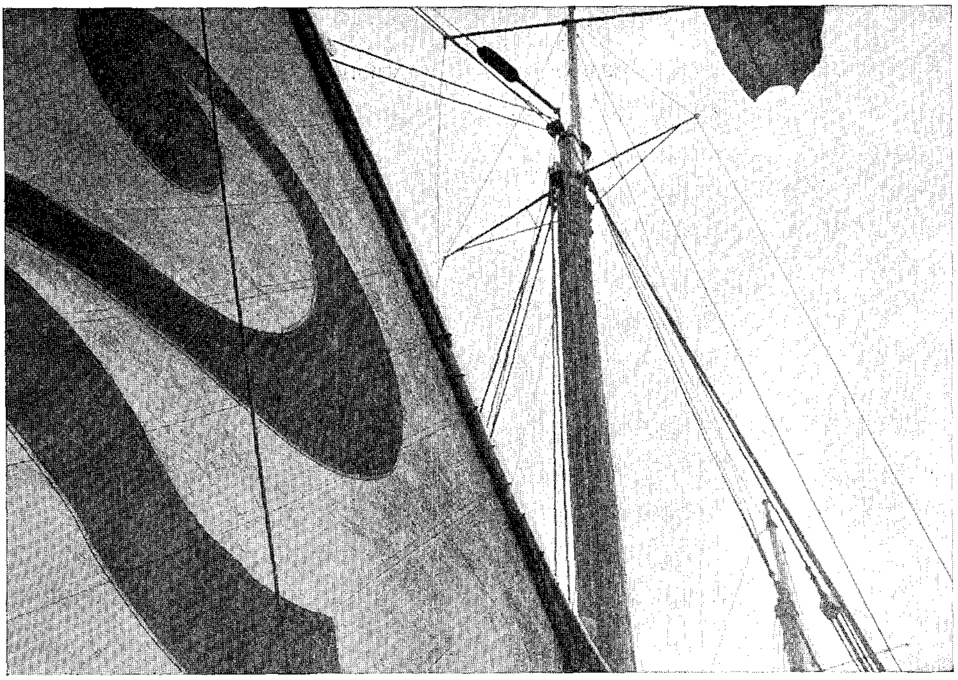
The next morning found us with four pilots still aboard, and the glasses were still on the southern horizon. That is our point and province to look out for, as the eastern ground has its own patrol,



ON BOARD THE PILOT-BOAT



"AS SOON AS A SHIP IS SIGHTED THE YAWL IS LITERALLY HURLED INTO THE WATER"



THE PILOT'S DAY SIGNALS

A number on the mainsail and a large blue flag at the masthead.

well covered by a steam pilot-boat. The distant sea was enveloped in mist through which the gigantic eastern steamers passed in and out, their immense hulls looming up like ships under full sail. Close to us stretched Sandy Hook, which ends in the Highlands of Navesink, not distant enough to lose its tinge of green. Almost within hailing distance lay the Scotland Lightship, originally put there to mark the wreck of the steamship Scotland, but now used to mark the entrance to the South Channel. Farther out in the hazy perspective looms the station boat No. 7, her inky masts denuded of their sails. An enormous blue flag, that seems blacker than either hull or rigging beneath it, floats from one mast, and in the calm morning there is hardly breeze enough to stretch out her dark folds sufficiently to show her character to incoming or outgoing ships.

Sea-gulls "honk" and scream in a contented manner, and eight bells sounds from the lightship in a clear, sonorous tone. Our own little vessel rolls lazily on the incoming swell at anchor, with the manila cable swishing up and down musically in the water.

Soon a barkentine was sighted towing close under the coast. Was she a coaster? All glasses were brought to bear on her to make out if there were a deck-load of hard pine to be seen, but the closest scrutiny did not seem to reveal anything of the sort. Such a load would indicate that she was from some Southern coast port, and therefore exempt. Overboard went the yawl to investigate, and away it started with four oarsmen, for we were at anchor, and all the man-power was required in the boat that was under way. They had about a half-mile to row to get into line so as to intercept the tow, and it proved "no good." She was a coaster, after all. However, the pilots had done their duty, for they must signal or hail every possibility, and patrol their ground thoroughly. Pilots are aware that American sailing vessels of the coasting type, when from a West Indian or South American port, will sometimes take on the appearance of their usual trade by loading on a false deck-load of hard pine.

In about an hour a thick fog set in, through which the resonant whistles of a number of steamers were heard. Our fog-bell rang at proper intervals, and soon a couple of steamers came near, and the cannon was loaded, and was fired in response to their long blasts. "I don't think either of 'em is any good," observed one of the pilots, while we were all straining our ears in the cock-pit. The pilots are so familiar with sounds that they know the character of a steamer from her whistle before they can make out her form. We soon found that our pilot was right. The whistle sounded nearer at each blast heard through the thick mist.

"Give 'er another gun," cried out the pilot in charge to the boat-keeper and his crew, who had been firing rapidly.

A deafening report rang out, and the next instant the high stem of a Mallory liner overtopped our rigging. She was going dead slow, however, and passed us safely by, hardly more than a hundred feet off. She was a coasting steamer, exempt from pilotage, and soon we made out the other steamers to be coasters also.

There were so many steamers coming on that two of our pilots prepared to board. The third, having remained in his bunk during the excitement, was not aware that the others were ready to go. Now, pilots are punctilious in the matter of dress, always rigging up in good shape before boarding a ship to take command. The pilot who had expected to board the barkentine in the morning was to have the first turn, and the man who was to have the next turn was down below, playing cribbage with the third man, who had remained in his bunk during all the fuss. We had our doubts, however, about his having been asleep all the time, although he appeared to be ignorant of what had been going on, for, after the first deal, he affected to discover that his partner had on a white collar.

"What the blazes are you all fixed up for?" he growled. "Can't you wait till the man gets out of the boat before *you* go?"

"If you hadn't had your nose in a pillow, while we were firing guns and raising a hullabaloo," retorted the other, "you'd 'ave known that there were a dozen steamers blowing around here, an' I didn't want to keep 'em waitin' 'round till I got dressed up."

But they did not have to wait, and he had not donned his "boiled shirt" in vain, for the great hull of the steamer that hailed for a pilot soon appeared to us, like a ghost in a misty shroud. Her engines were shut down and she was drifting, for it would have been dangerous to advance at even the slowest speed. Had we not been under way ourselves we would have missed her. We could hear her roaring steam-pipe, which was more of a guide to us than her whistle would have been, because it indicated her close proximity.

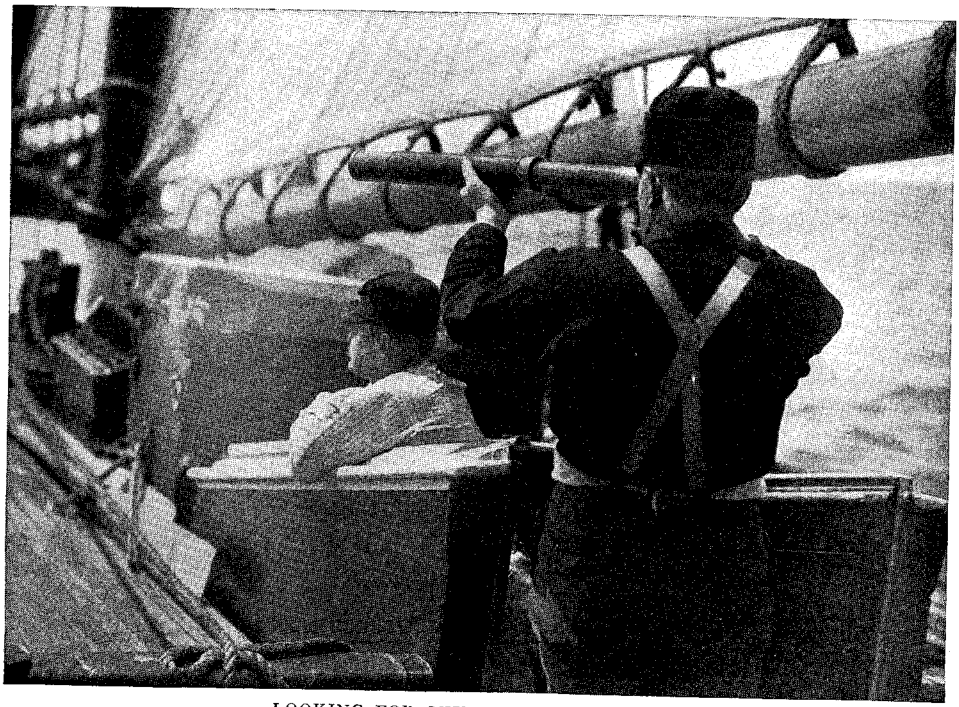
In a few moments our pilot had boarded, the yawl returned to our boat, and we anchored again a little out of the path of big vessels. It was now night, and the darkness added to our uncertainty, making a gloom that could almost be felt. The blinding flashes of the new Highland light shot high up into the misty sky. It is strange to see that the handiwork of man can almost conquer the elements. It matters not if the fog shuts in the coast and conceals the lighthouse, for ships may be warned from this wonderful light, which flashes far into the sky, using the mist-laden atmosphere itself for a reflector.

The next morning dawned clear and bright, and found No. 2 under way again, headed for the southern limit of her cruising-ground. A mastheads man was stationed on the fore crosstrees, but he could make nothing out from his lofty eyrie but some incoming fishing schooners and a promising streak of smoke that turned out to be a steam mackerel man; but the second cry of "Smoke O!" proved to be a tramp steamer bound up from the south'ard. She looked like a possibility, and "Pete," who had the next turn, dived down below in hasty glee to get ready, while the other called out, after a long look through the spy-glass, "They've got a jack a-flying, Pete;" and to the men on deck, "Go for'ad and put that bonnet in the jib! Lively now, and we can head 'er off." In a few moments we were bearing down to get in the steamer's track, and "Pete" emerged from the companionway, rigged all ataunto.

The steamer changed her course a little to help us out, and slowed down.

"Turn that yawl up and heave' er out, heave 'er out!" roared "Pete," as he threw his half-used cigar over the side and started along with his "grip." Jumping into the yawl which had been hurriedly manned by two men and shoved astern, he cried out, "So long!" to his companion, who was at the wheel.

GOING DOWN THE HARBOR
The pilot, captain, and officers on the bridge of a big ocean liner.



LOOKING FOR SHIPS ON THE HORIZON

"So long, Pete! and good luck to you," is the response from our boat. The next minute "Pete" is climbing the ladder of the steamer, and is lost to our sight.

Our remaining pilot decided to transfer to No. 7, as she had been relieved from station by No. 5, and send us back to Stapleton to get ready for another cruise. We swept up under No. 7's lee and hauled down the gigantic blue pilot flag, a ceremony that indicated the completion of our official cruise.

"Here, Oscar, you take her," said our last pilot to the boat-keeper, as he relinquished the wheel to him and stepped into the yawl to leave us. "Get the topmast staysail on, and jump her up lively."

There was little need for such admonition, however, for in three hours we were anchored off Stapleton again.

This little voyage was a typical one, and was not without its excitement and dangers. However, it formed a sharp contrast to the cruises that pilot-boats formerly made before the introduction of the system now in vogue. At that time there were about thirty boats in the service, all in direct competition with one another. When I served on the "Hope" as a "boy," ("old No. 1," she was affectionately called), we were compelled to make a voyage to sea lasting nearly a month, sometimes, in order to discharge our six pilots, who would often spend fifty-four hours on their steamers before reaching Sandy Hook lightship. The pilots themselves saw that this was a piece of folly, and a plan was proposed among them whereby all competition could be abolished. They formed themselves into what is now known as the Consolidated New York and Sandy Hook Pilot Association, built a couple of steam pilot-boats, and disposed of all their sailing craft excepting five boats. This operation gave New York a better-organized pilot service and saved the Association $100,000 yearly in expenses. As it is now, a steamer patrols the eastern grounds and looks out for ships coming in by the Long Island shore. This class of vessels includes the transatlantic steamships, for they usually make Fire Island. Another steamer keeps on station. It is her duty to take pilots from ships bound out to sea and to facilitate their return. This leads her to make frequent trips to Gravesend Bay or thereabouts, to land pilots. For this reason she is known as the "Trolley."

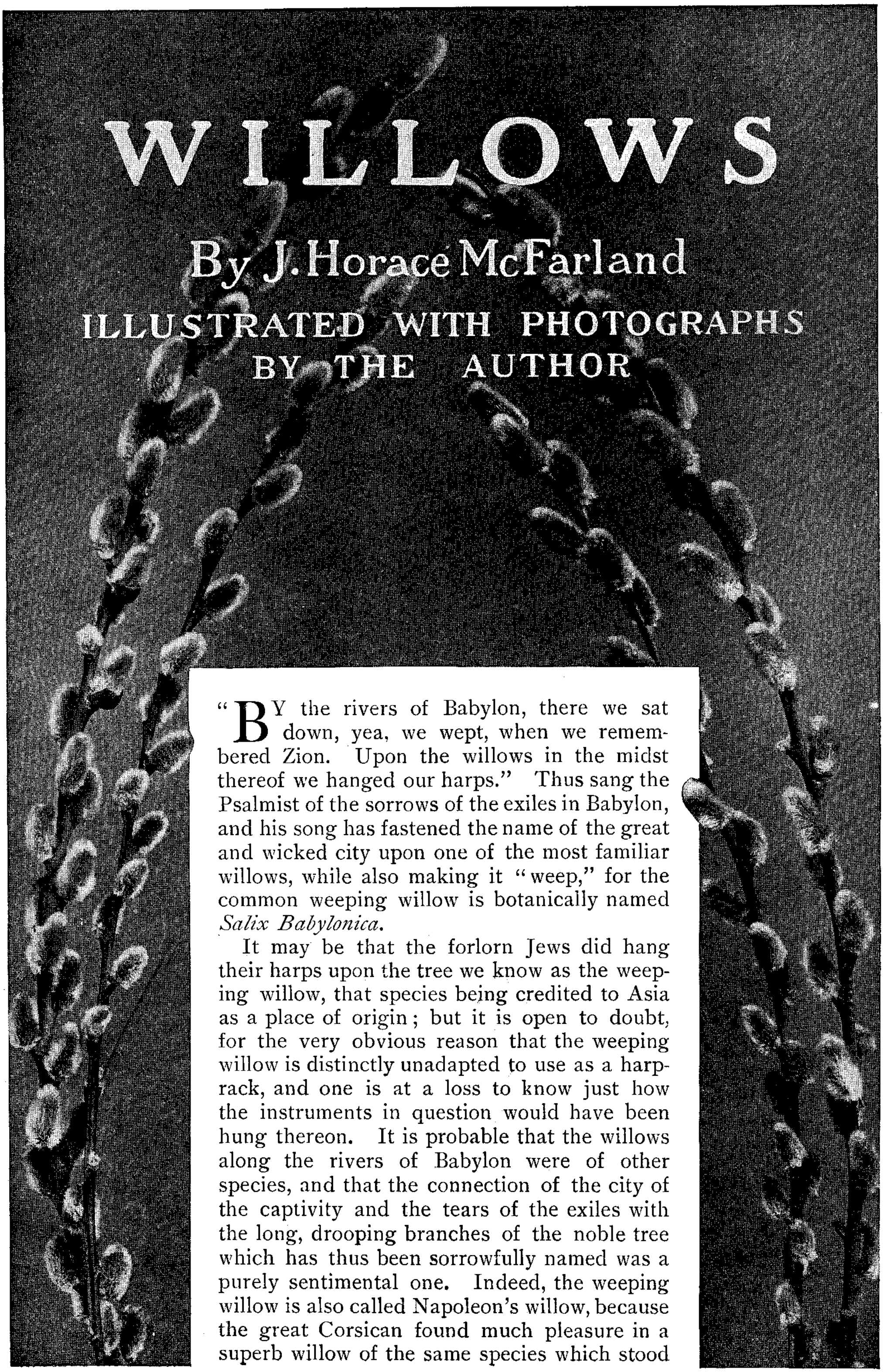
The sailing pilot-boats, reminders of brave old days and heavy gales weathered off the Georges Banks or in the latitude of the turbulent Cape Hatteras, take a little sail no farther down than Long Branch, and keep a sharp lookout for what they call "southern ships." Thus, one-third of the pilots are kept outside of the bar, one-third report every morning at the office for orders, which has long since shifted from its old quarters on Burling Slip to a commodious suite of offices at No. 17 State Street, from the windows of which they can overlook the upper harbor. In the meantime, the other third are either bringing in ships or enjoying a few hours of well-earned rest in their homes; for, in proportion to their pay, which is divided equally among them every month, the character and amount of work they do is phenomenal.

ROWING THE PILOT TO AN OCEAN STEAMER

WILLOWS

By J. Horace McFarland

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



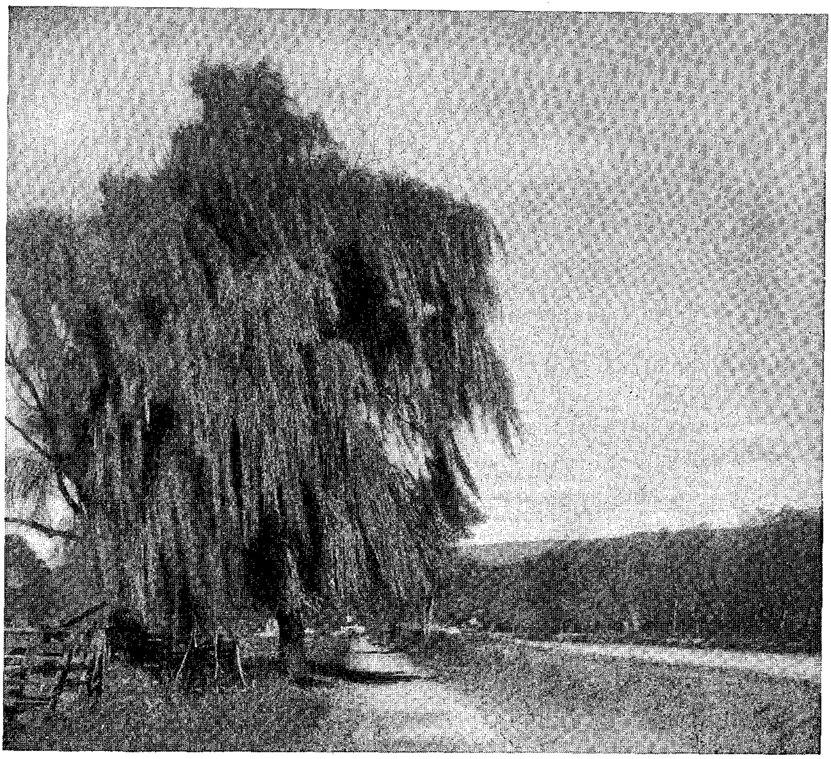
"BY the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. Upon the willows in the midst thereof we hanged our harps." Thus sang the Psalmist of the sorrows of the exiles in Babylon, and his song has fastened the name of the great and wicked city upon one of the most familiar willows, while also making it "weep," for the common weeping willow is botanically named *Salix Babylonica.*

It may be that the forlorn Jews did hang their harps upon the tree we know as the weeping willow, that species being credited to Asia as a place of origin; but it is open to doubt, for the very obvious reason that the weeping willow is distinctly unadapted to use as a harp-rack, and one is at a loss to know just how the instruments in question would have been hung thereon. It is probable that the willows along the rivers of Babylon were of other species, and that the connection of the city of the captivity and the tears of the exiles with the long, drooping branches of the noble tree which has thus been sorrowfully named was a purely sentimental one. Indeed, the weeping willow is also called Napoleon's willow, because the great Corsican found much pleasure in a superb willow of the same species which stood on the lonely prison isle of St. Helena, and from twigs of which many trees in the United States have been grown.

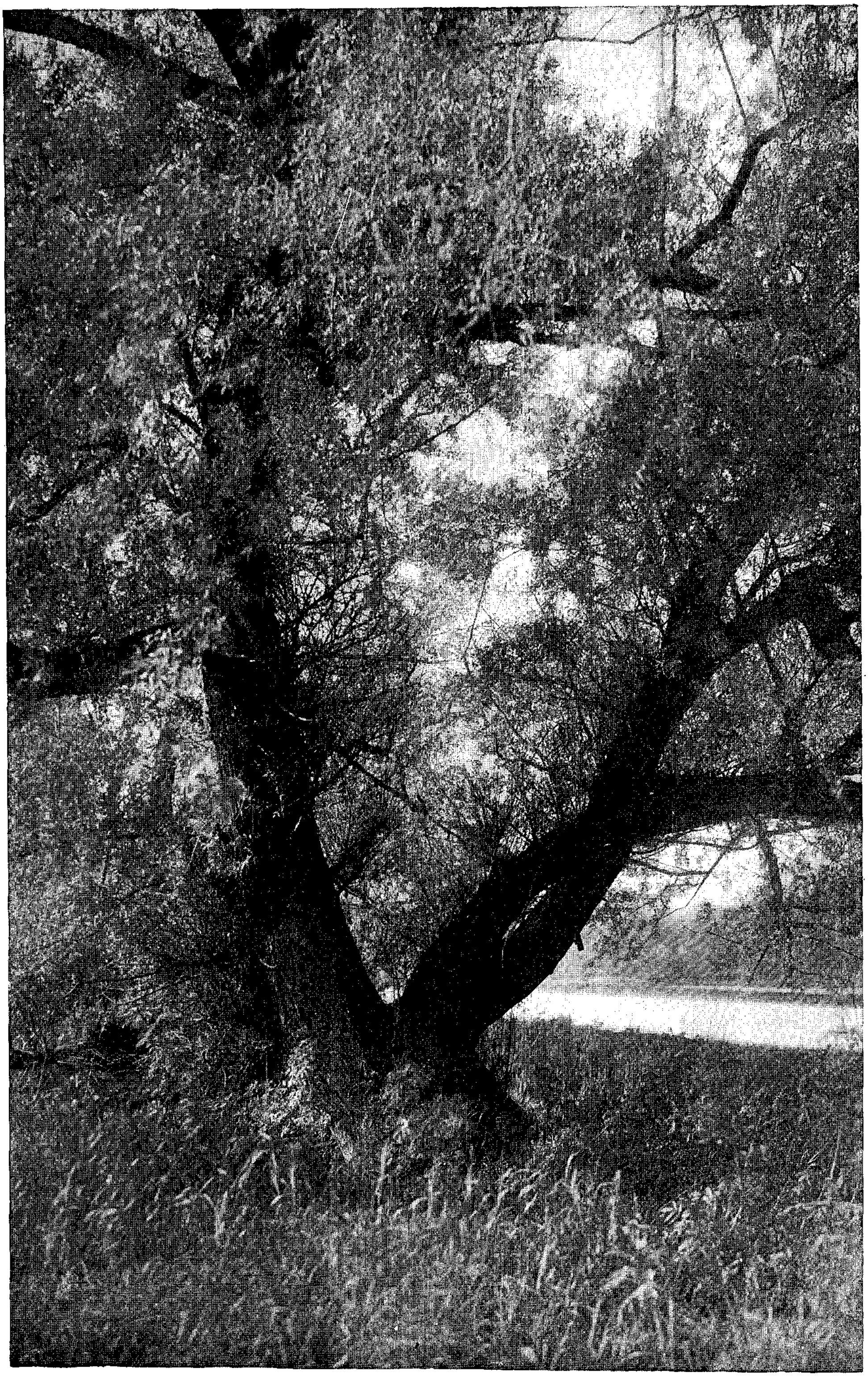
The willow family presents great contrasts, both physical and sentimental. It is a symbol both of grief and of grace. The former characterization is undoubtedly because of the allusion of the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm as quoted above, thoughtlessly extended through the centuries; and the latter, as when a beautiful and slender woman is said to be of "willowy" form, obviously because of the real grace of the long, swinging wands of the same tree. I might hint that a better reason for making the willow symbolize grief is because willow charcoal is an important ingredient of gunpowder, through which a sufficiency of grief has undoubtedly entered the world!

Willow twigs seem the very essence of fragility, as they break from the parent tree at a touch; and yet one of the willows furnishes the tough, pliable, and enduring withes from which are woven the baskets of the world. The willows, usually thin in branch, sparse of somewhat pale foliage, of so-called mournful mien, are yet bursting with vigor and life; indeed, the spread and the value of the family is by reason of this tenacity and virility, which makes a broken twig, floating on the surface of a turbid stream, take root and grow on a sandy bank where nothing else can maintain itself, wresting existence and drawing strength and beauty from the very element whose ravages of flood and current it bravely withstands.

Apparently ephemeral in wood, growing quickly and perishing as quickly, the willows nevertheless supply us with an important preservative element in the acid extracted from their bitter juices. Salicylic acid, made from willow bark, prevents change and arrests decay, and it is an important medical agent as well.


A WEEPING WILLOW IN A WIND-STORM

Flexible and seemingly delicate as the little tree is when but just established, there is small promise of the rugged and sturdy trunk that in a few years may stand where the chance twig lodged. And the color of the willows—ah! there's a point for full enthusiasm, for this family of grief furnishes a cheerful note for every month in the year, and runs the whole scale

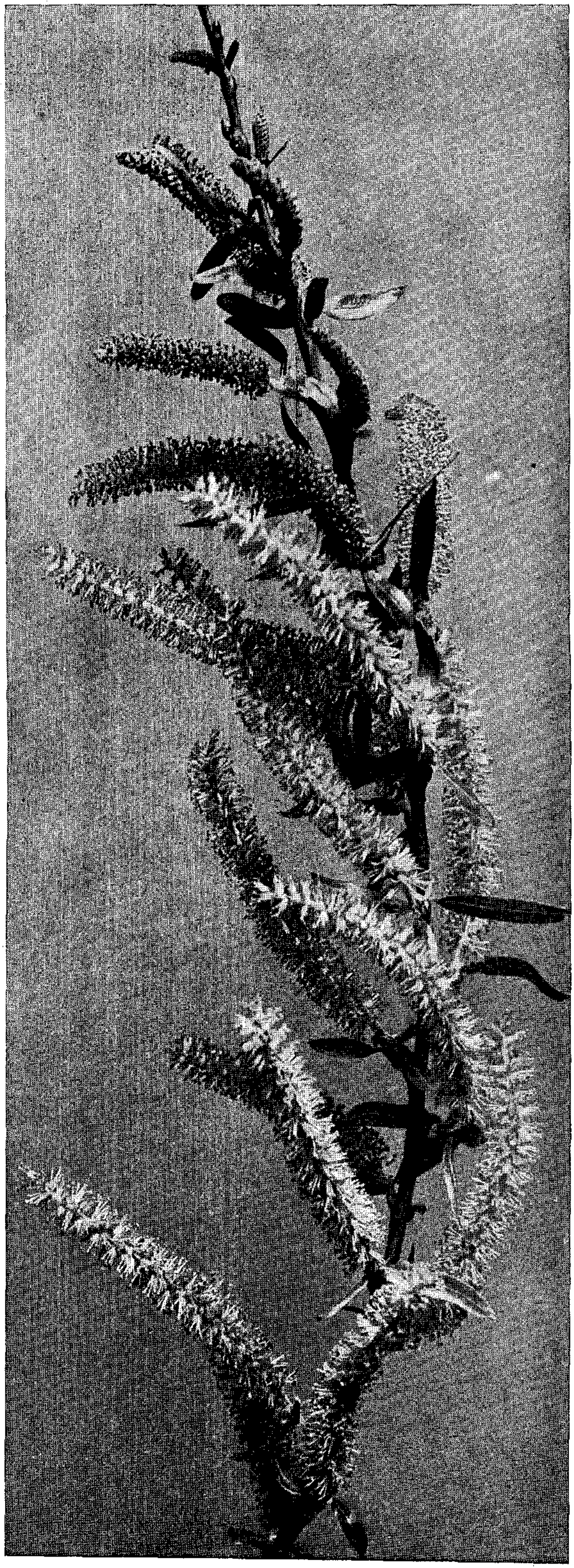


A GREAT OLD BLACK WILLOW

A NOBLE WEEPING WILLOW

of greens, grays, yellows, and browns, and even adds to the winter landscape touches of blazing orange and bright red across the snow. Before ever one has thought seriously of the coming of spring, the long branchlets of the weeping willow have quickened into a hint of lovely yellowish green, and those same branchlets will be holding their green leaves against a wintry blast when most other trees have given up their foliage under the frost's urgency. Often have the orange-yellow twigs of the golden osier illumined a somber countryside for me as I looked from the car window; and close by may be seen other willow bushes of brown, green, gray, and even purple, to add to the color compensation of the season. Then may come into the view, as one flies past, a great old weeping willow rattling its bare twigs in the wind; and if a stream is passed, there are sure to be seen on its banks the sturdy trunks of the white and the black willows at least. Think of an average landscape with the willows eliminated, and there will appear a great vacancy not readily filled by another tree.

The weeping willow has always made a strong appeal to me, but never one of simple grief or sorrow. Its expression is rather of great dignity, and I remember watching in somewhat of awe one which grew near my childhood's home, as its branches writhed and twisted in a violent rain-storm, seeming then fairly to agonize, so tossed and buffeted were they by the wind. But soon the storm ceased, the sun shone on the rounded head of the willow, turning the raindrops to quickly vanishing diamonds, and the great tree breathed only of a gentle and benignant peace. When, in later years, I came to know the moss-hung live-oak of the southland, the weeping willow assumed to me a new dignity



A BURSTING CATKIN OF THE WHITE WILLOW

and value in the northern landscape, and I have strongly resented the attitude of a noted writer on "Art Out of Doors" who says of it: "I never once have seen it where it did not hurt the effect of its surroundings, or at least, if it stood apart from other trees, where some tree of another species would not have looked far better." One of the great merits of the tree, its difference of habit, its variation from the ordinary, is thus urged against it most mistakenly.

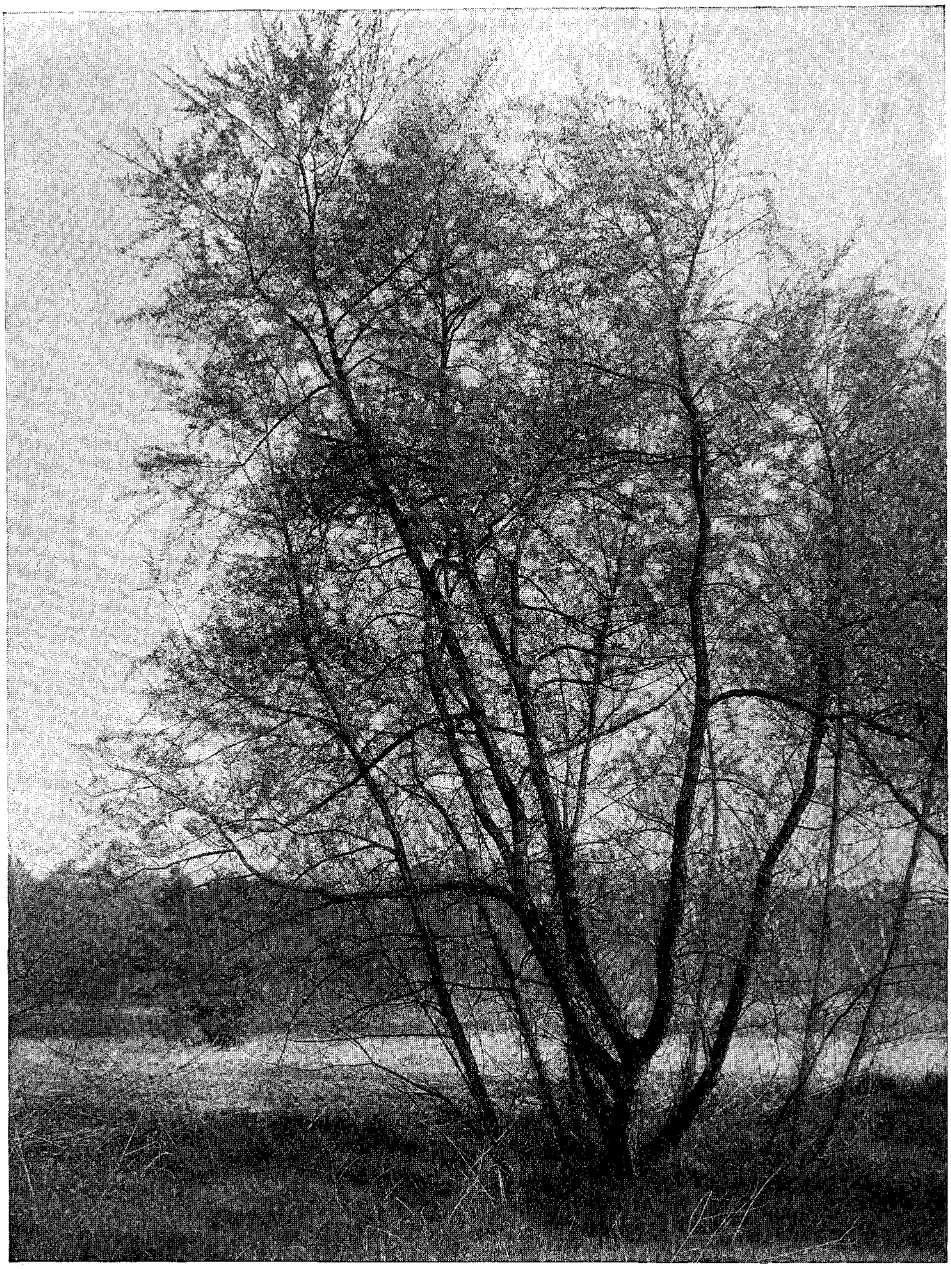
I have spoken of the basket willow, which is scientifically *Salix viminalis*, and an introduction from Europe, as indeed are many of the family. In my father's nursery grew a great patch of basket willows, annually cut to the ground to make a profusion of "sprouts," from which were cut the "tying willows" used firmly to bind together for shipment bundles of young trees. It was an achievement to be able to take a six-foot withe, and, deftly twisting the tip of it under the heel to a mass of flexible fiber, tie this twisted portion into a substantial loop; and to have this novel wooden rope then endure the utmost pull of a vigorous man, as he braced his feet against the bundle of trees in binding the willow upon it, gave an impression of anything but weakness on the part of the willow.

Who has not admired the soft gray silky buds of the "pussy" willow, swelling with the spring's impulse, and ripening quickly into a "catkin" loaded with golden pollen? Nowadays the shoots of this willow are "forced" into bud by the florists, and sold in the cities in great quantities; but really to see it one must find the low tree or bush by a stream in the woods, or along the roadside, with a chance to note its fullness of blossom. It is finest just when the hepaticas are at their bluest on the warm hillsides; and one sunny afternoon of a spring journey along the north branch of the Susquehanna River I did not know which of the two conspicuous ornaments of the deeply wooded bank made me most anxious to jump from the too swiftly moving train.

This pussy willow has pleasing leaves, and is a truly ornamental shrub or small tree which will flourish quite well in a dry back yard, as I have reason to know. One bright day in February I found a pussy willow tree, with its deep purple buds showing not a hint of the life within. The few twigs brought home quickly expanded when placed in water, and gave us their message of cheer and promise of the spring. One twig was, out of curiosity, left in the water after the catkins had faded, merely to see what would happen. It bravely sent forth leaves, while at the base little white rootlets appeared. Its vigor appealing to us, it was planted in an arid spot in our back yard, and it is now, after a year and a half, a handsome, slender young tree that will give us a whole family of silky pussies to stroke and admire another spring.

This same little tree is called also the glaucous willow, and it is botanically *Salix discolor*. It is more distinct than some others of the family, for the willow is a great mixer. The tree expert who will unerringly distinguish between the red oak and the scarlet oak by the precise angle of the spinose margins of the leaves (how I admire an accuracy I do not possess!) will balk at which is crack willow, or white willow, or yellow or blue willow. The abundant vigor and vitality and freedom of the family, and the fact that it is of what is known as the diœcious habit—that is, the flowers are not complete, fertile and infertile flowers being borne on separate trees—make it most ready to hybridize. The pollen of the black willow may fertilize the flower of the white willow, with a result that tends certainly to grayness on the worrying head of the botanist who, in after years, is trying to locate the result of the cross!

There is much variety in the willow flowers—and I wonder how many observers really notice any other willow "blossoms" than those of the showy pussy? A superb spring day afield took me along a fascinatingly crooked stream, the Conodoquinet, whose banks furnish a congenial and as yet protected (because concealed from the flower-hunting vandal) home for wild flowers innumerable and most beautiful, as well as trees that have ripened into maturity. An earlier visit at the time the bluebells were ringing out their silent message on the hillside, in exquisite beauty, with the lavender phlox fairly carpeting the woods, gave a glimpse of some promising willows on the other side of the stream. Twilight and letters to sign—how hateful the desk and its work



A CHARACTERISTIC WHITE WILLOW CLUMP

seem in these days of springing life outside!—made a closer inspection impossible then, but a golden Saturday afternoon found three of us, of like ideals, hastening to this tree and plant paradise. A mass of soft yellow drew us from the highway across a field carpeted thickly with bluet or "quaker lady" to the edge of the stream, where a continuous hum showed that the bees were also attracted. It was one splendid willow in full bloom, and I could not and as yet cannot safely say whether it is the crack willow or the white willow; but I can affirm of a certainty that it was a delight to the eye, the mind, and the nostrils. The extreme fragility of the smaller twigs, which broke away from the larger limbs at the lightest shake or jar, gave evidence of one of Nature's ways of distributing plant life; for it seems that these twigs, parting company with the parent tree most readily, float away on the stream, and easily establish themselves on banks and bars, where their tough, interlacing roots soon form an almost impregnable barrier to the onslaught of the flood. Only a stone's throw away there stood a great old black willow, with a sturdy trunk of ebon hue, crowned with a mass of soft green leafage, lighter where the breeze lifted up the under side to the sunlight. Many times, doubtless, the winds had shorn and the sleet had rudely trimmed this old veteran, but there remained full life and vigor, even more attractive than that of lusty youth.

Most of the willows are shrubs rather than trees, and there are endless variations, as I have before remarked. Further, the species belonging at first in the eastern hemisphere have spread well over our own side of the globe, so that it seems odd to regard the white willow and the weeping willow as foreigners. At Niagara Falls, in the beautiful park on the American side, on the islands amid the toss of the waters, there are many willows, and those planted by man are no less beautiful than those resulting from nature's gardening. This spring I have greatly admired some splendid clumps of a form with lovely golden leaves and a small, furry catkin, found along the edge of the American rapids. I wonder, by the way, how many visitors to Niagara realize the superb collection of plants and trees there to be seen, and which it is a grateful relief to consider when the mind is wearied with the majesty and the vastness of nature's forces there uncovered? The birds are visitors to Goat Island and the other islets that divide the Niagara River, and they have brought there the plants of America in wonderful variety.

There is one willow that has been used by the nurserymen to produce a so-called weeping form, which, like most of these monstrosities, is not commendable. The goat willow is a vigorous form introduced from Europe, having large and rather broad and coarse leaves, dark green above and whitish underneath. It is taken as a "stock," upon which, at a convenient height, the skilled juggler with trees grafts a pendulous form known as the Kilmarnock willow, thus changing the habit of the tree so that it then "weeps" to the ground. Fortunately, the original tree sometimes triumphs, the graft dies, and a lusty goat willow rears a rather shapely head to the sky.

This Kilmarnock willow is a favorite of the peripatetic tree agent, and I have enjoyed hugely one notable evidence of his persuasive eloquence to be seen in a Lebanon Valley town, inhabited by the quaint folk known as Pennsylvania Germans. All along the line of the railroad traversing this valley may be seen these distorted willows decorating the prim front yards, and they are not so offensive when used with other shrubs and trees. In this one instance, however, the tree agent evidently found a customer who was persuaded that if one Kilmarnock willow was a good thing to have, a dozen of them was twelve times better; wherefore his dooryard is grotesquely adorned with that many flourishing weepers, giving an aspect that is anything but decorous or solemn. Sometime the vigilance of the citizen will be relaxed, it may be hoped, he will neglect to cut away the recurring shoots of the parent trees, and they will escape and destroy the weeping form which provides so much hilarity for the passers-by.

The willow with its blood relation, the poplar, is often "pollarded" or trimmed for wood, and its abundant vigor enables it to recover from this process of violent abbreviation more satisfactorily than do most trees. The result is usually a disproportionately large stem or bole, for the lopping off of great branches always tends to a thickening of the main stem. The abundant leafage of both willow and poplar soon covers the scars, and there is less cause to mourn than in the case of maples or other "hard-wooded" trees.

If my readers will only add a willow section to their mental observation outfit, there will be much more to see and appreciate. Look for and enjoy in the winter the variation in twig color and bark hue; notice how smoothly lies the covering on one stem, all rugged and marked on another. In the earliest spring examine the swelling buds, of widely differing color and character, from which shortly will spring forth the catkin or aments of bloom, followed by the leaves of varied colors in the varied species, and with shapes as varied. Vivid green, soft gray, greenish yellow; dull surface and shining surface above, pale green to almost pure white beneath; from the long and stringy leaf of the weeping willow to the comparatively broad and thick leaf of the pussy willow—there is variety and interest in the foliage well worth the attention of the tree-lover. When winter comes, there will be another set of contrasts to see in the way the various species lose their leaves and get ready for the rest time during which the buds mature and ripen, and the winter colors again shine forth.

These observations may be made anywhere in America, practically, for the willow is almost indifferent to locality, growing everywhere that its far-reaching roots can find the moisture which it loves, and which it rapidly transpires to the thirsty air. As Miss Keeler well remarks, "The genus Salix is admirably fitted to go forth and inhabit the earth, for it is tolerant of all soils and asks only water. It creeps nearer to the North Pole than any other woody plant except its companion the birch. It trails upon the ground or rises one hundred feet in the air. In North America it follows the watercourses to the limit of the temperate zone, enters the tropics, crosses the equator, and appears in the mountains of Peru and Chili. . . . The books record one hundred and sixty species in the world, and these sport and hybridize to their own content and to the despair of botanists. Then, too, it comes of an ancient line; for impressions of leaves in the cretaceous rocks show that it is one of the oldest of plants."

Common it is, and therefore overlooked, which is my reason for this sketch, by which I hope some may be turned from things inward to things outward, from desiring views afar to seeing beauty close by. To watch the willow in spring and summer, with its bloom and fruit; to follow its refreshing color through winter's chill; to observe its cheer and dignity; to see the wind toss its slender wands and turn its graceful leaves—all this is worth while for the true lover of things outdoors and at hand which make for a better appreciation of this world of beauty.

Reginald J. Campbell

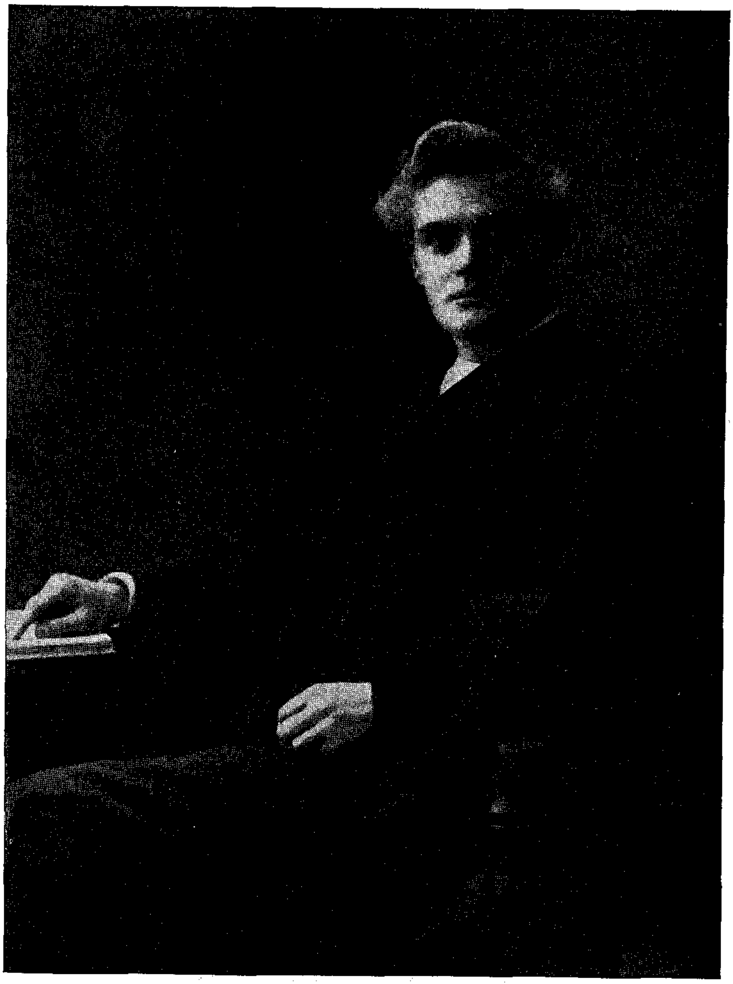
AMONG the British visitors who in increasing numbers during recent years have appeared in American churches there has been no more "arresting personality" than that of the Rev. Reginald J. Campbell, who is to speak this summer at the Northfield Student Conference and elsewhere. Mr. Campbell recently became minister of the City Temple, which had become during the late Dr. Joseph Parker's ministry of more than thirty years a citadel of British Congregationalism.

There could hardly be a greater contrast in all outward appearance than between Dr. Parker and Mr. Campbell—the one massive, the other slender; the one rhetorical and dramatic, the other colloquial and simple, besides the difference of thirty-seven years.

Mr. Campbell is still a young man, thirty-six years of age. His first charge was at Brighton. He found a nearly empty church and quickly filled it, so that the congregation had to migrate to the larger edifice where Paxton Hood had preached, but which had been closed when Mr. Campbell came to Brighton. The press of course gave publicity to this success; it seemed that the traditions of Robertson were realized again. But solid qualities underlay success and made it permanent.

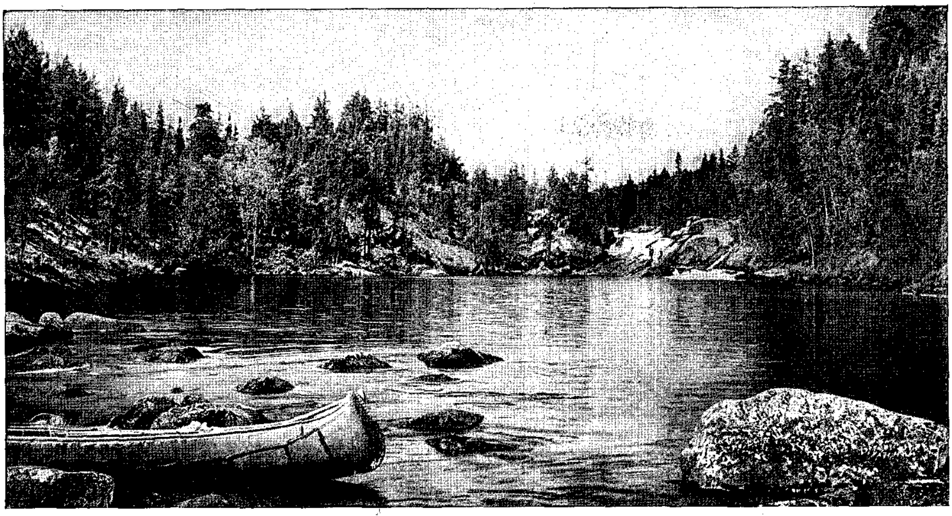
The personal history of Mr. Campbell is peculiarly interesting. Of Scottish ancestry, the son of a Methodist preacher in London, brought up in the household of a Presbyterian elder in Ireland, confirmed in the Church of England, a student in Christ Church, Oxford, winning honors in his course there, and intending to take Anglican orders, he left the university for the Congregational pulpit at Brighton. Historical studies, searchingly reviewed in his conversations with Canon, now Bishop, Gore, convinced him that the true Church of Christ was not limited to the Anglican, the Greek, and the Roman communions. His soul revolted from what he regarded as the Anglican's unchurching of the Free Churches, with their large share of the religious life of England. And so he cast in his lot with them, and became a Nonconformist pastor.

Sincerity and earnestness, however indispensable to every preacher who would gain hold of his hearers, by no means give full account of Mr. Campbell's influence in the pulpit. People call him "magnetic," whatever that may mean. He has a lustrous eye, and a voice that is both musical and flexible. These, however, are the interpreters of a spirit that is thoroughly sympathetic with fellow-men, whom he addresses in entire simplicity as one with them in human experiences, speaking out of his own experience to their consciences and hearts. On religious themes he is enough of a rationalist to command intellectual respect and enough of a mystic to warm devotional feeling. He is at once broad and evangelical.



REV. REGINALD J. CAMPBELL

At present Mr. Campbell is a figure of some political as well as religious consequence in England. With Dr. John Clifford, the veteran leader of the Baptist Churches, and the Rev. Silvester Horne, his fellow-Congregationalist at the head of a great church of the people in Whitefield's old "Tabernacle," Mr. Campbell has come forward as a leader in the policy of "passive resistance" to the recently enacted Education Bill, under which Nonconformists are obliged to pay "rates" for the maintenance of schools controlled by the Church of England and teaching its peculiar doctrines. He announced to his congregation that he should refuse to pay rates for that purpose, and was quite ready to bear punishment for refusal by going to jail for it—an announcement received with enthusiastic applause.



THE STATELY FALL WITH QUIET POOL BENEATH

IN THE WOODS OF ONTARIO

BY

NORTON ADAMS KENT

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"GUIDES and canoes will be ready July fifth"—such a telegram might well quicken the blood in the veins, and create in the imagination visions of Nature's wilderness, of stream and forest, of fish and game. So straightway my friend and I were off for the Canadian woods in eastern Ontario, a paradise whose door is the little town of Mattawa.

From the first fortune favored us, for the Hudson's Bay Company's agent, who had arranged for our guides, had chosen for us the best in the country. George Crawford and Frank Le Clair were half-breed Indians; Louis Souci, our cook, was French—a modernized "courrier du bois" whose forte, as he put it, was "biscuits rather than the paddle."

Three hearty shakes of three strong hands, and they were our friends at once. From Mattawa to Temiskaming Station by rail, thence by steamboat forty-five miles up narrow Lake Temiskaming to a small farm-house at the mouth of the Montreal River—we shook the dust of civilization from our feet and entered "God's out-of-doors." So our two weeks' canoe trip began.

While George and Frank raised the tents and Louis prepared our evening meal, we, the "sports," took account of stock. Surpassing all things in importance was our photographic outfit, a five by seven camera and sixty plates inserted in separate double plate-holders packed in a water-tight box. Bitter experience had suggested this precaution, for the previous summer five dozen plates had been left in Maine, ruined by a compulsory bath. The wild waters of the Allagash even now course over them.

The next morning we were off, past the mouth of the Montreal River and up the small and winding Metabitchouan. Swift

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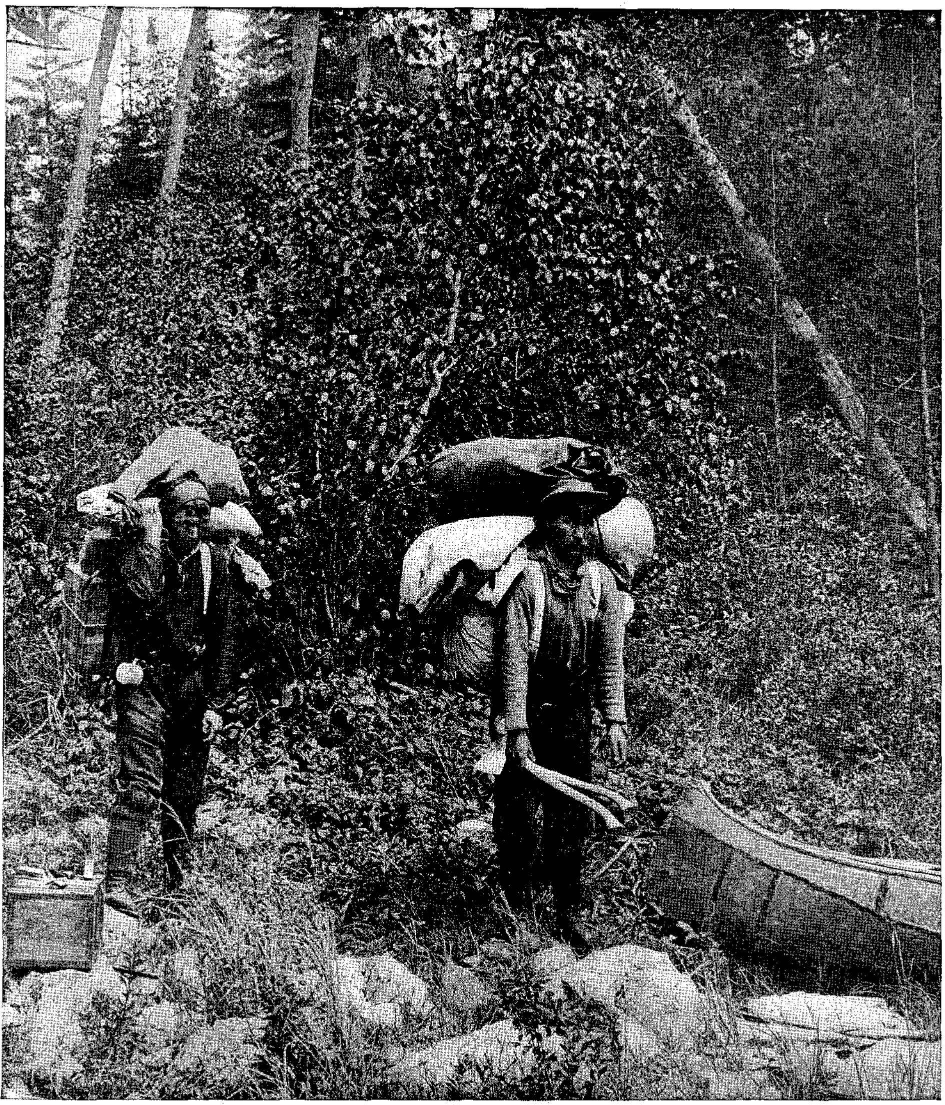
[1] This article stood first among those to which honorable mention was awarded in The Outlook's "Vacation Experiences" contest.



ORDINARY LOADS

came the strokes of the paddles, and with each stroke the light bark canoe sprang forward. In the canoe the Indian guide cannot be beaten; nor is he easily surpassed on land, as we found when we reached Clay Hill Portage. This "carry" well deserves its name. The trail is of clay, its angle seemingly forty-five degrees, its length over a mile. The loads these Indians carry are immense, generally aggregating two hundred pounds. A strap passing over the forehead supports a box which forms the basis of the load—a mass of luggage which usually towers above the bearer's head. On this carry our men, without intervening rest, made a second trip, George and Frank bearing in regulation style a canoe each, while Louis gathered up the precious utensils of his culinary establishment.

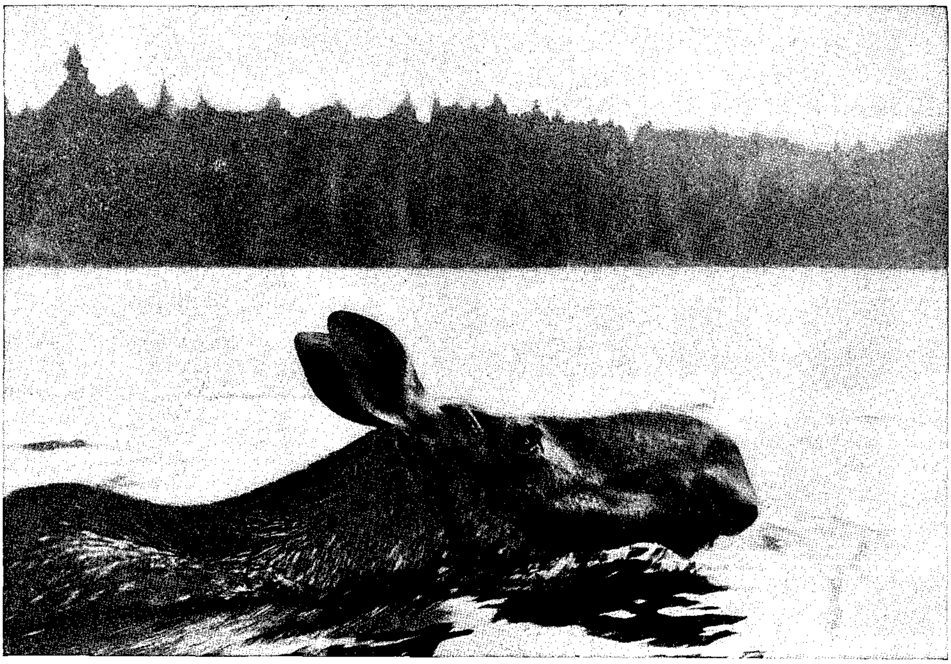
Soon we were off again through Second, Third, and Fourth Bass Lakes, small ponds separated by stretches of quick water through which we paddled and poled with much effort. Here the beauty and wildness of the country began to impress us. High cliffs crowned with pine bordered the stream at times. Young ducks swam from us in the haste of fear. Turning from the more traveled route, we "carried over" into Cooper Lake.

If you have never seen the king of the

northern woods in his glory, then you have missed a sight indeed. The hot afternoon sun beat upon lake and forest, and stillness reigned supreme. On such a day the flies bite hard both man and beast. The lake is their common refuge. We took to our canoes. We paddled into shallow bays where rushes and lily-pads grew, and had not gone far when from the stern of the canoe came to my ears a whisper, "A bull moose in the water ahead." I adjusted my camera while we cautiously approached. Soon we were a hundred yards distant; the animal raised his head from the water. We sat rigid, and the canoes drifted nearer. Undisturbed, he again buried his head, grubbing for lily-pad roots. Instantly the paddles again plied the water, and the distance lessened to fifty yards; then, finally, to but thirty feet. Then from the water emerged a superb head bearing the finest horns we had ever seen. The head turned toward us and I pressed the bulb. Then the old bull ran, and the two canoes dashed after him. Across the muddy shallows he clumsily swung his huge body; then took to the woods. A crackling of twigs in the distance and the forest was still.

The hours and days passed swiftly, the weather proving fine and Fate smiling upon us. The country grew still more beautiful as we traveled deeper into the forest, along its fair waterways. On we went along Moccasin Stream, through a chain of beautiful lakes, small and thickly wooded, through streams lined here with grassy meadows, there bordered by abrupt cliffs. In places we pushed our way through bushes under overarching trees, and at times waded the stream, dragging and pushing the canoes. Leaving Rabbit Lake, famed for glacial markings and Indian paintings upon its rocky shores, we reached at last a small, nameless pond at the summit of the Rabbit and Temagami watersheds. We had gained the highest point of land in our trip; henceforth our course lay downward. Upon my mind that scene stands stamped indelibly—the wealth of upland foliage, the slender pine raising aloft its clean-cut fingers, the flashing white birch with leaves quivering in the breeze, the moss covering the rocks by the shore, the diminutive wooded islands breaking the expanse of glistening water.

A short climb over a rocky carry, an abrupt descent, and there came into view Temagami Lake, famed for the clearness of its waters and dotted with more than a thousand wooded islands. It is an upland



A COW MOOSE SWIMMING

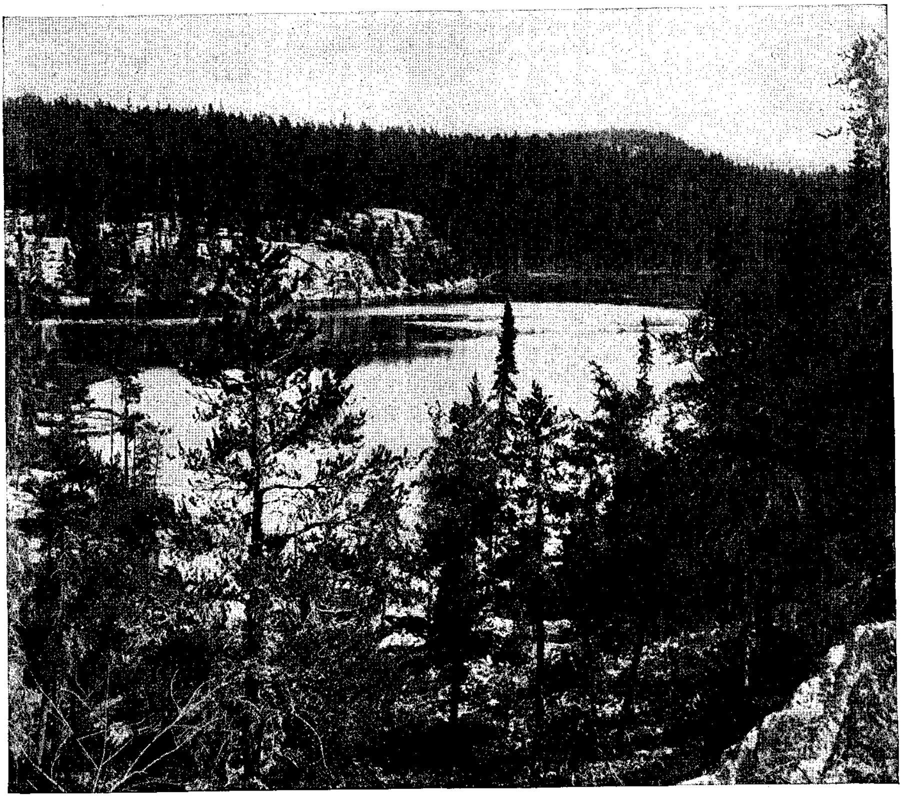
“A SIGHT ONE SELDOM SEES”

sea—two of its arms stretching over fifteen miles. Upon Temagami we canoed two long and happy days. Here we met a glorious storm. We had hustled for shore and had quickly pitched camp; then, when the deluge came, driven on by a strong southeaster, we were lying in our tents in regal ease. Soon the wind changed, and, although midsummer, old Boreas touched us with his icy fingers. The sky cleared, and then appeared the setting sun, tinting huge banks of clouds with varying shades of crimson.

Into a steaming lake we launched early the following morning, and about noon reached the Hudson's Bay post on Bear Island. All Canada, even to the Great Bay and beyond, is dotted with these small stations, supply centers for the hunter and trapper. That afternoon, after four hours' paddling against a northern breeze, we were making for an island when the wind suddenly quickened into a gale and both canoes shipped water. Many a frail craft has thus been swamped. With evening came a calm; then once again supper and the cheery camp fire, conducive to the story-telling mood.

And what tongue can declare the beauties of Non-wa-kaming Lake, with its huge glistening cascade, well called "Diamond Falls;" and of Lake Lady Evelyn, too, graced with her dainty isles?

Five o'clock Friday found us turned westward near the mouth of Willow Island Creek. Memory serves me well. Here it was that, sunk deep in afternoon reverie with weary hands trailing in the cool water, I was suddenly aroused to action by a word from my guide. A quick spurt, and we dashed between moose and shore and forced the animal, a huge cow, to attempt an escape by swimming. Four photographs of her crowned our efforts: the last was taken at a distance of ten feet. We even stroked the beast with a paddle, under the circumstances a dangerous liberty.


WILLOW ISLAND CREEK

That evening our tents were pitched upon a rocky point at the bend of the creek. Here we established our base.

From this point we started up stream

after trout, carrying only gun, fishing-rods, camera, and a "snack" of food for lunch. That was a great day. Did Fortune favor here? No and yes. As a trout expedition the day's journey was a failure, for seven hours' paddling took us too short a distance up-stream. But the falls and the woods—what a country! To make camp ere dark we finally conquered the instinct of the explorer and the strong longing which impels every true angler to try yet one more pool. We turned back. The current, our foe of the morning, was now a friend. Again we carried by the foaming cataract where the stream, flushed with recent rains, leaped in abrupt plunges a total of nigh a hundred feet into the rock-bound caldron below. We shot many a small rapid and passed again through chains of lakes. Then came the stately fall with quiet pool beneath—an earnest of the calmer waters of Willow Island Lake.

Late in the afternoon, while pondering upon the fact that we had seen no moose that day, we came suddenly upon a bull. The old fellow was somewhat hidden by rushes. Still, he did not escape me, for he had just bade us adieu when I caught him at short range. Again a few moments passed, when, behold, down-stream, a pair of horns above dense water-rushes. My companion's canoe was leading; Frank cautiously paddled up to the reeds and peered through. Then four eloquent fingers told a startling story; there were four moose. As though alive, my canoe sprang forward and instantly was beside the other. I stood at full height, pointed at the center of the group, and pressed the bulb. I sat down, changed my plate, arose again, and found the animals almost as before—one old bull had merely lifted his head from the water in curious ease. And again the shutter closed. Then the group split up. A third plate shows but two animals. That was a sight one seldom sees; there were two full-grown bulls and two calves—a cow and a bull. This formed the climax of our experiences with big game.

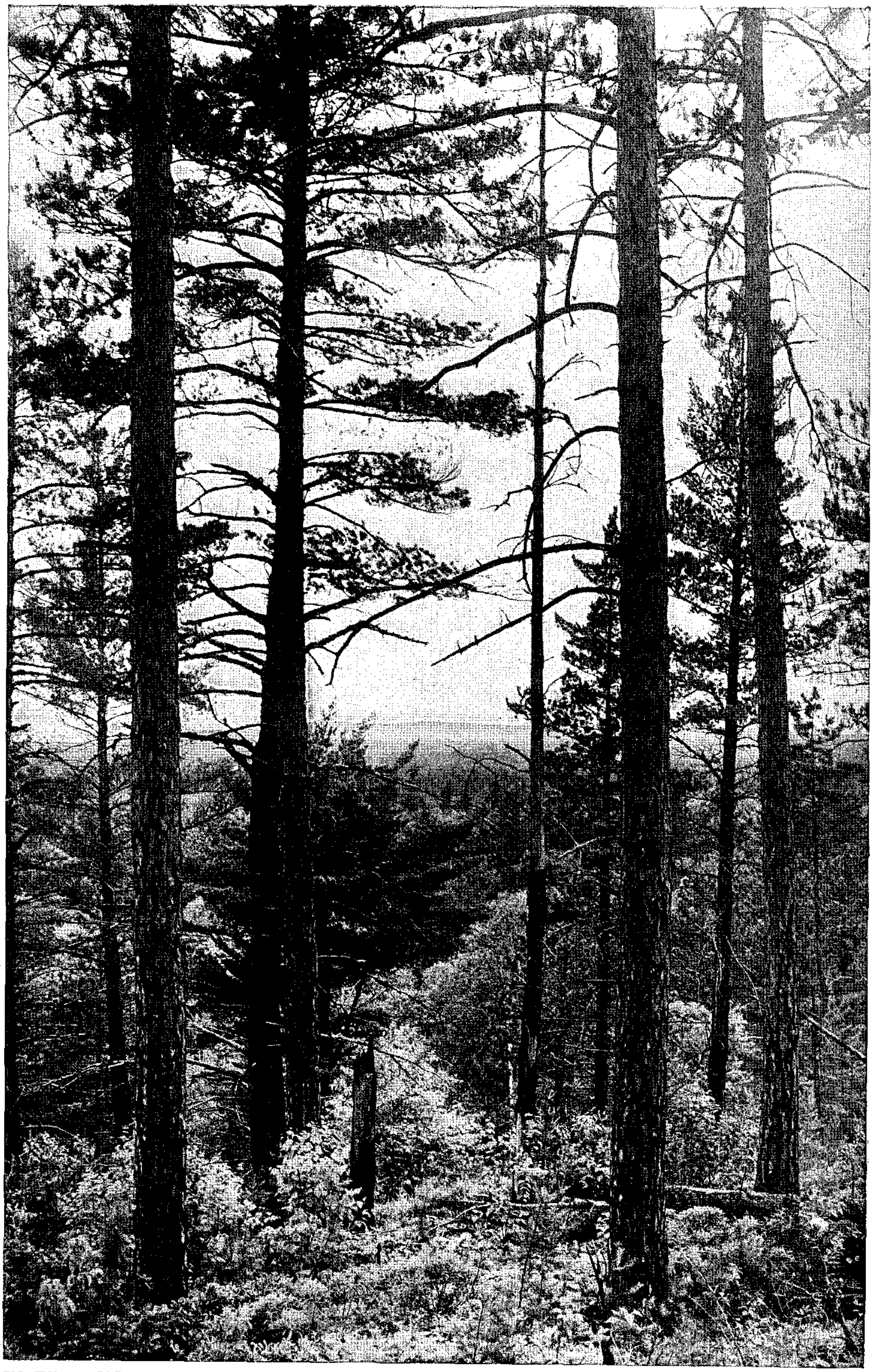
On the Sabbath we rested. Monday afternoon we camped on stream-like Mattawapika Lake opposite a rocky bluff. This we climbed, and through the trees espied in the distant haze the mountain whose streams feed Willow Island Creek.

And what of the superb falls of Lake Mattawapika? It is here that Temagami, Non-wa-kaming, Lady Evelyn, and countless other smaller lakes pour forth their wealth of water in one grand discharge, which flushes to the brim the swift-flowing Montreal. Lucky for us that our course lay down-stream.

Wednesday the Montreal River was still urging us onward. We stopped for lunch, and kindled our fire on a small plateau well-nigh seventy-five feet above the river. Below us lay dark waters, hemmed in by tree-clad banks. We were at the parting of the ways. Should we follow the Haileybury trail or the Montreal River? We chose the latter, the less traveled and more dangerous route—children of destiny born under lucky stars! About the finest sport of the trip lay in shooting the rapids of that river. Hound Chute, Ragged Chute, Fountain Falls, rapid upon rapid, rough and long carries, a superb virgin flora, strong and quick bass gamy as trout—it was all like a dream, so quickly did the scene shift in that wild dash downward. The river continued steep-banked, narrow, and wild. Its furious energy had conquered the king of the woods himself, for at the base of Hound Chute we came upon the carcass of a huge moose. The animal had probably attempted to swim the stream above, too near the brink of the falls.

Several rapids we could not shoot with full loads. Here all five of us made one trip over the portage, our two Indians returning for the empty canoes. It was a fine sight to see them come down-stream, riding those mad waters. Canoe and man seemed one; for grace you will not see the like. The guide kneels amidships; force and agility mark his every move. A ragged rock seems straight ahead, when, quick as a flash, the animated canoe leaps aside and dodges like a boy at play. Then comes the rocky, chopping water at the base of the rapid. The smiling face and poise of victory show Nature again vanquished—her victor, man.

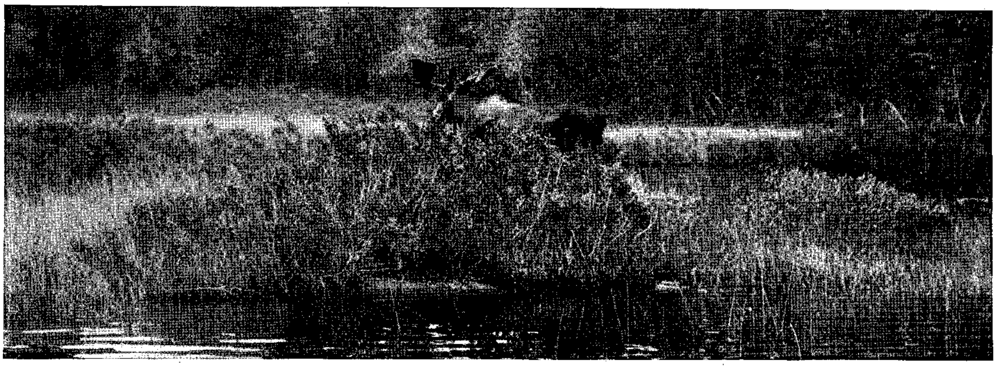
And the last day's episode! We left Frank and Louis to attend to the transportation of our outfit over the last carry, and my friend and I, with a young fire-ranger as guide, also our faithful George, started on another trout expedition. That



"IN THE DISTANT HAZE THE MOUNTAIN WHOSE STREAMS FEED WILLOW ISLAND CREEK" day was a mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous. Where lies the much-desired pond we will not say. No law bids angler tell where lie the biggest trout. But perchance he himself may not know. Imagine the following scene: Time, 3 P.M.; locality, doubtful; scenic setting, ahead and behind, on right and left, forest; beneath, a first-rate cedar swamp with all its natural accessories; above, the vault of heaven thinly veiled with foliage. Furniture, two canoes, rifle, fishing-rods, etc., but no food. *Dramatis personæ*, three semi-weary individuals, seated; one serene Indian woodsman, standing, a latent smile lurking about the corners of his generous mouth. The young ranger mops his brow. "I reckon we are lost," he mutters. General concurrence with that reckoning— But—the trout, the fairest of all fish that swim! See the swirl of that proud tail as its owner flashes from the surface for the fly. "The landing-net, quick; I have him!" The stern hand of necessity rudely broke the spell; no trout for us that day. We must act—act quickly and wisely too. We left one canoe where we stood. George, the unconquered, led the way and set the pace—a pace indeed! Soon we found again that apology for a trail. Then came a little lake—four men and but one small canoe. Two trips were necessary. *He* made them. Then a new way home, on territory known to him. For two miles we followed him. My friend and I carried almost nothing, but at times it took both strength and courage to keep pace with that ensouled, inverted canoe which rose and fell before us, crept deftly through the brush, vaulted the fallen log, and ever glided forward. We reached camp at 6:30. The events of that day furnish most pleasant memories. We failed; but experience is a good teacher, and some day our lines will whip that mystic pond.

Our trip was at an end; we had covered over two hundred miles of waterway and had emerged from the woods within two hundred yards from where we entered.

I have seen the gaunt Mount Kineo in Maine, and the rocky gorge of Ripogenus, which chains the Penobscot's western branch; I have camped beneath the shadow of Katahdin, wildest of the wild; I have shot the rapids of the rushing Allagash on its course to the famed St. John—but, for beauty and for charm, for unblemished loveliness, the Ontario woods stand supreme.



"HE HAD JUST BADE US ADIEU WHEN I CAUGHT HIM AT SHORT RANGE"

Litany of a Tired Heart

By Caroline Atwater Mason

Lord, my cares are many;
I lay them all on Thee.
Lord, my sins are many;
I lay them all on Thee.
Lord, my griefs are many;
I lay them all on Thee.
Lord, have pity on me,
Lord, look down on me.

Jeanne de Lanier

By Francis Sterne Palmer

(The sprucewoods at night; Jeanne, who has fled to join her lover:)

"Kindred of the moss and bough,
Do you all desert me now?—
In my own woods is there no heart
To take poor Jeanne de Lanier's part?

"What stir was that!—a grouse's wing
In a fir-tree fluttering.
Be kind to-night, O good gray grouse—
Friendless I fled my father's house!

"Red doe that listens in the wood,
We are of one sisterhood;
And, O my sister, I need you too—
Doe, I belong to the woods like you!

"Black bear, to-night let ant-log be,
Give o'er your quest for honey-tree;
To me a brother's help is due—
Bear, I belong to the woods like you!"

(Jeanne moves off wearily. On her track come woodsmen in the service of the Seigneur de Lanier. Pierre the Hunter:)

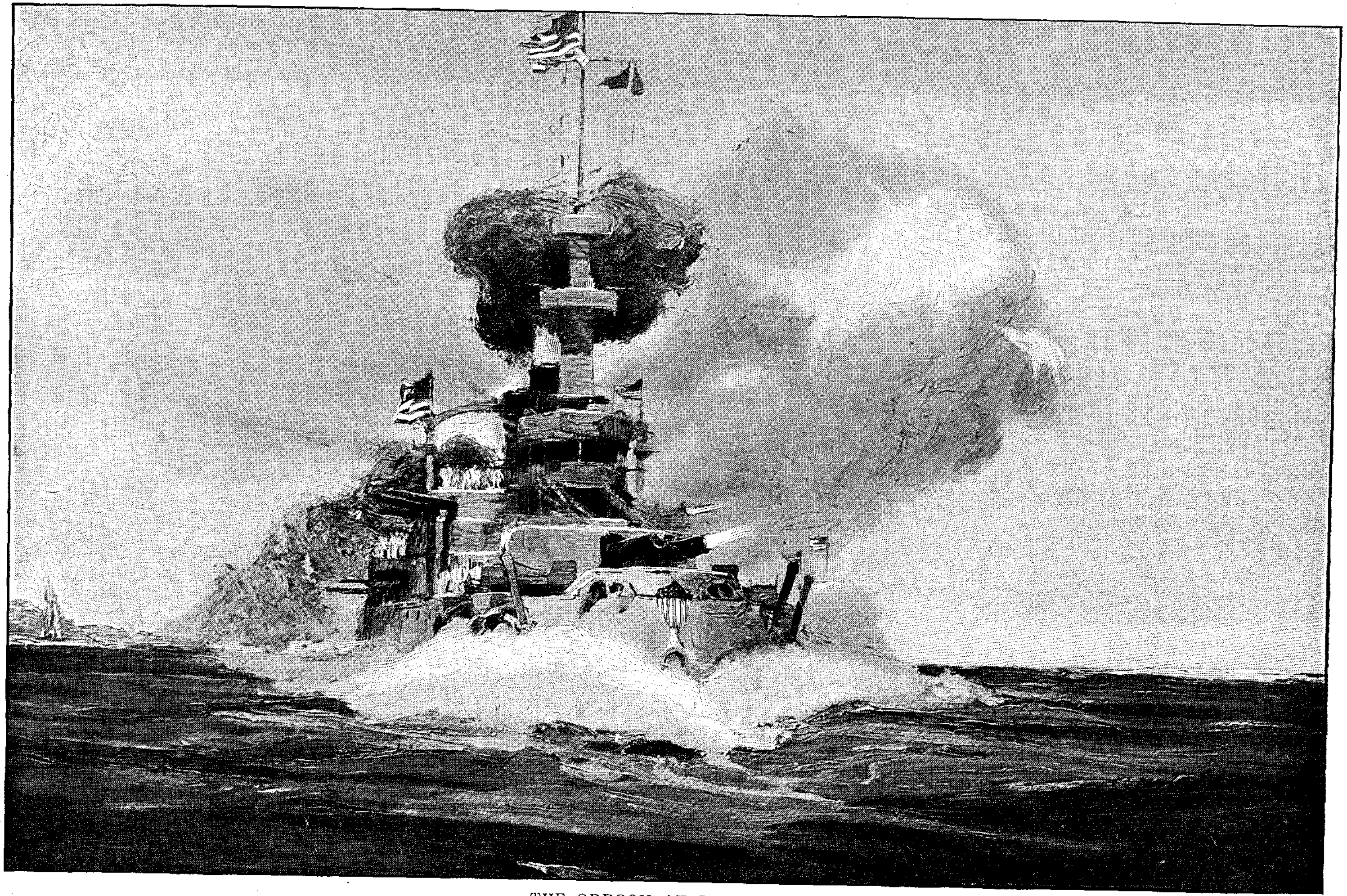
"Look, men, the runaway is near,
Just now her foot trod mosses here;
We'll have her back to kneel to priest,
To lead the way to her wedding-feast,
To take the husband chosen for her—
To forget her Antoine the Voyageur!"

Pierre scarce had done, when reared a bear,
Right in his path, and, swaying there,
The hunter thought he heard it speak,
"Back, Pierre! I guard the one you seek!"

The dark boughs of a fir-tree stirred,
And from its depths a voice was heard:
"Let Jeanne, our sister, freely go—
Back, Pierre! the gray grouse wills it so!"

From darker shadows of the wood
Leaped a doe and before him stood;
"The deer of the spruce watch o'er her flight—
Back, Pierre, we all are on guard to-night!"

Pierre the Hunter, with his men,
Came to de Lanier's house again;
"Seigneur, let Jeanne be the voyageur's bride—
The whole sprucewood is on her side!"



THE OREGON AT SANTIAGO

Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

THE NEW AMERICAN NAVY

BY JOHN D. LONG

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY FROM 1897 TO 1902

THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO

BY the mobilization of our entire armored strength at Santiago on June 1, 1898, the Navy Department made the natural tactical move which must have been anticipated by the naval strategists of Spain before Cervera left the Cape Verde Islands. We know that such was the expectation of the Spanish Admiral and of his captains, though they considered either of the squadrons in which our fleet was divided sufficient to destroy their own. "Taking into account injuries and accidents to machinery, the necessity of renewing the coal supply, and other difficulties from which no ship is exempt," wrote Captain Concas y Palau, Cervera's chief of staff, "they formed only two squadrons instead of four, so that even if two or more of the most powerful ships were temporarily absent, the remaining forces would still be such as to exclude any doubt as to the result. This is an admirable military precaution even in case of overwhelming superiority." So convinced was Admiral Cervera that destruction would be the inevitable consequence of departure from Santiago that, in response to a request from the Captain-General of Cuba for an expression of opinion as to the plan that should be followed, he wrote:

"I, who am a man without ambitions, without mad passions, believe that whatever is most expedient should be done, and I state most emphatically that I shall *never* be the one to decree the horrible and useless hecatomb which will be the only possible result of the sortie from here by main force, for I should consider myself responsible before God and history for the lives sacrificed on the altar of vanity, and not in the true defense of the country."

It was the conviction in Washington, also, that an attempt by the Spanish division to escape would result in its annihilation. Yet there was the chance of one or more vessels running the blockade at night or during bad weather; and we were decidedly nervous as each day brought nearer the hurricane season, with the possibility of disaster as its accompaniment. It was difficult to get out of one's head the doggerel used by the sailor in describing weather conditions in the Caribbean Sea:

June, too soon.
In July, stand by.
August, look out you must.
September, remember.
October, all over.

Sampson was as concerned about weather conditions as was the Department. Before leaving St. Nicholas Channel for Key West to obtain permission to go to Santiago, he had sent instructions to Commodore Schley to sink the collier Sterling across the narrow part of the entrance of the Cuban harbor. This was not done before the arrival of Sampson, though the Sterling had reported on May 30, and Sampson at once prepared to carry out the plan. By his direction, Naval Constructor Richmond Pearson Hobson attached electric torpedoes to the hull of the Merrimac, selected in place of the Sterling as the obstruction for the harbor; sea-valves were cut, cargo ports opened, and anchor chains holding the anchors were ranged on deck, so that the ship could be brought to a stop almost automatically. On the morning of June 3, with seven men composing his crew, Hobson gallantly took the collier into the harbor entrance, and, in spite of the

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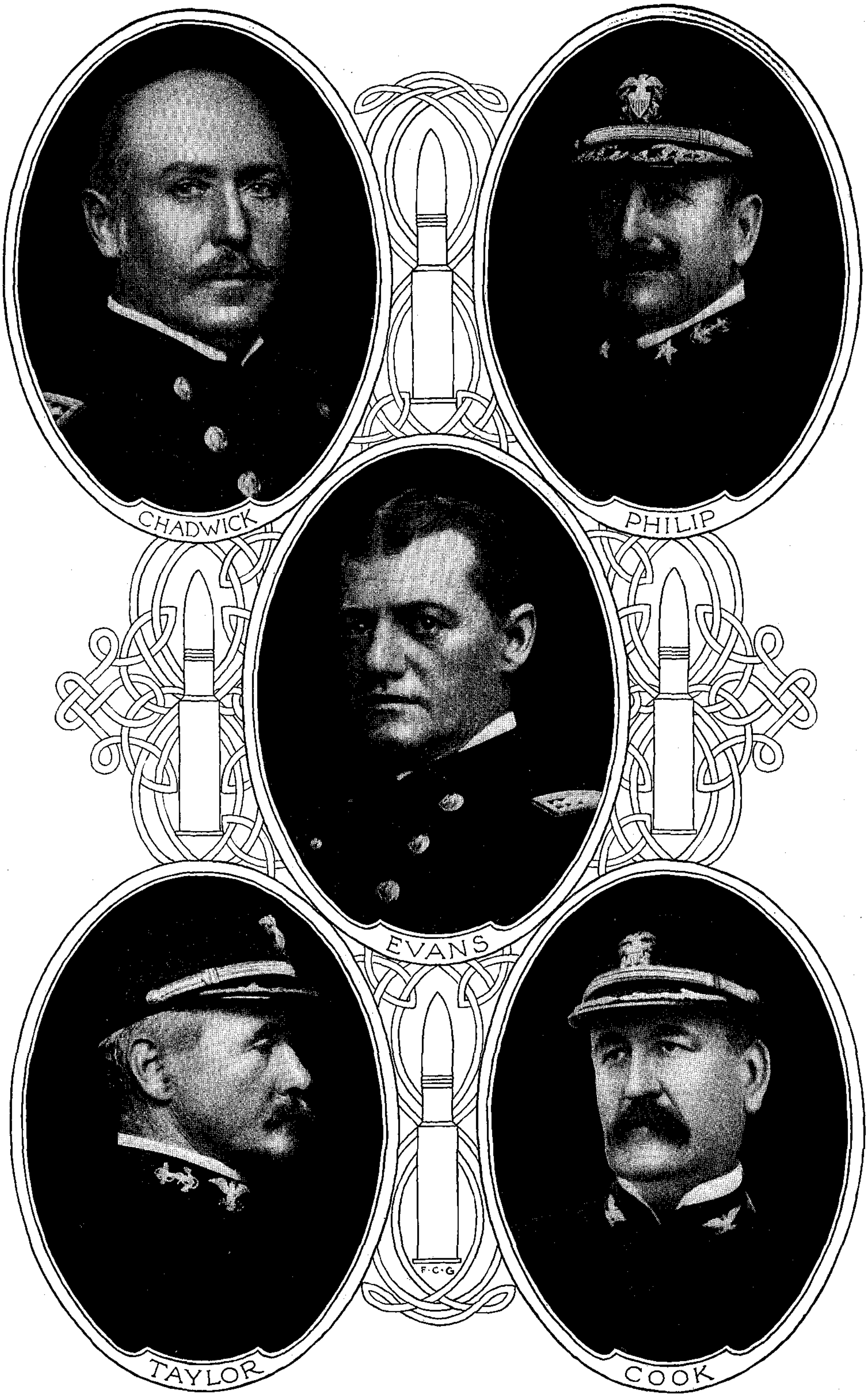
This is the tenth of a series of papers to appear in the Magazine Numbers of The Outlook. Other papers will be: Valiant Deeds in the War with Spain; Samoa, the Philippines, and China.

tremendous fire to which he was subjected, coolly sunk her. Unfortunately, an injury to her steering gear and the failure of some of the torpedoes along her side to explode prevented the Merrimac from sinking until much higher in the channel than had been intended. Nevertheless, the plan which was so promising in conception was daringly executed, and Naval Constructor Hobson and his men cannot be praised too highly for the courage and patriotism which prompted them to beg for and carry out orders which seemed condemnation to death. Indeed, the rivalry, not only among officers, but among the men, for service on this forlorn hope, which meant almost certain death, was very striking. One man was taken from each ship, and in one case at least a disappointed seaman offered his accumulated wages for the chance of his successful shipmate.

The sinking of the Merrimac has been criticised; and yet, had it blocked the channel as intended, the Spanish fleet would have been ours and have been added undestroyed to our navy. Sampson quickly learned that the channel was still open, and that the enemy could leave if disposed to run the gauntlet before them. Our men-of-war remained, therefore, as they had been before the Merrimac was sunk, a wall against escape. Coaling operations were at first conducted in plain sight of the enemy; but Sampson recognized the need of a quiet harbor in which the vessels could receive fuel without disturbance from wind and sea. Before he left Key West for Santiago, the Department advised him that Captain Caspar F. Goodrich, commanding the St. Louis, who had been engaged in cable-cutting operations at Guantanamo, reported that Bay weakly defended. Sampson was advised to seize it for use as a coaling station, and he sent the Marblehead and the Yankee on June 7 to occupy it. No fortifications were found, though the ships were fired upon by a few old guns mounted at Cayo Toro and a small gunboat. Even before this reconnaissance, Sampson had telegraphed to Commodore Remey directing him to prepare to send to Santiago the battalion of marines which was in camp at Key West. The battalion had been organized at New York during the month of April, and was composed of vigorous young men whose deeds were to show them equally gallant and courageous. It consisted of twenty-three commissioned officers of the Marine Corps, one surgeon of the navy, and six hundred and twenty-three enlisted men, all under command of Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. Huntington, U. S. M. C. The battalion was organized especially for service in Cuba, and the greatest care was taken to equip it for the arduous and trying work it would be called upon to perform. The auxiliary cruiser Panther, transformed into a marine transport, sailed with the battalion for Cuba on June 7, and reached Santiago three days later. She was immediately ordered to Guantanamo, and at two o'clock of June 10 the marines landed and established a camp at what Cuban officers pronounced to be the only position on the Bay which could be successfully occupied and defended by a small force. The marines were not to hold their ground without fighting for it. They were attacked on June 11 by a superior force of Spaniards, and were subjected to the enemy's operations constantly during the three following days. Protected by their valor, Guantanamo afforded the North Atlantic fleet a safe harbor in which to coal and make repairs. The marine battalion, which was the first American force to establish itself permanently on land in Cuba, remained until August 5. It speaks well for the equipment of the men and the vigilance and care of those to whom their health and comfort were confided that not a single life was lost and only two per cent. were afflicted with disease. Certainly this is a remarkable record, which has never been approached by any foreign force operating in Cuba. It was a splendid exhibition of brave and intelligent service.

Sampson lifted a heavy burden upon his shoulders when he assumed command at Santiago. He arranged for the sinking of the Merrimac, the occupation of Guantanamo Bay for use as a coaling base, and the organization of his command and the assignment of his vessels in the two squadrons into which he divided it. He prepared and promulgated plans of the naval battle that was sure to come, supervised the movements of the more than a hundred vessels within the range of his command, and was charged with the blockade of the


CHADWICK
PHILIP
EVANS
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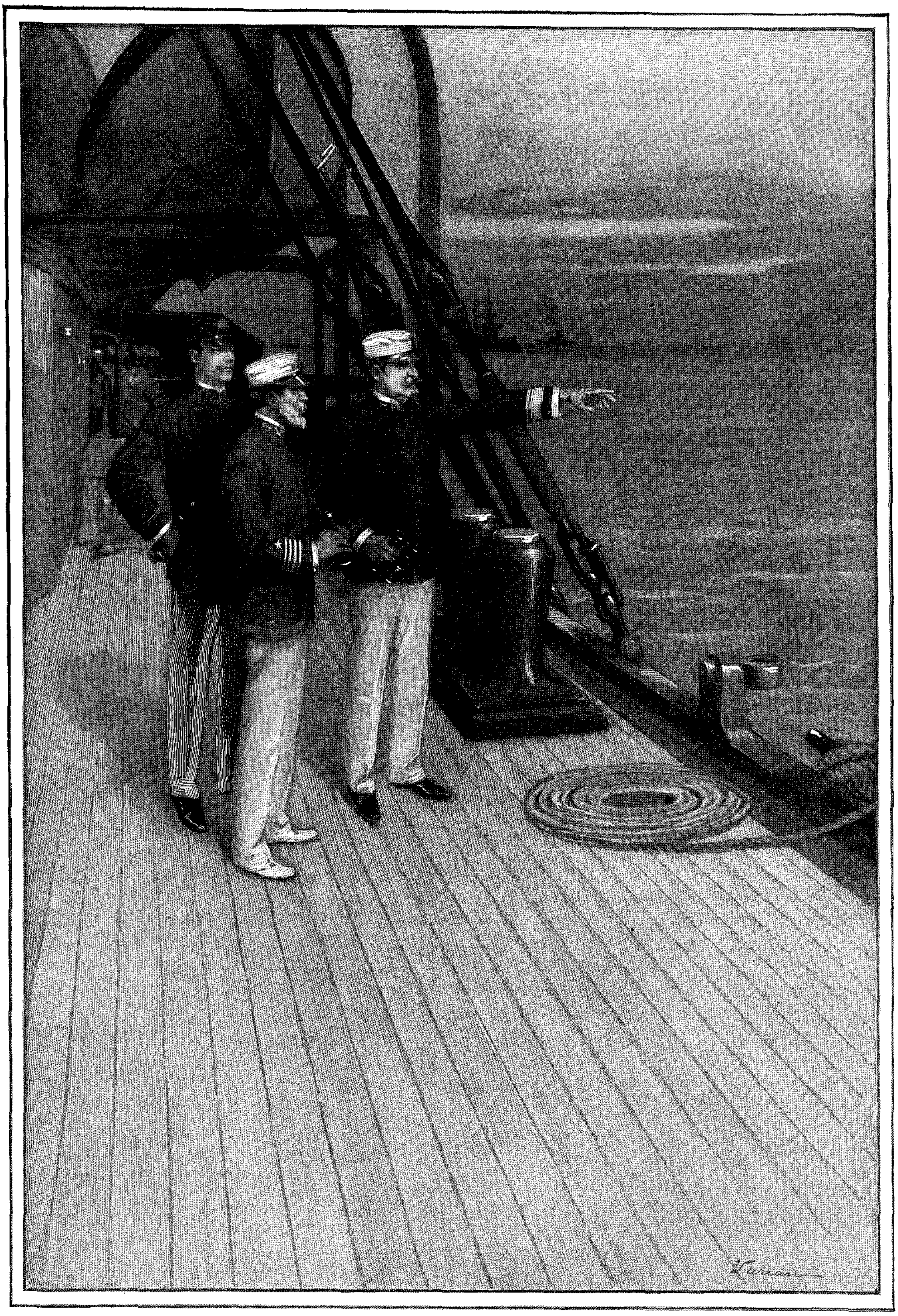
FIVE COMMANDERS AT SANTIAGO

whole Cuban coast and with co-operation with the army and the landing of its troops. His correspondence with the fleet and with the Department was large and constant. On the 2d of June he issued his general order providing for the most thorough precautions to prevent Cervera's escape and for battling and destroying his fleet in case he attempted escape. Under it our fleet line was kept in an inclosing semicircle day and night before the harbor, closely vigilant. Every night the faithful searchlight guarded against the enemy's escape or torpedo attack. Under the following clause of that order, "*If the enemy tries to escape, the ships must close and engage as soon as possible and endeavor to sink his vessels or force them to run ashore*," the later famous battle of July 3 was actually fought and the great victory won in accordance with the plan of the commander-in-chief, to whom is due the credit that is always given to the man on whom is the responsibility of the command and of the preparation of the plans for execution by those under him.

Meantime he had not lost sight of the importance of ascertaining whether all of the Spanish fleet were at Santiago. On the morning of May 29 Commodore Schley had cabled to the Department that he had recognized the Cristobal Colon and Infanta Maria Teresa and two torpedo-boat destroyers. On May 30 the Commodore was asked to ascertain the whereabouts of the Almirante Oquendo and the Vizcaya, the remaining two armored cruisers, and on May 31 Sampson, when hastening to superintend operations, was told by the Department that it was essential to know the exact location of all of the armored cruisers, as the military expedition against Santiago must necessarily wait for the information. On June 3 Sampson cabled that a reliable Cuban, acting under his instructions, had ascertained and reported the entire Spanish fleet in Santiago.

"Beg troops move with all possible celerity," he added: "of paramount importance." Sampson believed, and this belief the Department shared, that Cervera's capture or destruction would terminate the war. Major-General Miles, commanding the army, had expressed the opinion that it would be extremely hazardous and injudicious to put an army into Cuba during what is known as the "rainy" reason, and pointed out that another element of extreme danger would be the possibility of the navy being unable to keep the water between our territory and that island clear of hostile ships or fleets. Indeed, General Miles counseled that no troops should go to Cuba till our navy had destroyed the Spanish fleet. The War Department, more vigorous, determined early in May that an army under the command of Brigadier-General William R. Shafter should, with the co-operation of the navy, seize and hold Mariel, which was to be the base of operations against Havana. The appearance of Cervera's fleet caused the abandonment of this expedition. The arrival of the enemy's ships in Santiago and the convergence upon that point of our men-of-war to blockade them demonstrated the need of an army to assist the navy in forcing an entrance into the harbor, where it could destroy the Spanish fleet and compel the surrender of the city. On May 27 the Secretary of War was officially advised by the Navy Department that on receipt of absolute information of the presence of the Spanish fleet in Santiago "the movement to Santiago should be made without a moment's delay, day or night." Sampson was simultaneously instructed to organize a convoy for the thirty or more army transports, which convoy should include the New York, Indiana, and Oregon, and as many smaller vessels as could be gathered to guard against possible attack.

The presence of the Spanish division in Santiago made that harbor the center of war. Almost daily after his arrival Sampson cabled urgently requesting expedition in the movement of the army. He invited attention to the fact that if there were delay the city would be defended more strongly by guns taken from the ships, and he asserted that with ten thousand men the city and squadron could be captured or destroyed within forty-eight hours. On June 1 a memorandum was submitted to the Secretary of War stating that the battle-ship Indiana and a dozen smaller vessels were ready to protect the army *en route* to Santiago. This large force, under command of Captain Henry C. Taylor, was assembled to deter



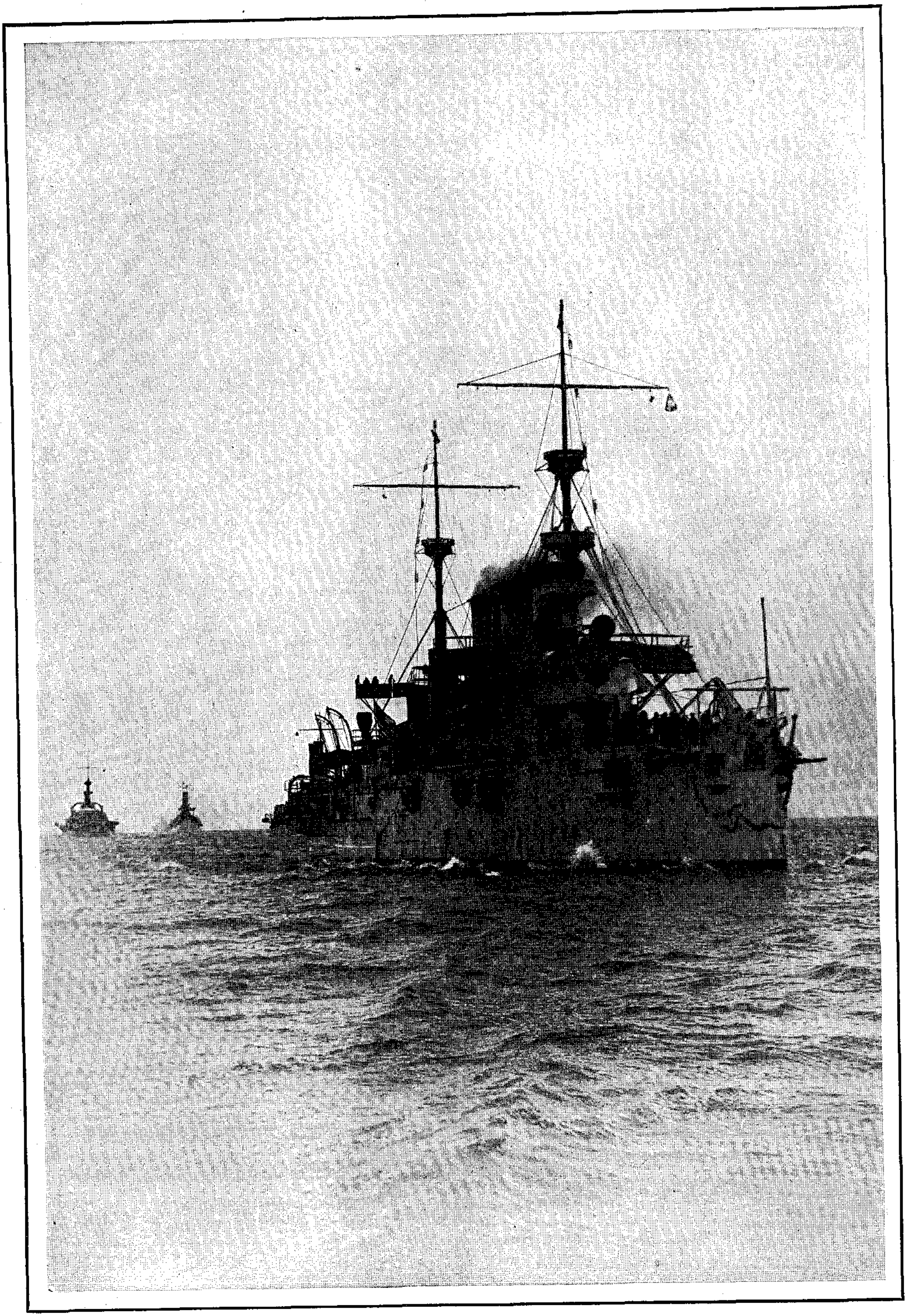
SAMPSON, SCHLEY, AND HOBSON EXAMINING THE ENTRANCE TO SANTIAGO

Drawn by George Varian.

by the mere fact of overwhelming superiority any enterprising Spanish commander from attempting a dash which might have caused disaster to the transport fleet. The army transport captains, who were civilians, were concerned more about the safety of their ships and the interests of their owners than about the necessities of the government. Never having engaged in such maneuvers, they were unable to maintain formation which would permit concentration of the convoy for their defense. In case of attack, therefore, a panic might ensue, the consequences of which the Department was unwilling to contemplate. It was therefore decided to organize a force the formidable character of which would forbid any plan on the part of the enemy to prevent the army from reaching Santiago. As a further precaution, Sampson was instructed to send a ship to San Juan, Porto Rico, to blockade the torpedo destroyer Terror in that harbor while the army was afloat.

Commodore Remey telegraphed on June 4 that the convoy was ready to sail. The army was slow in embarking, and it was not until June 8 that a part of it was prepared for departure. While those of the transports which had their forces on board, five that day having sailed for the rendezvous down the bay, and two others then hauling out, were moving out of Tampa, the Department received a despatch from Remey giving a circumstantial account of the sighting off the northern coast of Cuba by the auxiliary gunboat Eagle of three Spanish men-of-war, one a protected cruiser and the others torpedo-boat destroyers; and this was subsequently confirmed by the Resolute. The Department could not understand this report. Sampson had positively stated that the four Spanish armored cruisers and two torpedo-boat destroyers were locked up in the harbor of Santiago, and the only remaining torpedo-boat destroyer in the West Indies flying the Spanish flag was at San Juan. The information was, however, of the most disturbing character. A request was immediately made of the War Department to delay the departure of the expedition, and men-of-war were sent to reinforce the blockade and to scour the vicinity in which the enemy's division had been sighted. The five transports above referred to were ordered back. Remey was asked for further particulars. He telegraphed that the captains of the Eagle and Resolute based their reports upon personal observation, and that officers and crew of the former vessel confirmed the statement of their commander. Sampson was advised of the discovery of the enemy's vessels, and directed to send two of his fastest armored vessels to search St. Nicholas Channel and to reinforce the convoy which was to start immediately. In the light of information in his possession, necessarily more ample and accurate than that of the Department, Sampson discredited the report, and cabled that the vessels seen by the Eagle were the Armeria, Scorpion, and Supply of our own fleet, which had been at the point where the supposed hostile ships were sighted. Sampson properly declined to send any armored ships to Key West, asserting that even if the report were found to be correct there was sufficient force to furnish safe convoy. In its message to Sampson the Department had asked him if he were sure that all the Spanish cruisers were in Santiago. To place this point beyond all question, he instructed Commander Daniel Delehanty, commanding the auxiliary gunboat Suwanee, to get in communication with the insurgents and obtain reliable information as to the character and number of Spanish ships in the harbor. Unwilling to trust the insurgents, Commander Delehanty detailed Lieutenant Victor Blue to penetrate to the shore of Santiago, and by personal inspection ascertain the force that lay upon its protected waters. In the uniform of his rank, Lieutenant Blue landed, and upon his return on June 13 reported that he had seen and located all the ships of Admiral Cervera's command.

Decided relief followed the receipt of this information. Even before it reached Washington, however, and, in fact, prior to the inquiry to Sampson for confirmatory knowledge of the presence of the Spanish force at Santiago, Remey had been directed to reassemble and coal the convoy; troops were all the time embarking on board, and on the morning of June 12 it was reported ready for the service expected of it. It was not until 3 P.M. of June 14, however, that the transport fleet sailed from Tampa,



THE RETURN OF THE FLEET FROM SANTIAGO

This photograph was taken at four o'clock on the morning of August 20, 1898, from the deck of the Government boat Nina, which had brought a despatch from Secretary Long to Admiral Sampson, notifying him that peace had been declared. In the picture Admiral Sampson stands on the bridge of the New York, which heads the fleet.

soldiers continuing to pour upon the wharf and into the transports until the morning of that day.

To organize the convoy, it had been necessary to strip the blockade and coast defense force of men-of-war. For three weeks our blockade was hardly more than technically effective. Ostensibly to provide protection for Austrians in Cuba, the Vienna Government sent the cruiser Maria Teresa on a visit to the ports of the island. The Department was of opinion that the purpose was to determine whether the blockade was conducted in accordance with international law. This was also believed to be one of the objects of the presence in Cuban waters of the German cruiser Geier, which arrived at Cienfuegos on June 11, and which reported not a single vessel blockading that port. The commander of the Geier, in cruising on the north shore of the island, purposely "kept close to the shore, in order to inspect the harbor of Mariel and to see how far the American blockading-line extended." The Geier was somewhat inclined to neglect the customary amenities. On June 22 she was sighted off Havana by the Wilmington, to which she explained that she was from Jagua Bay bound to Havana. Commander C. C. Todd, commanding the American gunboat, signaled that the position of the senior officer was north of Havana, and he expected the German cruiser would communicate with that officer before proceeding on her course. But the Geier did not alter her direction, and shortly disappeared in a squall. She was not again seen by the Wilmington, having entered Havana.

Here were the men-of-war of two nations, both friendly to Spain, cruising in Cuban waters, apparently for the purpose of finding flaws in our blockade; and as their conduct was based necessarily on orders from their Governments, the President could not but consider the possibility of the interference of the latter in the conflict. The advisability of guarding our armored ships by every possible means, and of not permitting them to incur unjustifiable risk of injury by a shot from a shore battery, became more apparent. The need of strengthening our blockade was also plain, as indeed was the desirability of its extension. The Department had learned that the Spaniards were receiving supplies from Jamaica, Mexico, Europe, and North America, and it feared that the demand for necessities would cause the establishment of lines of steamers connecting neutral countries with Cuban ports which were not mentioned in the President's proclamation of blockade, but which were in communication with Havana. The main object of the blockade was the reduction of Havana by the peaceful though necessarily distressing expedient of cutting off supplies. It was destined to failure unless the cordon about Cuba were extended. The Department therefore determined to recommend the blockade of the coast of Cuba from Cape Francis, near the Yucatan Channel, to Cape Cruz, a short distance to the westward of Santiago. As the vessels carrying supplies to Havana usually entered Batabano, which was in railroad communication with the capital, that port was necessarily included within the limits of the blockade. A few miles from Batabano lies the Isle of Pines. This it was determined to seize for use as a base and harbor of refuge for small vessels operating in its vicinity, and at the time the peace protocol was signed, the Marine battalion, which had done such excellent work at Guantanamo, was on its way to effect occupation.

A further complication was added to the war situation when the State Department was advised on June 18 that the reserve fleet of Spain, consisting of one battle-ship, one armored cruiser, six converted cruisers, and four destroyers, besides auxiliary vessels, under the command of Admiral Camara, was on its way to the Philippines from the Spanish Peninsula. A week before the report of Camara's departure reached the Navy Department, the monitor Monterey sailed from San Diego, California, via Honolulu and Guam, and on June 23 the Monadnock left San Francisco for the same destination—both intended for reinforcement to Dewey. But the monitors were slow, and we could not count upon their arrival in advance of the Spanish fleet. It became necessary to employ other means to reinforce Dewey. Commodore John C. Watson was detached from the command of the blockading division on the north coast of Cuba and directed to hasten with despatch to Santiago, where he was to assume command of a squadron consisting of the battle-ships Iowa and Oregon, and the cruisers Newark, Yosemite, Yankee, and Dixie. That the vessels might not suffer from want of fuel, a number of steam colliers, carrying forty thousand tons of the best coal of the country, were assembled at Hampton Roads, and instructions were given them to join Watson in the Azore Islands. Hitherto the Department had attempted, with poor success, to keep news of its orders and plans from the press. On this occasion, however, the plan of an attack upon Spain herself was given the widest publicity, with a view primarily to alarm Spain and cause the recall of Camara, and secondarily to awaken Europe to the fact that the republic of the western hemisphere would not hesitate to carry war, if necessary, across the Atlantic. Announcement was made on June 27 of the organization of Commodore Watson's squadron, officially designated as the "Eastern Squadron," which "will sail for the coast of Spain immediately."

Departure of Camara's reserve fleet left the coast of Spain practically without naval defense, but public opinion and the desire to assert sovereignty in the Philippines forced the Madrid authorities to make the move. For a moment, Spain had considered the withdrawal of Cervera from Santiago, unaware that his return was impossible; but the Captain-General of Cuba frowned on such action. The inadequacy of their home fortifications was known to the Castilians better than to us. But Watson's real destination was not a Spanish port. It was intended that he should follow Camara's fleet, and, though reaching the East after its arrival there, he would have experienced little difficulty in arranging a junction with Dewey. A combined movement by them against the enemy's forces would have insured their annihilation.

The Spanish reserve fleet arrived at Port Saïd on June 26, and the fact was cabled to Dewey. Sampson was also advised of the distance it had made, but he was loth to part with any of his ships because of the opinion that the force he then had "insures a capture which I believe will terminate the war." But the Department could not leave Dewey with an inferior force. Our supremacy in the Pacific, with all that it meant, must be maintained; the troops *en route* to Manila must be protected. So, disregarding Sampson's views, it was decided not to change the plan with respect to Watson's squadron. The departure of the battle-ships was delayed, however, in order that the remaining armored vessels might fill their bunkers and maintain for as long a time as possible without recoaling their position off Santiago.

Our difficulty in making a wise distribution of the armored vessels available was great; but the Spaniards, too, were having trouble. The Egyptian Government prohibited transshipment of coal to the Spanish battle-ship Pelayo, and on June 30 Camara was directed to leave Egyptian ports at once. His failure to pass without delay through the Suez Canal cast a doubt upon his destination, or indicated that he was not properly equipped for the long voyage to the Philippines. Watson's departure was suspended. The first of the Spanish ships began passage through the Canal on July 2, and others went through on July 5 and 6. In the meantime Cervera's squadron had been destroyed, and the defense of Spain compelled the return of the ships in the Red Sea.

Meantime not the slightest attempt was made by the Spanish gunboats lurking in the harbors of Cuba to prevent the American transports with the army on board from safely reaching their destination. The knowledge of the formidable character of the fleet convoying it was sufficient to deter even the boldest from making a dash upon it. Before the departure of the expedition, the plan of campaign to be pursued jointly by the army and navy upon arrival at Santiago had been fully discussed by the War and Navy Departments. Major-General William R. Shafter, commanding the military force, was directed by General R. A. Alger, Secretary of War, to proceed with his expedition "under convoy of the navy to the vicinity of Santiago de Cuba, land your force at such place east and west of that point as your judgment may dictate, under the protection of the navy, and move it on to high ground and bluffs overlooking the harbor or into the interior, as shall best enable you to capture or destroy the garrison there; and cover the navy as it sends its men in small boats to remove torpedoes, or, with the aid of the navy, capture or destroy the Spanish fleet now reported to be in Santiago harbor." It was the confident expectation of the service that the army would attack from the rear the Spanish shore batteries which Sampson found no difficulty in silencing, and in which direction they could not fire. It was suggested to the President by the Navy Department that the important bridge of Juragua, reported mined and guarded by a small force of Spanish soldiers, should be seized and held by the army. With it in our possession a great advantage in the movement on the forts would be achieved. As the fleet would be employed in raising the mines and attacking the Spanish vessels within the harbor, the Department expressed the opinion that no body of seamen should be landed for participation in the attempt on the bridge. This memorandum to the President was transmitted by the Secretary of War to General Shafter.

On the day of the army's arrival on the 21st of June, Captain French E. Chadwick, commanding the armored cruiser New York, and Sampson's chief of staff, was sent to confer with General Shafter. Captain Chadwick pointed out on a chart which he brought the positions occupied by the eastern and western batteries, the carrying of which was regarded by the Admiral as of primal importance, to be done before attention was paid to the city. "The possession of these points," says Admiral Sampson in his official report, "insured the destruction of the mines by us, the entrance of the heavy ships in the harbor, and the assault on Cervera's squadron. To this General Shafter gave most cordial assent, and stated that he had no intention of attacking the city proper, that here (pointing to the entrance) was the key to the situation, and that when we had this we had all."

Following the conference of Captain Chadwick with General Shafter, the latter met Rear-Admiral Sampson and Generals Garcia and Rabi, of the insurgent forces, a short distance from Aserradero, and the plan of campaign was discussed. General Shafter claims that he announced at this conference his purpose to move against the city of Santiago. In his official report, Rear-Admiral Sampson reported that at that time General Shafter repeated what he had stated to Captain Chadwick. "I do not know why a change of plan occurred," Rear-Admiral Sampson states, "unless it was that the troops on being landed advanced themselves so far on the roads toward Santiago, before any specific plan of operations had been decided upon, that it was found inconvenient to divert them to the other points. I believe that such adherence would have resulted in a much quicker surrender of the Spanish troops and with much less loss of life, excepting possibly to the navy, which would have borne the brunt of attack instead of the army."

By changing the plan and attacking Santiago, Shafter made the city his objective, when the motive of the expedition was the destruction of Cervera's command. From the moment of his arrival until the surrender of Santiago Sampson believed, and in this opinion he was supported by his subordinates, that the capture of the fortifications defending the entrance to the harbor was the first and only proper military move, and once it was carried out, not only would Cervera's division be sunk or captured, but the city would fall. As Shafter's position before Santiago increased in seriousness, his appeals to the navy to force the harbor of Santiago increased in earnestness. "Navy should go into harbor at any cost," he cabled to the War Department. "If they do, I believe they will take the city and all the troops that are there. If they do not, our country should be prepared for heavy losses among our troops." This cablegram was sent two days after the destruction of Cervera's squadron. The international situation, however, did not permit us to throw our armored vessels away on the mines in Santiago harbor when there were no Spanish vessels to attack and destroy. We could not afford to lose one battle-ship; our efforts to purchase war-ships before the war showed that the acquisition of a single battle-ship was impossible. Moreover, as has already been stated, the attitude of Continental Europe forbade the reduction of our armored naval strength, because upon it we might have to rely for defense, not only from the Spanish force in European waters, but from an attack by the navy of another country. Sampson never entertained the slightest fear of the forts defending Santiago. "They cannot even prevent our entrance," he wrote to General Shafter the day before Cervera's fleet came out. "Our trouble from the first has been that the channel to the harbor is well strewn with observation mines, which would certainly result in the sinking of one or more of our ships if we attempted to enter the harbor, and by the sinking of a ship the object of the attempt to enter the harbor would be defeated by the preventing of further progress on our part. It was my hope that an attack on your part of these shore batteries from the rear would leave us at liberty to drag the channel for torpedoes." Sampson finally determined to bring the marines from Guantanamo to capture the batteries, but before the plan could be put into execution additional troops arrived and the city surrendered.

It was gratifying to the Department to find that it had at Santiago an officer who would not be turned from the course which was so clearly buoyed. The pressure upon Sampson to follow the procedure of Farragut was not greater than that applied in Washington. Sharp criticism was leveled at the Department and at Sampson because of their refusal to risk the loss of any of our armorclads. Secretary Alger wrote on July 15, urging that orders be given the fleet to force its way into the Bay. On the following day a cable was received from Rear-Admiral Sampson fully explaining the situation, and declaring that "to throw my ships to certain destruction upon mine-fields would be suicidal folly."

The Department needed not this explanation to understand Sampson's course. Before its receipt the determination had been reached to relieve him of criticism and to accept in Washington the responsibility for his refusal to enter Santiago. He was directed to confer with the commander of the army with a view to doing all that was reasonably possible to insure the surrender of the enemy. "I leave the matter to your discretion," the Secretary of the Navy cabled, "except that the United States armored vessels must not be risked"—except, of course, in encountering the enemy's vessels.

The events described cover the period between the arrival of the military expedition at Santiago and a few days prior to the capitulation of the Spanish forces in the eastern end of Cuba. Before the departure of Shafter's expedition from Tampa, the attention of the War Department was called to the need of supplying General Shafter's command with means for landing at its destination. The navy was prepared, of course, to furnish all the assistance in its power, in the disembarkation of troops, stores, etc. The Secretary of War advised the Secretary of the Navy that "the Major-General commanding will land his own troops. All that is required of the navy is to convoy and protect with the guns of the convoy while the military forces are landed." Yet practically no preparations were made by Shafter to land his army, and this task fell upon the navy. How well it was accomplished is shown by the cordial acknowledgment of army officers. This satisfactory maneuver followed a feint on the west side of the harbor and the bombardment of Darquiri, which was the point of landing, and of several other available sites of debarkation. There being a possibility that Cervera would take advantage of the opportunity to attempt to escape, Sampson reinforced the blockading squadron by the battle-ship Indiana, which had accompanied the army expedition from Tampa.

With that bravery and gallantry which have characterized the conduct of American troops in action, the army under Shafter pressed forward toward Santiago. Its advance forced Spain to come to a decision in regard to Cervera's fleet. Captain-General Blanco expressed the opinion on June 28 that the situation of the vessels in Santiago was the most dangerous of all, and that if they should be destroyed without fighting the moral effect would be terrible both in Spain and abroad. Cervera replied that, on account of lack of batteries to keep the hostile squadron at a distance, it remained constantly near the harbor entrance, illuminating it, which made a sortie, except by main force, impossible. "In my opinion," added the Admiral, "the sortie will entail the certain loss of the squadron and the majority of its crews. I shall never take this step on my own account, but if your Excellency so orders I shall carry it out." The position of the Spanish troops defending Santiago became daily more untenable, and on July 2 General Blanco cabled to Cervera that, in view of the exhausted and serious condition of Santiago, he should go out immediately.

Sunday, July 3, 1898, is a day which will live in the annals of the American navy. A fog rested over the Bay of Santiago. It was the pall which was descending upon the power of Spain in the Indies. Outside, when the morning blushed, it disclosed the American ships gently rocking at their blockading positions, their bows in semicircle pointing each to the narrow orifice through which Cervera was preparing to dash. In bold relief, rising from the blue of the ocean, was the rugged shore, covered, save at the mouth of the harbor, with verdure. Sampson had arranged to confer with General Shafter at Siboney during the morning, and at 8:55 A.M. he started for the rendezvous, signaling as he left, "Disregard movements commander-in-chief." The familiar signal, as is well known in naval parlance, is not a relinquishment or transfer of command, but a notification to the vessels of the fleet that the commander-in-chief is moving—in this case, out of his usual place in the blockading line. The blockading squadron was further weakened by the absence of the Massachusetts, which, needing coal, had left at four o'clock for Guantanamo. Having taken a leading part in the pursuit of Cervera and in keeping him in Santiago, it seems a hard fate that she was deprived of participation in the battle, and it was a source of especial regret to me that the Bay State was not among those the namesakes of which did so nobly for the honor of the flag.

The morning wore on with the monotonous round of duties imposed upon the crews of war-ships. These were at their day stations—further out than at night. They were ranged in the form of a semicircle, with the harbor as the center, the Brooklyn holding the extreme left or western end of the line, the Texas next toward the east, the Iowa still further east and south on the curve, then the Oregon, and as the line swept into the coast, the Indiana. Closer in shore, and not far from the Brooklyn and the Indiana respectively, lay the converted gunboats Vixen and Gloucester. The vigilance the ships had observed, the rivalry between them to be the first to sight the enemy, the danger that neglect might result in death or the destruction of some of the ships, or, worse yet, the disgrace of the enemy's escape, caused constant scrutiny of the narrow channel leading into the harbor.

The fact that the enemy was coming out was discovered almost simultaneously on several ships. From a six-pounder of the Iowa, two sharp reports, the first to break the stillness of that peaceful Sabbath morning, reverberated toward the green-covered hills. From her signal mast fluttered "Enemy's ships coming out," but the breeze had not time to straighten the flags before there broke out from the Texas the same signal.

"We had just finished making the turn at Diamond Bank, amidst deathlike silence, everybody awed by the magnificent spectacle of the ships issuing from the Morro and Socapa," Captain Concas wrote. "It was a solemn moment, capable of making the calmest heart beat faster. From outside the conning-tower, which I did not want to enter, in order, if I should fall, to set an example to my defenseless crew, I asked leave of the Admiral to open fire, and, that received, I gave the order. The bugle gave the signal for the commencement of the battle, an order which was repeated by those of the other batteries, and followed by a murmur of approbation from all those poor sailors and marines who were anxious to fight; for they did not know that those warlike echoes were the signal which hurled their country at the feet of the victor, since they were to deprive Spain of the only power still of value to her, without which a million soldiers could be of no service; of the only power which would have weight in the treaty of peace; a power the destruction of which would place Spain at the mercy of her enemy—the old Spain of Europe, not Cuba alone, as many ignorant persons believed. The sound of my bugles was the last echo of those which history tells us were sounded at the capture of Granada. It was the signal that the history of four centuries of grandeur was at an end and that Spain was becoming a nation of the fourth class."

Most of the crews of the American ships were at Sunday inspection when the enemy's vessels were discovered. In the lead was the Infanta Maria Teresa, following her the Vizcaya, then the Colon, and finally the Oquendo. The two destroyers lagged behind, though the intention was that, under the protection of the larger ships, they should hug the shore and thus escape the fire of the American guns. To the lookouts on the American ships, the Teresa, as she slowly felt her way along the narrow, tortuous channel, looked like a small tugboat, but through their glasses they promptly identified her and the ships which followed in her wake as the enemy which they and their messmates had so long sought an opportunity to engage.

With an alacrity that bespoke gratification that the close of weary waiting and watching had come, officers and men sprang to their stations. As they ran, gunners and stokers stripped off their upper clothing. The moment was fraught with the risk of death, but it was filled with action, and the men who were the actors wanted nothing to impede rapid and accurate movement. Down in the bowels of the ships, the stokers, the firemen, and the engineers, deprived of the inspiration which the flash of the guns and the sight of the enemy give, feverishly threw coal into the furnaces, or sprayed the fuel and started the fans to put on forced draught, or watched the machinery and carried out the orders that the brazen bell or the speaking-tube brought from their officers. The men, grimed with coal-dust, knew that upon them depended to a large extent whether the enemy would escape. And who can describe the feelings of the men at the machinery, as they cursed at the steam for its slowness in rising, and at the fact that motives of economy and the desire to remain as long as possible before Santiago without recoaling had caused so many of their captains to refrain from keeping up steam on all the boilers? For only the Oregon was prepared for full speed—a condition due to Captain Charles E. Clark, the commander of that famous ship, and his Chief Engineer, Robert W. Milligan, who kept the furnace fires lighted—certainly a fortunate circumstance on that fortunate day.

"If the enemy tries to escape," Sampson had directed in the standing battle order of June 2, which had undergone no modification, "the ships must close and engage as soon as possible, and endeavor to sink his vessels or force them to run ashore in the channel." This was the command of the day. Toward the mouth of the harbor the American ships started. The Vixen, not to obstruct the fire of the Brooklyn, properly turned out to sea. The Gloucester, at the eastern point of the line, gathered steam waiting the appearance of the Spanish torpedo-boat destroyers, which Commander Wainwright, her commander, marked as his especial prey. And when the Furor and Pluton appeared, he slipped the leash, and the Gloucester, herself a mere pleasure yacht without armor and with an inferior battery, sprang at them—David at Goliath—a lightly clad youth fighting armored gladiators. The example of the commander inspired the men. It was one of the most intrepid and brilliant heroisms in all naval history. Calmly and deliberately they aimed at the destroyers, the most dreaded vessels of the Spanish navy, and shell after shell struck the target. Upon the destroyers also our armorclads turned their guns. The Pluton was soon disabled; she turned and labored toward the rocks upon which she struck. The Furor, a wreck, aimlessly maneuvered in circles. Practically broken in two by a large shell which pierced her midships, her bow shot up from the water and she sank.

Before the tragedy of the destroyers began, that of the armored cruisers was in course of consummation. As the Teresa moved out of the harbor, upon her was concentrated the awful fire of four battle-ships and one armored cruiser. Captain Concas states in his book that the plan agreed upon before the ships came out contemplated the ramming of the Brooklyn by the Teresa; but if this were really the purpose, it was abandoned before attempt was made to put it into execution. Captain Taylor, of the Indiana, observed that the Teresa showed no intention to ram the Brooklyn; so did Commander Wainwright. There were a few minutes when uncertainty prevailed as to what the Spanish ships would do. Would they separate, and, each pursuing a different direction, attempt to confuse the fire of the American squadron? But Cervera, whose flag flew from the masthead of the Teresa, quickly settled this point, and took a westward course, closely followed by the remainder of his command.

The New York and Brooklyn were the only American vessels credited with the speed the Spanish cruisers were reputed to possess. The distance away of the former vessel, therefore, made it even more imperative that the enemy should not be allowed to pass the blockading line. As the Brooklyn was rushing in, she repeated the signal of the Iowa, "Enemy's ships escaping," then gave "Clear ship for action," and a third signal, "Close up"—all in execution of Rear-Admiral Sampson's standing order. Signal that the enemy was escaping had been hoisted on the New York, which, though out of the line, was in plain sight of the Iowa, Indiana, and Gloucester, and not much farther from the Indiana and Gloucester than the Brooklyn was from those vessels.

Thus the first move of the action was in exact accordance with the instructions of the Commander-in-Chief. Their complete observance was, however, prevented by the failure of the Brooklyn to hold the position which had been assigned to her. As this cruiser was steaming in toward the mouth of the harbor, Commodore Schley explained to Captain Cook, commanding the vessel, and a very brave and competent officer, that the signal, "Close up," meant that he was "to keep somewhere about one thousand yards from the enemy, so as to be outside of her broadside torpedo range"—although no such interpretation seems to have been placed upon it by the Commander-in-Chief. To this may possibly be ascribed Captain Cook's direction to port the helm as the ship was nearing the enemy—an order immediately confirmed by Schley—and the Brooklyn began to turn away from the battle-line until her stern was presented to the hostile cruisers. This maneuver was executed while from the masthead of the vessel was flying the signal, "Close up"! Having gone to the southward a distance not fully established, but ranging between eight hundred and two thousand yards, the Brooklyn turned and ran parallel with the Spanish ships. Schley declared this maneuver the crucial and deciding feature of the combat, and that it removed him from "dangerous proximity" to the enemy—a claim which President Roosevelt sharply criticised in his reply to Schley's appeal from the Court of Inquiry. But it almost precipitated a collision with the Texas, which was compelled to stop and lose distance, in order to escape the danger which was thus thrust upon her, and it left a hole in the blockading line, through which the enemy promptly steamed. Had the Spanish cruisers been able to make their estimated speed, this disobedience of Admiral Sampson's order to close and sink or force them to run ashore in the channel might have resulted in their escape. The Spaniards themselves expressed surprise that they were able to leave the mouth of the harbor at all. "When the Oquendo came out of the harbor," Captain Concas states, "it is strange that the American battle-ships which ought to have surrounded her did not capture or sink her then and there, because with the superiority they had they ought to have accomplished more than they did." To those on the Texas the moment of greatest danger in the battle was when the Brooklyn loomed out of the smoke. "Suddenly a whiff of breeze and a lull in the firing lifted the pall," wrote Captain Philip, of the Texas, "and there bearing toward us and across our bows turning on her port helm, with big waves curling over her bows and great clouds of black smoke pouring from her funnels, was the Brooklyn. She looked as big as half a dozen Great Easterns, and seemed so near that it took our breath away. 'Back both engines hard!' went down the tube to the astonished engineers, and in a twinkling the old ship was racing against herself. The collision, which seemed imminent, even if it was not, was averted, and as the big cruiser glided past all of us on the bridge gave a sigh of relief. Had the Brooklyn struck us then, it would have probably been the end of the Texas and her half thousand men."

Once turned and straightened out on a course to the westward about 2,400 yards from the parallel line of the Spanish ships, the Brooklyn did splendid and conspicuous work, lost the only man killed on our side, and did everything to redeem the error of her first maneuver.

In the meantime all the American vessels were covering the Spanish ships with a steel hail which smothered the men at the guns and prevented an accurate return.

The Teresa could not stand up under the deadly fire to which she was subjected. Two twelve-inch shells from the Iowa or the Texas smashed in her armor and entered under the berth-deck, exploding in the stern torpedo-manipulating room, cutting the beams of the berth-deck on the port side away from the frames and completely wrecking everything in that compartment. A ragged hole four feet square on the starboard side showed the point of exit. Three eight-inch shells struck the ship, two of which exploded and the third passed through the hull without bursting. Other projectiles also penetrated the vessel, killing and wounding men, driving the gunners from their stations, and setting the woodwork on fire. The Teresa was soon a burning hulk, and at 10:15 A.M. she turned to the shore and was beached six and one-half miles from the Morro. As she struck the rock, the tars of the Texas, with the elation natural to the victorious, began to cheer. But, gazing with pitying eye upon the sufferings of the men lying wounded upon the decks of the cruiser or frantically endeavoring to escape from the flames which were licking up the masts, Captain Philip, his heart bursting with the awfulness of her disaster, cried to his crew, "Don't cheer, boys: the poor devils are dying."

The murderous fire which had been poured upon the Teresa as she made her exit from the harbor was also suffered by the Vizcaya and Oquendo. By the time the Oquendo appeared, the gunners of the American fleet had recovered from their first excitement, and they aimed at her as coolly as they had done a few days before at the batteries defending the entrance to the harbor. The precision with which they shot was shown by the effect on the target-ship. Her sides, smokestacks, ventilators, hatchtrunk, practically everything above the water line, were riddled by large shells or fragments and by numerous small projectiles. One eight-inch common shell struck the hood of the forward eleven-inch gun at the edge of the port and burst, its fragments killing every one in the turret and wrecking the gun and its mount. Six other eight-inch shells entered the ship, causing frightful damage. Like the Teresa, the Oquendo was soon on fire, which could not be extinguished, and she was beached half a mile to the westward of the point where the Teresa had sought a resting-place. The Vizcaya and the Colon were now left to carry on the battle with the uninjured American ships. The Indiana, which had used her guns with terrific effect upon the Spanish ships as they left the mouth of the harbor, was unable to keep up with the flying cruisers. She used her guns at long range upon the Vizcaya until Captain Taylor observed that vessel on fire and heading toward the shore.

By the loop of the Brooklyn the Texas had lost distance and position. Nevertheless she steamed gallantly after the chase, and, with the Oregon and the Iowa, drove shell into the enemy's vessels. The Iowa dropped behind, and Sampson, when he came up, signaled to her and to the Indiana to return to their blockading stations off the mouth of the harbor and prevent the egress of any man-of-war which might enterprisingly attempt to destroy the transports lying not far away. This was the only strategic fleet order during the action.

Far out to sea the Brooklyn, which had been doing magnificent work with her battery after the loop was made, and the Oregon pressed on, after the destruction of the Teresa, Oquendo, and Vizcaya, in chase of the Colon, which was scudding along the shore. Laboring to overtake the fleeing Spaniard also was the New York, which had now attained seventeen knots, the highest speed of any ship in the action. The Oregon, with a great white bone in her teeth, was overhauling the Colon, and, when within what was believed to be the range, a shell was fired from her forward thirteen-inch gun. The projectiles soon began to fall beyond and around the last of the Spanish cruisers. Further effort to escape would have resulted only in death to its officers and men. Following the examples of her sister ships in flames forty-five miles away, the Colon turned into the shore. The fight was ended.

We in Washington knew nothing of this dramatic struggle at the time it was occurring. The President and members of his Cabinet sat discussing the distressing despatch from Shafter saying that he contemplated withdrawal of his troops a distance of five miles, and considering the means to be employed for his immediate reinforcement. In the evening the Secretary of War received a despatch from General Shafter transmitting a message from Captain Cotton, of the Harvard, announcing that Admiral Sampson had signaled that Cervera had escaped and that the Admiral was in pursuit. Gathered at the White House on that Sabbath day, our hearts palpitated between hope and fear. Almost an hour later came a message stating that all the Spanish fleet, except one, were destroyed and burning on the beach. Then came Sampson's message: "The fleet under my command offers the Nation as a Fourth of July present the whole of Cervera's fleet." Sampson has been criticised for this despatch. He did not write it. It was written by the officer he sent to telegraph the news. But he assumed it, for he shirked no responsibility. The pronoun I is not in it. It is not unlike General Sherman's telegram on the capture of Savannah. It assumes no credit for Sampson, but gives it all to the fleet under his command. There is no fault to find with it. Spain's power was destroyed. Santiago's fall was certain. Peace was the inevitable and early outcome. The destruction of the Spanish division released our entire battle fleet.

By the annihilation of Cervera's fleet officers and men had performed their duty. It was now for the Nation by practical act to show its appreciation of the stupendous victory—a victory remarkable for the loss of but a single life and the immaterial damage done our men-of-war.

As a partial recompense for their arduous and dangerous work, and on the recommendation of the Navy Department, Sampson was given by the President, subject to confirmation by the Senate, an advance in grade of eight numbers, and Schley, six numbers; all the captains, with the exception of Captain Clark, of the Oregon, who was given six numbers, were each advanced five numbers, Wainwright, who was only a lieutenant-commander, getting ten numbers, that advance in his grade corresponding to the smaller numbers in the higher grade of captain. Advancement was given to the executive and engineer officers of the fleet. Save in the case of Sampson and Schley, these promotions were finally confirmed by the Senate. It is a tragic feature of the struggle with Spain that Sampson, broken by the tremendous strain he had undergone, died without receiving the recognition to which his patriotic and splendid service entitled him, and without even the thanks of Congress or promotion in rank. And that, too, in spite of the generous testimony of then Commodore Schley, who, in his despatch to the Navy Department of July 10, 1898, said: "Feel some mortification that the newspaper accounts of July 6 have attributed victory on July 3 almost entirely to me. Victory was secured by the force under the command Commander-in-Chief North Atlantic Squadron, and to him the honor is due." In a like spirit is the language of Sampson, the Commander-in-Chief, in his letter to the Department of July 10, in which, while compelled to characterize as reprehensible, as the Court of Inquiry afterwards were compelled to find it to be, Schley's conduct in the previous May in his dilatory approach and vacillating retrograde off Santiago, yet asked the Department "to do him ample justice" on the occasion of the battle of July 3.

The unhappy controversy which afterwards grew out of the rival claims of the friends of these officers, and which came to be exceedingly acrid, is the only incident of any moment that mars the otherwise universally applauded record of the navy during the Spanish War. Political and partisan interests fanned the flame of it. It raged more in the press and in public discussion even than in naval circles. Scurrilous verses and pictures in obloquy of Sampson were published, as if he had been a traitor instead of a patriot. The Navy Department, its head, and some of its bureau officers were bitterly assailed and were without the slightest ground accused of persecuting Admiral Schley. In fact, the Department had treated him with a leniency that with an earlier knowledge of the retrograde movement in May would have been inexcusable. It did not even order a court of inquiry until, under the pressure of the circumstances, and after more than two years, he asked for one. The considerate action of the Department is fully set out in the Secretary's letter of July 3, 1899, to President McKinley in answer to the complaint of some gentlemen in Baltimore.

Nor was there really any ground for

this controversy. The facts were and are all of record and speak for themselves. With regard to the question of command at the battle of July 3 off Santiago, nothing could be simpler. Sampson was the commander-in-chief, as frankly stated by Schley himself in his despatch of July 10. During the battle Sampson was at first at the extreme east of the line, too far to take part then in the fight, as the Spanish ships turned west instead of east. But he at once steamed along the whole line of battle, joining in the pursuit of the last Spanish ships, though the fighting was substantially over. From the first he was all the time within signal distance. The battle was fought under and in accordance with his standing order of June, and during the whole day no order was given to the fleet by anybody else in conflict with that general order or in addition to it. He was as much in command as Grant at Chattanooga, although Grant's generals were doing the actual fighting at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, where he could not personally be. The historian Rhodes comments on McClellan's customary absence from the actual battles fought by his troops, and yet everybody recognizes that McClellan was in command, responsible for results, and to him is given the credit for the victories and the blame for the defeats of his army. Sampson was likewise in actual and not merely in technical command. President Roosevelt, in his summing up, on his rejection of Schley's appeal to him from the Court of Inquiry, says it was a "captains' fight." This is true if only the actual fighting is referred to, just as, in that sense, it might have been said of Chattanooga. In that sense, as I said in an address at Atlanta, the result would have been the same if both Sampson and Schley had been ten thousand miles away on the day of the Santiago fight. Neither of them was essential to the immediate battle or gave an order that day that affected the fleet's action until its close. It was, of course, fought under Sampson's general order in case the enemy came out, but that order had been standing a month and was familiar to every captain. As to Schley, as stated in the brief of Judge Advocate-General Captain Samuel C. Lemly and his able assistant, Mr. E. P. Hanna, the Solicitor of the Navy Department, and as substantially restated by President Roosevelt, not a ship in the fleet (except his own, the Brooklyn), neither the Gloucester, the Iowa, the Indiana, the Texas, nor the Oregon, had any order or command from Schley, so that, so far as those vessels were concerned, "not the stroke of a propeller-blade, not the touch of a helm, not the firing of a shot, was done under the direction or by the order of Admiral Schley during that memorable battle." Had Admiral Schley not been on board the Brooklyn, Captain Cook would have fought the ship without a superior on board, as each other captain fought his.

It is not often that so bitter a controversy has arisen between the respective friends of two officers, where neither of them was an essential factor in the immediate fighting. On the other hand, in justice to them, it should be remembered that Sampson, who was the actual commander-in-chief, subject to all the praise or blame that always attaches to the responsibility of that position, and under whom and whose orders the battle was fought, should have had his country's generous and ungrudging recognition, as Dewey had it for Manila; and also that Schley, although exercising command in no particular that day over the fleet, did his duty on board the Brooklyn (barring his turn from the enemy and endangering the Texas at the beginning), his ship thereafter rendering magnificent and most creditable service in its splendid fight with the enemy's ships and in compelling their surrender, and for this he should have full and unstinted credit.

History will certainly do justice to both men, giving them praise where deserved and blame where due. Would that the recent discussion of their merits, too often inflamed and unreasoningly blind to anything but its own preconceptions and prejudices, could have been inspired with the calm and generous spirit with which history at a later day and with judicial balance will record its verdict!

After the taking of the city of Santiago by the land forces and the gallant battles in which they engaged, attention was turned to Porto Rico. An ample naval convoy for the expedition to that island of the army contingent was provided by Admiral Sampson and even augmented at the over-apprehensive urgency of General Miles, commanding the army. The battle-ship Massachusetts was made flagship of a co-operating squadron. A division, Captain Charles H. Davis commanding, consisting of the Dixie, Annapolis, Gloucester, and Wasp, captured Ponce on July 28; three days later the Gloucester and Wasp took possession of Arroyo; the Amphitrite landed a detachment at Cape San Juan on August 6 and occupied the lighthouse, and the easy capture of the island was insured. Eleven United States men-of-war were in Porto Rican waters during the operations on the island of the army under General Miles, who—it is one of the humorous incidents of the war—sent an amusingly transparent telegram to the Secretary of War on August 9, stating that he was "informed the naval vessels at this place [Ponce] have been ordered round to San Juan. In order that there may be no conflict of authority, I request that no aggressive action be taken against that place, that no landings be made or communication held with the Spanish officials or forces on this island by the navy." I think that even the Secretary of War could not help smiling when he read me this unhappy despatch. Three or four days later the war was over and there were no more battles to win.

Aftermath

By Madeline Yale Wynne

Author of "The Little Room and Other Stories," etc.

"SPEAKING of love," said John, craning his neck to peer up among the branches of an apple-tree where two squirrels were keeping up a mighty chatter, "speaking—of—love," he was now balancing his words unconsciously in unison with his motions as he adjusted to a nicety his aim of the apple in his hand. The moment arrived, and he "fired" the apple with a swift jerk; even while it cut through the air the squirrel-talk broke off, and two incarnate bits of motion bridged the chasm between the trees, then passed out of sight down the leafy highway over our heads.

"But nobody was speaking of love," said I, "and it is simply ridiculous the way you men throw things at things. Women never want to throw things; it is purely a masculine inclination. Why should a squirrel suggest a missile to a man?"

"As I was saying," continued John, unmoved, "speaking of love—for we may be said to be speaking of it now, mayn't we?" he asked, meekly.

"Why, yes," I admitted, "of love and men and squirrels."

"Well, what I wanted to ask is this: is love a back number, has it gone out of fashion in the era that has come in on bicycle and on golf-sticks?"

"John, before we discuss that subject," I suggested with dignity, "I wish to remind you that to-day happens to be the ninth anniversary of our wedding-day. Not that I would for a moment wish that insignificant fact to color your views; I only mention it as a coincident of interest."

"Have you really been married nine years?" asked Susette, with mild wonder in her eyes; and how very long she made the "nine years" sound! I was not quite sure that this was an auspicious time for random views on life and love, for there was a something about the relations between Lewis and Susette that was as yet too intangible to be named, too tenuous to be put to the strain of even a far-off parallel of a suggestion. Some one has said that "engagements should not be pulled up by the roots to see how they are getting on," and I thought of this as I answered lightly, "Yes, John and I have forged a chain of nine links; we are celebrating the event in this our smoke-talk under the trees."

"For men must smoke and women must talk," recited John, mournfully.

"How sweet the hay is!" said Susette, with her appreciative, informal little nose high in the air.

"Aftermath you should say," corrected John.

"Rowan, isn't it?" asked Lewis.

"What is aftermath but rowan, and what is rowan but hay?" asked Susette.

"Aftermath is second crop; it costs six dollars a day to get it in; we lose two dollars on every load. This is Jane's pet economy; she invests her losses in more fertilizer; consequent upon that comes more hay, and therefore more loss every succeeding year. That is the true inwardness of aftermath."

It is needless to say it was John who made this summary, and that I am Jane.

Susette seemed to suspect that an effort had been made to get the subject of love decently out of sight, and to bury it in the hay that our Swede was raking up into cocks for the night. Therefore she deliberately set herself to bring us back to the subject, in order to prove her unconsciousness. "We may have changed our point of view regarding what is called love," said she, "but I certainly think this generation takes a wiser and wider point of view."

Susette is a graduate from two colleges. She is straight physically and mentally, but to my thinking she is much too flagrantly innocent of the fact that Lewis has been spending the very best part of his vacation between college and his professional studies in a minute and painstaking investigation of her nature, and she not at all on his list of prescribed studies, either. She, for her part, it seemed to me, had been deliberately and successfully baffling him in this elected, post graduate course.

John was bent just now on provoking a crisis, a most dangerous thing to do; I never want to be around when submarine mines are set off. Fortunately, John is so mercurial as well as impressionable that he often defeats his own aims; and possibly he had no definite end in view this time, for he said the next minute, "Lewis, you must be sure and come up here in June some time. I want to show you some prime fishing—fishing for bats."

"For *bats?*"

"Yes; it is great sport. They come bumbling round here by the hundreds in June. All you have to do is to throw out some lines from the upper porch there, use a nice bamboo rod, light and springy, with a reel, and—"

"Why, John, you know you never caught a bat in all your life," interjected I, in one of my prosy moods.

"No, come to think of it, I don't believe I ever did really catch one. They must be uncomfortable and uncanny beasts to handle; but it is not the catching that attracts, it's the fishing." I thought he winked at Lewis, but I am not sure—John is so very much of a child, even since his adoption of what he calls the silver standard as to hair and beard. He now went on to say, with the sportsman's enthusiasm, "It's great sport—early evening—half twilight—shoals of bats just getting their night-eyes on—breathless excitement! Oh, you must come up and try it, Lewis, though I warn you that Jane is quite right. I don't know as I ever thought of it before, but we never did really catch a bat."

"Love," said Lewis, slowly, oblivious of this long interlude of fishing enthusiasm, "love needs favorable conditions. Women to-day are centering themselves on the things that do not make for love. This is true of all their interests. They have proved everything that they have claimed; they are exactly what they wish to be, and they inspire exactly the sentiment they say they wish to inspire. Love to them is a superfluity; in matters psychological as in matters economic, the supply and demand are co-ordinate. Have you seen anything like the old-time love lying round of late?" asked he, in a cynical tone, of John.

"Lots of it," I answered, before John could speak.

"Give us a sample," suggested John, in the slang way he delights in—he always insists that he knows better what he thinks when he hears his thoughts spoken out in every-day words and terms.

"Well, I was thinking, when I spoke, of Hilda, our red-headed Hilda; you know her story, John."

"If it was on humble lines," suggested Lewis, "it may have had some of the old-time flavor. I was thinking more of what we call educated classes. She probably was not up to the times."

"Tell us about her!" exclaimed Susette, her enthusiasm growing as she purposely ignored every remark made by Lewis.

"Hilda was not young even when I first knew her; it was toward the end of her romance. I suppose she might have been thirty years old. She had wonderful red hair; I think it was that that recommended her to me—and afterwards I kept her because she wouldn't go away. John, was her story a romance—old-fashioned love, as you style it?"

"I'm no judge; let us have it, and the others shall say whether it fits."

"As I say, I particularly delighted in Hilda's red hair. She was a note of Venetian splendor in our dismal, smoky city, and when we had occasion to move to another city to live I supposed, of course, she would have to be left behind; but she announced immediately that she was going with us, and, by way of making herself invaluable, she developed a wonderful ability in packing our duds; all of our gods, demigods, and skeletons were packed by her with great skill and despatch, and at the other end of the route she redistributed these impediments, placing the gods in the niches and the skeletons in closets with surprising intuition. Thenceforth she managed the household. At this time I became aware of her extraordinary power in making friends; her Swedish contingent far outnumbered my own more modest and conservative assimilation of intimates."

"Yes," said John, "and all her friends seemed to be named Jung, or Yonson, or some other name with an interchangeable J or Y. She held regular täker fests, to coin a word, and our kitchen was too small to hold the numerous contestants. I didn't care about the below-stairs names, but I resented being called 'Yones' and having 'yems' for breakfast; as I used to say to Jane, 'her juse of the J ceased to be a yoy and a yoke.'"

"That is true; but her hair was a beautiful red, wasn't it?"

"Yes, 'twas a fine color scheme, and I did not mean to discourage any interest Susette and Lewis here had begun to feel in her romance; you admit her speech was broken, now prove to us that her heart was broken also."

"I can't prove it—I cannot even give you the delightful quality of her story—that was only to be felt by one who saw her as I did one night in the firelight, standing against the dull blue of the portière with the brass tray in her hand, her head thrown back and her hair shining like a halo. Imagine that, and you might possibly hear more than my clumsy words. 'My fad r' said she. in answer to a question of mine, 'he had a bakery in Sweden; we not poor like I am here, and we no need to work for anybody; we have mens to work for us, we been rich and have blenty and we no need to work for anybody. My fader he make de dings in the bakery, and my mudder she been in de shop to sell de dings, and my sister and me we have blenty company all de time; we give blenty to eat and dey like to come all de evenings. One jung man, he named Carl, he come often and he sit and sit, and so I t'ink he mean to ask me to marry him, but he never say one word; I t'ink it been because I so rich and he haf no money, so he not dare say nottings, but he yust sit and eat and not say anydings; he yust look all the time at me. One Christmas night we have blenty to eat and I t'ink *now* he speak, he stay so late, but he not speak; he yust eat and eat and look at me all de time. Den he get up and he say, "Good-by, Hilda," and he go away. I cry all dat night and t'ink him no good, why he not speak! But I t'ink he come back again some odder time, and I wait and wait; but he never come, and den we hear dat Carl he gone to America. So pretty soon I tell my fader and mudder I been tired of everydings and I go to America, and I come over here and I go to Baltimore, for I hear Carl he go dere. And den I get to know all the Swedes, and I ask everybody do dey know my Carl Yonson, and dey say, "Yes, he here," and I look and look but I never find him. I go and I see very many Yonsons, but I do not find my Carl, and after a while I grow pale and t'in and I 'fraid I grow old, but I t'ink some day I see him soon, and because I not been rich any more, he speak. I been in Baltimore t'ree year and I never see my Carl. One night I go to see some gardens where dere been dancing and music and everybody go, so I t'ink now I find my Carl; and den yust as I stand on some high steps while my young man he go to get tickets so we can dance, I feel so as if somebody look at me behind, and I turn round quick and dere stand my Carl Yonson looking at me. I feel his eyes in de back of my head he look at me so hard, and nobody stand between us, and den my heart it go right up in my t'roat, and I feel so weak, for he look at me yust as he did when he come to our house and eat; den I t'row my head back so, and yust laugh at him. I laugh out loud at him,' "'Why, Hilda!' I exclaimed.

"'Yes, I yust laugh. I been hunting him all dese years, and when I find him I yust laugh at him; and he grow red in the face, den he turn and go away. I call to him, 'Carl, come back, come back, I been looking for you everywhere,' but he never turn, he yust go away, and I never find him some more.'

"'*Never*, Hilda?'

"'No, I never see him some more. I ask everybody, and dey say he gone to Philadelphia, and den I gone to Philadelphia, and I get t'inner and I grow old fast, but he not dere. Den I hear he go to de West. I know many Sweeds and dey say, "Yes, you find your Carl out in de West," so I go West, and I hear everywhere, "Carl Yonson, yes, he been here, but he gone somewhere else," and I never find him now. I grow old, and I never find him.'

"'Then that is why you wanted to come here with us?' I said.

"'Yes, de Sweeds dey all say Carl Yonson he been in de new city, but I never find him.'

"'Why did you laugh, Hilda? I don't see why you laughed.'

"'I don't know; I didn't feel like myself; I just t'row my head back so, and laugh at him.'

"Now tell me, Lewis, what should you call the propelling power behind Hilda's quest for her Carl, if it was not love."

"Jane," said John, "finish the story first."

"Oh, of course; well, to be sure, Hilda married somebody else after a while. Nobody is consistent. She married frankly for a settlement; that was business, I admit. She herself said so. She didn't pretend to any love; in fact, she was bent on a good investment; and it marks exactly my point and emphasizes the difference between love and business. I confess I tried to make her see her own romance as I saw it, but she couldn't take the outsider's view. She didn't see what we may call the literary value of it. I suppose it was dead earnest to her. 'I never find my Carl, so I marry the best I can,' was the summing up of her experience. She made a miserable bargain, poor, red-haired Hilda, but she had loved."

Our man Yonson had raked the hay up quite close to us during the time I had been telling of Hilda. He was so dull I did not believe he would understand what I said, even if he heard. He was making up the hay in cocks for the night and tying on some white nightcaps to keep the dew off. He was one of those dreadfully light, faded-out, blue-eyed Swedes, a faithful, colorless creature who had always exasperated me because his eyes were so inadequate. Of course his name was Yonson; most Swedes seem to have that name. Maybe that was why Hilda always was hearing of "Carl Yonson." From behind me the Swede spoke quietly and in an unmoved way:

"Mrs. Yones, I been Hilda's Carl."

"You, *you* Carl Yonson!"

"Yes, I been Hilda's Carl."

"Really! And did you know that she followed you over to America, and that she is married now? And did she laugh at you when she found you in Baltimore?"

"Yes," said Carl, simply. "Hilda she laugh, she laugh out loud, but I not know, till you tole me, that she been married. It will be a good ding that Hilda she marry. It will be a good ding if her man—" Here Yonson paused to find an English equivalent for a Swedish idea that was in his slow mind. "It will be a very good ding for Hilda if sometimes her man he lick her, for Hilda she get too sassy sometime. Yes, it will be a very good ting if he lick Hilda."

John lay back on the grass and frankly laughed, Lewis and Susette very considerately strolled away, after a glance at each other, and Yonson went off trundling his wheelbarrow, now emptied of the nightcaps, which gleamed in ghostly whiteness on slumbering, giant cocks. John lay at full length at my feet; night settled down solemnly between the hills, while the katydids' synchronous chant filled the air.

"Jane," said John at last, "love may be a back number. I do not know much about love; but isn't it curious I found this little old French ring with a tiny little love-knot on it in my waistcoat pocket to-day, and now it turns out that this is our wedding anniversary."

John was hunting for my hand in the darkness, and when he found it he slipped the ring on my finger—he had woven sweet-grass all through the true-lover's knot while I had been telling Hilda's story. So like John.

Recent Fiction

IN a survey of recent activity in the field of American fiction a few weeks ago, The Outlook called attention to the fact that while no novels of high importance had been published, a number of stories had appeared of distinctly fine quality. To this list of novels, admirable in form, excellent in style, and wholesome in tone, must be added a few which have since come from the press; and among them a foremost place must be given to Mr. William Garrott Brown's "A Gentleman of the South" (The Macmillan Company). a comparatively short and a tragic story, dealing with a family feud and ending in a duel. The charm of the story is twofold. It is an admirable interpretation of the social ideals of the Old South; a sympathetic study of the standard of personal honor which, while it took conventional forms and imposed conventional duties, developed certain fine strains of character and bred men of great personal distinction. To this must be added the charm of style. It is not always easy or even possible to decide at the moment whether a piece of fiction is literature or not; but "A Gentleman of the South" has qualities of style which convey the sense of literature and which entitle the story to very careful reading. Mr. Brown, it will be remembered, is the author of that admirable interpretation of the part played in American politics by the South during the twenty-five years before the Civil War in "The Lower South in American History." He knows the field thoroughly; his knowledge of the historical background is accurate and sympathetic; and in this story he has dramatized the spirit of the Old South.

Mr. Howells, on the other hand, in his latest book, "Questionable Shapes" (Harper), deals with the most modern subjects, and ventures for the first time into that borderland which of recent years has tempted, perplexed, and bewildered a great many people to whom the problems of modern psychology are full of fascination. These stories constitute a new species of ghost stories, and in dealing with his elusive and spectral themes Mr. Howells has used all the delicacy and subtlety of his art. The tales are not blood-curdling; they do not terrify, and in most cases they do not deceive us by the semblance to reality; but they are carefully told; and their grouping in this volume indicates that Mr. Howells is seriously interested in this recurrence in dramatic form of the problems of immortality, of thought-transference, and kindred things.

One passes into another world when he lays down Mr. Howells's stories and opens Charles G. D. Roberts's "Earth's Enigmas" (L. C. Page & Co.)—a series of comparatively brief chapters dealing with incidents and episodes in the lives of men and of animals for which there is no apparent explanation. In one of these stories, for instance, Mr. Roberts draws the picture of a solitary hut in the far woods to which a little child has wandered. The father, returning, hears the cry of the child, does not recognize it as his own, is doubtful whether he ought to pay any attention to it, but, the fatherly instinct prevailing, turns and makes his way towards the hut, discovering at the same time two half-famished wolves who are approaching from another direction. The cries of the child increase his speed, and draw the wolves still more rapidly towards their prey. At the last moment the father shoots the wolves, discovers that he has rescued his own child, and then later, in a cave in the side of the mountain, finds the bones of the young wolves whose hope of life was destroyed by the rifle-balls that killed their parents. It is such situations as these that Mr. Roberts presents with that charm of style which rarely forsakes him when he deals with animal life and with landscape.

In "A Specter of Power" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Miss Murfree does not keep her readers wholly within the range of the Appalachian Mountains, but moves them towards the Atlantic coast. The story opens during the French and Indian War, and its principal figure is a young Frenchman who goes on an embassy to an Indian village in the Mississippi, and is left in the hands of the Indians, who are infuriated by the attack and flight of his fellow-commissioner. He is finally transferred to the care of a Scotch trader, under whose roof he is successfully nursed through a severe attack of fever, only to fall in love with the Scotchman's sister. The story is not as interesting as some of its predecessors from the same hand. There are charming passages of description in it, and it is done with care; but it does not convey the same sense of familiarity with the subject that the Tennessee stories conveyed.

Those who read Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy's "But Yet a Woman," "The Wind of Destiny," and "Passe Rose" will not overlook "His Daughter First"(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), which has been appearing of late months in the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly." Mr. Hardy's work has never been notable for great vigor of invention or of style, but it has had unusual qualities of refinement, delicacy of characterization, and epigrammatic speech. This latest story is as delicate and well done as any of its predecessors; and although not entirely convincing, it is less romantic and conveys a deeper sense of reality than some of its predecessors. It is a delightful piece of work, somewhat shadowy, but well thought out, skillfully constructed, and delightfully written.

Mrs. Banks's "Oldfield" was one of the most charming novels of last year; indeed, it deserved to rank with the best American novels of late years. Her latest story, "Round Anvil Rock" (Macmillan), has the same atmospheric quality. It is a story of the blue grass region; but it deals with a period much anterior to the period of "Oldfield." It is a study of pioneer conditions in Kentucky at the beginning of the last century, and brings out very clearly that combination of rough conditions with great dignity of manner and refinement of character. It is more distinctly romantic in tone than its predecessor, and has a more highly articulated plot. One of its chief figures is a man whose romantic story and mysterious fortune have long been part of the traditions of Kentucky. The heroine is a beautiful creature, full of lightness and grace, with an ethereal quality that will rank her among the rare creations of fiction. The love story which runs through the novel is extremely well told, and is idyllic in its purity and grace.

"The Captain's Toll Gate" (Appleton) is the last piece of writing that can be expected from the pen of Mr. Stockton. The story was completely finished before his de th. It is a very characteristic piece of work—droll, quaint, whimsical, full of unexpected situations, abounding in those qualities which make Mr. Stockton's best fiction easy and refreshing reading. He has more than once written a story upon a more original motive, but he never has applied his characteristic method to more amusing ends than in "The Captain's Toll Gate"—a fabrication of impossibilities from beginning to end, told with an unfaltering confidence in the fact as narrated, and with the directness of the most commonplace story. It is this combination of an entirely impossible situation with a perfectly matter-of-fact manner that is one of the most original aspects of Mr. Stockton's humor. This book is to be commended as a piece of pure refreshment.

To the series of short stories which bear the imprint of the Macmillan Company, and which were designed to fill the leisure hours of summer travel, two recent additions have been made—Mr. Crawford's "Man Overboard" and Mr. Churchill's "Mr. Keegan's Elopement." Those who recall Mr. Crawford's harrowing and blood-curdling tale of "The Upper Berth" will not be slow to lay hands on "Man Overboard," a carefully told story, very adroitly managed, less appalling than the earlier tale, but an excellent piece of ghost-story literature. Mr. Churchill's book, on the other hand, is in a very light vein—a little comedy, told with a good deal of skill, which holds the reader's attention to the end.

If "Because of Power" (G. W. Dillingham Company, New York) is the first long story which Mrs. Ella Stryker Mapes has written, it must be regarded as a book of real promise. It is well planned, the plot carefully thought out and worked out, and the details of the story well looked after. There is very little amateurishness in its structural quality, very little fumbling with materials and situations. The first impression which the reader receives from it is that the writer has the gift of storytelling. She sees incidents in dramatic perspective; she knows what to omit and what to emphasize; she is not afraid of the dramatic. The second impression is that she has command of several unusual gifts, and among them the power of depicting passion. This story has passional movement throughout. It is a profound love touched with imagination and with power of self-surrender which belong to the great emotions. This power is not common in our literature, and when it is revealed is often lacking in restraint. Mrs. Mapes not only possesses the power of using this element of the strongest and most original fiction, but she holds it in control. Her story has, therefore, throughout a moving element; it takes hold of the reader, too, by its freshness of feeling. The story is not without the faults of inexperience; but there is so much promise in it that the writer deserves to be encouraged and the emphasis laid upon what she has achieved rather than upon what she has missed. The story is not commonplace.

The anonymous "Kempton-Wace Letters" have a strong interest as dealing cleverly with the psychology of love. They pass between a brilliantly endowed young American professor of economy and an ardent English idealist. The fact that they center about the actual engagement of the American keeps them from being merely academic. Naturally, the Englishman maintains the higher, more spiritual and imaginative view of the subject, the American the material and even sensuous view. Both are gentlemen, both are made to argue keenly and often wittily, and the personal failure of the materialist's theories in his own application of them presents a real, if not a dramatic, story-interest. The ending is well managed. The book is certainly one to provoke discussion on a subject which is of universal attractiveness (Macmillan).

Mr. Quiller-Couch always has that indefinable charm which we are wont to call the literary touch. In his new story, "The Adventures of Harry Revel," and especially in its earlier chapters, one finds that delicate treatment of character and humor, that leisurely presentation of surroundings and incidental matters, which were so evident in the masters of fiction in the last generation. The odd, kindly matron of the orphan asylum, with her repressed sentimentalism and her excruciating "poetry," might be a character from Dickens. The tale has movement and life; indeed, in the latter part it is somewhat crowded with plot and even a bit sensational. As a whole, it will gain for its author many new friends in this country. (Scribners.)

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet: An Autobiography. In 2 vols. By Charles Kingsley. (Library Edition.) J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in.

Anglo-Saxon Century and the Unification of the English-Speaking People (The). By John R. Dos Passos. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×9 in. 242 pages. $1.35.

A glorification of the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race and a plea for its unification through the voluntary incorporation of Canada within the United States, and the negotiation of treaties between that country and Great Britain establishing common naturalization laws for the two countries, complete freedom of trade between them and a common coinage system, and, finally, a supreme court of arbitration for the settlement of all their international disputes. The weakness of this ostensibly practical programme for unification lies, of course, in the present extreme hostility of Canadians toward the annexation proposed, and the extreme hostility of one party in the United States toward free trade with Great Britain and of the other party toward a common coinage system with her. While collecting striking evidence of the essential unity of the English-speaking countries, Mr. Dos Passos has not sufficiently considered the currents running counter to the outward unification he proposes.

Anne Carmel. By Gwendolen Overton. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in.

Reserved for later notice.

Anthology of English Poetry: Beowulf to Kipling. By Robert N. Whiteford, Ph.D. Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 432 pages. $1.

Autobiography of Joseph Le Conte (The). Edited by William Dallam Armes. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 337 pages. $1.25, net. (Postage, 12c.)

Reserved for later notice.

Christian Endeavor Manual (The). By Rev. Francis Edward Clark, D.D. United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston. 5×7½ in. 306 pages. $1.

A statement of the principles and the methods of the Societies of Christian Endeavor by the founder and head of the movement. It is in the form of a text-book.

Church and its Organic Ministries (The): A Plea for the Headship of Christ. By Samuel J. Andrews. David Hobbs & Co., Glasgow, Scotland. 5½×8¾ in. 131 pages.

The writer of the letter thus entitled is known as the author of one of the standard Lives of Christ, and also as the most prominent representative in this country of the "Catholic Apostolic Church," popularly termed "Irvingite," whose special tenet is the revival of the peculiar ministries and gifts of the Apostolic age. His contention in this letter is that no scheme of church unity that depends on episcopal organization can succeed; that episcopacy is an ineffective substitute for the primitive organization under Apostles and Prophets, which has terminated because of the decline of spiritual life. Inasmuch as these, should they reappear, would be rejected, the only solution seems to be in the miraculous return of Christ. It is impossible not to admire the religious spirit of the writer, however dissenting from his pseudo-supernaturalism and its misconceptions of evolution and sociology.

Cornhill to Cairo. Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 443 pages. $1.

Earth's Enigmas. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. in. 285 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Egmont. By Goethe. Edited by Robert Waller Deering, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6¾ in. 180 pages. 60c.

Empire and Sovereignty. By Ernst Freund. (University of Chicago Decennial Publications.) The University of Chicago Press Chicago. 8×11 in. 32 pages.

Erasmus. By Ernest F. H. Capey. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 226 pages. $1, net.

Essays. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. (Second Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 358 pages. $1.75.

Essentials of German. By B. J. Vos. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 222 pages. 80c.

Few Remarks (A). By Simeon Ford. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 340 pages. $1, net.

Mr. Ford has few rivals as an after-dinner talker. His dry, whimsical fun is irresistible largely because of his imperturbable and even solemn manner of utterance. It loses a great deal "in the cold gray dawn of the morning after," and in the severe test of type and binding.

Finances and Administration of Providence (The). By Howard Kemble Stokes, Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science.) The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore. 6×9½ in. 464 pages.

First Lessons in United States History. By Edward Channing. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×7½ in. 260 pages. 60c.

Professor Channing's "Student's History of the United States" will prejudice parents and teachers familiar with that work in favor of this smaller volume as a study and school book for their children and pupils. Nor should these be disappointed. The work is comprehensive and the style is clear, albeit with a shade of "talking down" to children. The book's merit lies in the compactness and in the practicability of the knowledge given; for instance, appended to each chapter is a summary under the caption "Do not forget;" that on Chapter XXV., for instance, is:

1. Slavery existed in all colonies before the Revolution.
2. It died out in the North.
3. Whitney's cotton-gin fastened slavery on the South.

For older students the work would have been more valuable if the dates given had been more plentiful; for instance, we are informed as to the date of the discoveries of Coronado; but there is no date given for the far more important discovery of the Mississippi River by Hernando de Soto.

Foundations of Latin: A Book for Beginners. By Charles E. Bennett. (Revised Edition.) Allyn & Bacon, Boston. 5×7½ in. 238 pages. 90c.

Geography of Commerce (A): For Academies, High Schools, and Business Colleges. By John N. Tilden, M.A., M.D., and Albert Clarke, M.A. Illustrated. Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston. 6¾×9½ in. 145 pages. $1.25.

Guide to Switzerland. With Maps and Plans. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 235 pages. $1.60.

A new handbook showing novel and excellent ideas in arrangement, laying out of routes, and choice of areas for maps. An examination of the information about those places with which the reviewer is most familiar gives notable good results. The notes on history are excellent. The maps are admirably clear.

Higher Realism (The). By Duston Kemble. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 5×7½ in. 167 pages. 75c., net.

The design of this brief treatise by a layman in philosophy is to show that human life, especially mental life, can be accounted for only by the existence of an infinite Being of similar characteristics as the Author of life.

Historical and Critical Discussion of College Admission Requirements. By Edwin Cornelius Broome, Ph.D. (Columbia University Contributions to Philosophy, Psychology, and Education.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9½ in. 157 pages. $1.

History of American Literature, 1607-1865 (A). By William P. Trent, M.A., LL.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 608 pages. $1.40, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Juif Polonais (Le). By Erckmann-Chatrian. Edited by Edward Manley. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4½×6½ in. 108 pages.

Kinship of God and Man. By Rev. J. J. Lanier. In 3 vols. Vol. III. The American Church. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 184 pages. $1, net.

The author is a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, attracted to it years ago from the Southern Baptist communion by its scheme for church unity. He is a "broad churchman," and in his preceding volumes has shown himself to be an independent thinker. The present volume was originally presented to a mixed audience in Milledgeville, Georgia, in a series of discourses intended to show the simplicity of religion, and how simple the organization required to manifest its essential unity. The scheme is that of the Chicago-Lambeth "Quadrilateral," applied within the limits of a Southern county. Waiving the feasibility of this, we hope that Mr. Lanier's book will be read wherever a stiffly sectarian spirit or a divisive theological dogmatism prevails.

Lake Country Sketches. By Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 241 pages. $1.75.

Reserved for later notice.

Man Overboard! By E. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6¾ in. 96 pages. 50c.

Noticed elsewhere in this issue.

Macedonian Folklore. By G. F. Abbott, B.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 372 pages. $2.50.

Packed with the strange myths, superstitions, legends, and traditional customs of the Macedonian peasants. The book is a valuable contribution to the literature of folk-lore and symbolism. The author got most of his material at first hand through oral tradition.

Merchant of Venice (The). Edited by Thomas Marc Parrott, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6¾ in. 220 pages. 50c.

Mère de la Marquise (La). By Edmond About. Edited by Murray Peabody Brush, Ph.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 168 pages.

Mr. Keegan's Elopement. By Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 73 pages. 50c.

Noticed elsewhere in this issue.

New Grammar School Arithmetic. Part I. and II. By John H. Walsh. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in.

Nine Points of the Law. By Wilfrid S. Jackson. John Lane, New York. 5×7¾ in. 305 pages.

This book is an account of the laughable adventures that befell one John Wayzgoose, a London counting-house clerk, who, on a holiday stroll through Windsor Forest, discovered a buried treasure. His efforts to obtain safe possession of this and to safely rid himself of it when later he learns it to be the booty of thieves and the property of his own employer, father of the girl he loves, are so sympathetically related as to keep one well amused until the last word is read.

New International Encyclopædia (The). Edited by Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., and Frank Moore Colby, M.A. Vol. X. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 7×10 in. 986 pages.

Old Puritanism and the New Age (The): Addresses before Woburn Conference of Congregational Churches at Malden, Massachusetts, April 1903. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×7½ in. 106 pages.

Personality of Emerson (The). By F. B. Sanborn. Charles E. Goodspeed, Boston. 6×10 in. 135 pages. $5, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Primer of Palmistry (A). By Emma Talbot Odell. Illustrated. Frederick J. Drake & Co., Chicago. 5×8 in. 127 pages. $1.

Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. The Great Hoggarty Diamond, etc. Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by Charles E. Brock. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 411 pages. $1.

Quo Vaditis? A Call to the Old Moralities. By Bouck White. The Civic Press, New York. 5×8 in. 203 pages. $1.

The age needs a prophet of the old Hebraic kind. Mr. White's indignation at existing evils is Hebraic, and his form of speech is often such, though with some consciously imitative effort and striving for effect. It is too much to expect a prophet of reproof always to keep his intellectual balance, and one must not rail at him if he sometimes screams; there is much to provoke him. One will find much here to assent to among points of dissent, and not a little that is pat and quotable. "The only true Apostolic succession is a succession of Apostles. . . . Brother, there is something rotten in an orthodoxy that believes in Christ and Quay at the same time."

Round Anvil Rock. By Nancy Huston Banks. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 356 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Soldier of Conscience (A): Edward Perkins Clark. The Eagle Press, Brooklyn. 5×7½ in. 80 pages.

A simple and worthy tribute to a writer and thinker whose work was always governed and infused with conscientious purpose. If Mr. Clark's writings had not been anonymous, as required by the custom of journalism, his name would have been as highly honored by the entire body of thinking, public-spirited men as it is now by those who know what in fact he did and stood for.

Spectre of Power (A). By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 415 pages. $1.50.

Noticed elsewhere in this issue.

Tales from Wonderland. By Rudolph Baumbach. Translated by Helen B. Dole. Adapted for American Children by William S. M. Silber. A. Lovell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 122 pages. 30c.

These stories have been taken from the German and simplified for the reading of young children, who will enjoy their quaint fancies and their talking animals who can give counsel and work magic charms.

Tarr and McMurry Geographies. Supplementary Volume: Texas. By E. G. Littlejohn, A.M. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 94 pages. 35c.

Thomas Campion: Songs and Masques. Edited by A. H. Bullen. (The Muses Library.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4×6½ in. 288 pages. $1.75.

Thoughts from Maeterlinck. Chosen and Arranged by E. S. S. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 282 pages. $1.20.

Twilight of the Gods (The), and Other Tales. By Richard Garnett. John Lane, New York. 5×7¾ in. 323 pages.

Mr. Garnett has a singular faculty of treating stories of the ancient times and of classical setting in such a way as to satirize modern follies and weaknesses. These tales have distinct originality, and are clever in an unusual way.

Ventures into Verse. By Henry Louis Mencken. Marshall, Beek & Gordon, New York. 4½×7½ in. 46 pages.

Victim of Conscience (A). By Milton Goldsmith. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 318 pages.

Zwischen Himmel und Erde. By Otto Ludwig. Edited by Edward Stockton Meyer. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7 in. 240 pages.

Correspondence

Temperance and Prohibition

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Outlook says in an editorial April 11, "State prohibition is the act of one community imposing its will on another community. It cannot be enforced because it ought not to be enforced."

The Outlook, in another article headed "Tennessee Almost Saloon Free," calls attention to Tennessee's law, which forbids the sale of liquors within four miles of any institution of learning, in any incorporated town of less than five thousand people. The Outlook assures us that there are only eight cities left with saloons in Tennessee, and that "this State has achieved the enviable position of suppressing the saloons, wherever this is made practicable, by the honest sentiment of the people, without enacting a State prohibitory law, to be nullified by perjured officials or genuine public opinion in the larger cities."

Here is a State law, and I ask The Outlook if this is not "the act of one community imposing its will upon another," and if it does not violate The Outlook's principle of the "community's" rights, as much as though it included the other "eight" cities, and brought the whole State under prohibition.

In its editorial April 11 The Outlook says: "In some States, perhaps eventually in all, we would have the State assume the exclusive right to manufacture and sell liquor." Again we would ask The Outlook if this State law would not be "the act of one community imposing its will upon another community." In the same editorial The Outlook says, "Christ . . . did not forbid the use of wine. On the contrary, he drank it himself, made it on one occasion by a miracle, and commended it to his followers in the sacred supper." I will not use The Outlook's position regarding the Bible as my argument, for I do not agree with The Outlook on religious matters. What the wine may have been which Christ made we do not know, but certainly there is no mention of any one becoming intoxicated on this "good" wine. I certainly believe that if Christ were in America to-day he would be a total abstainer.

The Outlook says: "If we had the influence, we would persuade all men to remain out of the saloon; but if we had the power, we would not compel any man to remain out; just as we would persuade all men to attend church, but would not compel any." The Outlook could have no object whatever in either local option or State control—both of which it approves—unless it would do just what it expressly states it would not do if it had the power, compel some man to remain out.

In conclusion, let me say, I do not believe that prohibition makes people thirstier, or induces them to buy more liquor; and, to use an old argument, if it did, the liquor men would want that law. A great quantity of liquor is sold in all prohibition States; and I think in Tennessee saloons could be found outside the "eight" cities. I believe the laws are constantly being broken, and will be so long as conditions exist which call for a law. It would be idle for a State or town to take measures to prevent an evil which did not exist; but I do not believe there are more "perjured" officials in prohibition than in local option States.

I will submit The Outlook's own testimony regarding the great corruption exposed during the recent investigation in New York, which has high license by local option. Many State legislatures have been scandalized within a few weeks.

My acquaintance with the people of Vermont has been close, traveling and selling goods, and I never saw any people with better morals, or more industrious and law-abiding. The credits are the best of any State in the Union. The law was not perfectly, but well, enforced. Traveling in various States, I have found the conditions always best in prohibition States, and I believe that prohibition is the only honest way to deal with the problem.

D. O. S.

"Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of June 13 was printed a communication signed "Churchman" which contains two errors so glaring that it seems hardly necessary to call attention to them. In his article, "Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics," "Churchman" writes: [These are] "words inseparable to all good churchmen from the Good Friday service; as is also the claim of those using the prayer, that *they alone* are the remnant of the true Israelites." (Italics mine.) Nowhere does the Anglican Church either in England or America claim that *they alone* are "the remnant of the true Israelites." That is an assumption pure and simple on the part of "Churchman."

His second error is equally absurd. He writes: "Think of our classifying the Jews, his chosen people, with Turks, infidels, and heretics!" Here are four classes prayed for—the Jews, the Turks, the infidels, the heretics. The Jew is classed by himself, the Turk by himself, etc. The fact that they are all mentioned in one prayer does not constitute a classing together in any sense. In the Prayer for the Church Militant, prayer is offered for Rulers, Bishops and other ministers, thy People, all men, all in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, etc. Does "Churchman' think that mentioning these various classes in one prayer classes them together? Possibly Mormons, Christian Scientists, Seventh-Day Adventists, etc., might be classed together under the term "heretics" in the mind of "Churchman;" but how he could possibly wrench the English language so as to class Jews therewith I fail to comprehend.

Unless a person believes that "Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics" are beyond the help of prayer, there ought not to be any objection to praying for them once a year, unless, like David Harum, he thinks that is too often, and "couldn't stand the strain." (Rev.) ARTHUR W. HIGBY.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Fresh Air

To the Editors of The Outlook:

About this time of year I like to address a hundred thousand nice people, be the same more or less, who read their Outlooks on Sunday on some shady piazza by the seaside, in the Adirondacks, or in some forest or mountain glen.

The address is wholly on the outings for people who are not quite so prosperous as the reader.

At the office of "Lend a Hand" we know that before the summer is over we shall have perhaps a hundred of pathetic stories about nice old men who are cabined and confined in one "apartment" or another, sixty or seventy feet above the sidewalk in the city; and we shall know that these poor old fellows would feel much nearer to God if they were lying on haycocks, or sitting in the shade of an elm, and listening to crows or bobolinks or the plash of the waves or the babble of water.

A few years ago one man at Beverly, in this State, sent me fifty dollars for such people. I do not know his name. But I know he was a child of God, and a man of good sense. For he marked his envelope, "The value to me of one sniff of sea air."

Now I wish that a few hundred of the "readers" named above would send to us at No. 1 Beacon Street, Boston, one dollar, two, three, ten, or twenty, in that same spirit, to give us a chance to find and use country or seashore homes for our old men. Also, as you shall see, there is sometimes a young man. Of women I do not speak here.

Here are, for instance, the entries on one left-hand page of an Outing's Day-book:

S. S., 63 years. Convalescing from bronchial pneumonia. English; recommended by L. P.

G. S., 36 years. Spinal trouble, probably consumption; very sick boy; recommended by E. M.

I. J., 26 years. Blind piano-tuner. Mrs. W. pays expenses. Comes to us for return ticket.

Here are the corresponding entries on the right-hand page:

W. W., returned after fourteen days; was happy every moment he was there. $8.

H. H. called to thank and say how happy he had been.

L. L., "good rest," most grateful, called to see me. Deformed.

I am writing these lines because, while we are quite sure of our left-hand pages, we want the *Readers* to make us sure of the right-hand pages.

EDWARD E. HALE.

Lend a Hand Office, 1 Beacon Street, Boston.

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ON YACHT, in Country Club, or Summer Home, music is always apropos and always welcome. If sufficiently good it will take precedent over every other means of entertainment.

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And although it may be played by one who knows nothing of music, the result will be the same as though a brilliant pianist sat at the piano.

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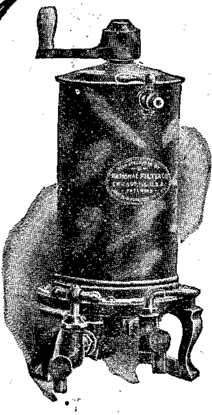

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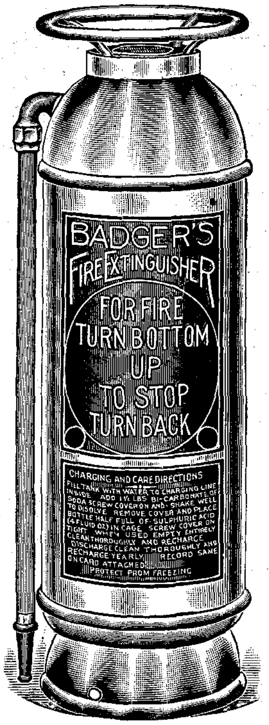

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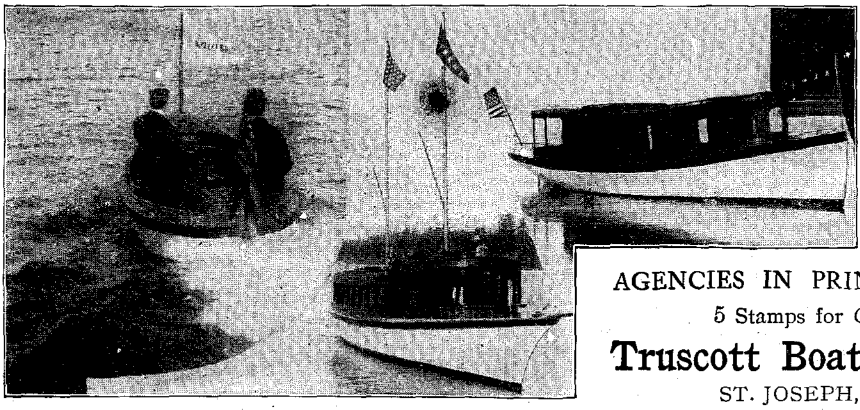

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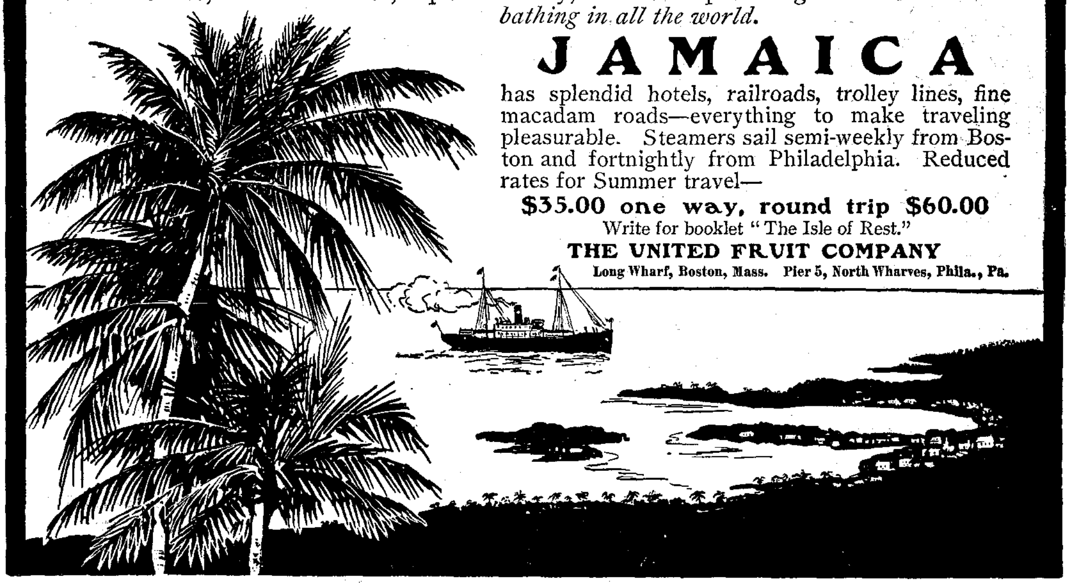

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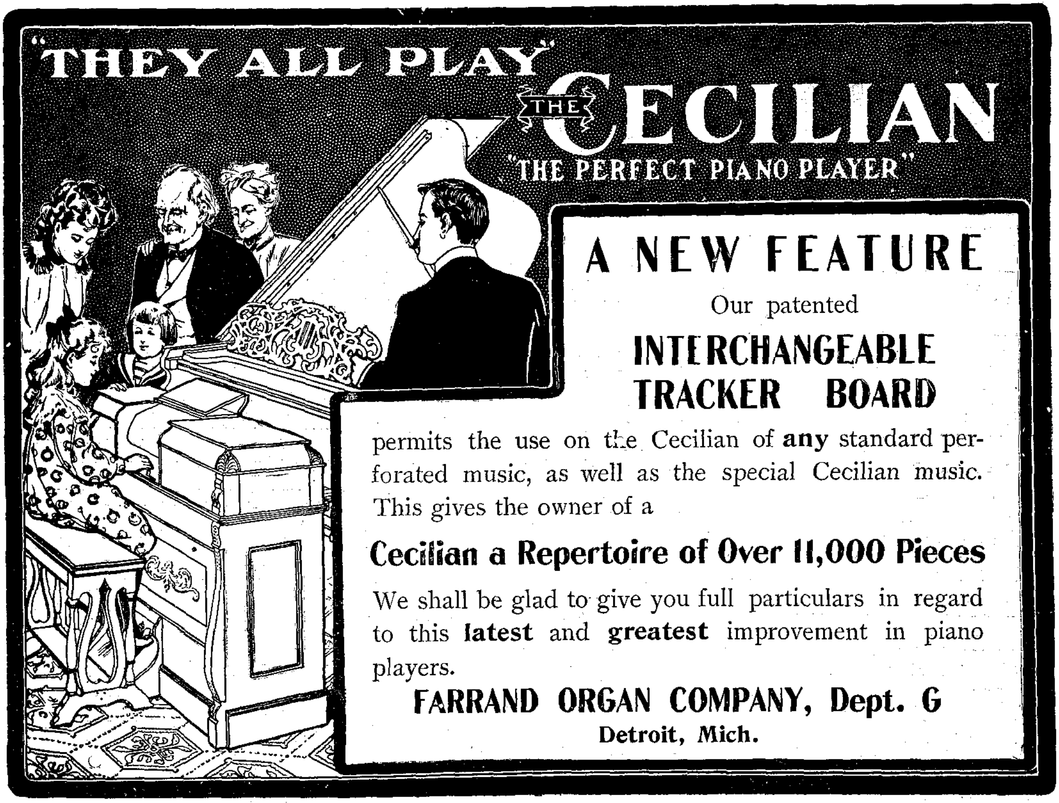

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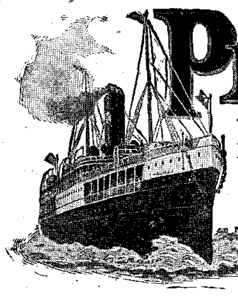

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Parties Can Find Good Board and accommodations from June 20th at a beautiful healthy place bordering on Casco Bay. Rates $7 to $9 per week. Address GEO. W. PENNELL, Brunswick, Maine.

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New Management **Moderate Rates**

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